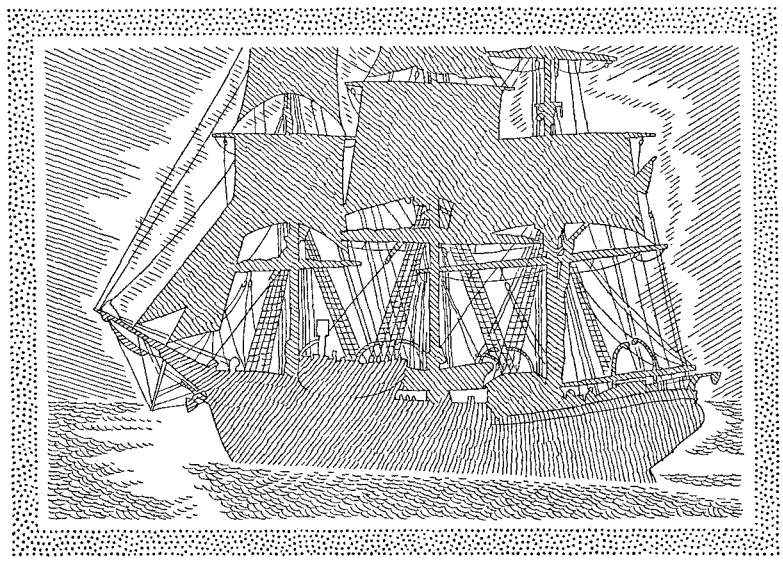
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVIII JULY, 1935 NO. 1



Fool Voyage

By Alan Villiers

Alan Villiers is circumnavigating the globe in his ship, the "Joseph Conrad," following the trail of the old explorers and observing what changes have come about in the lands which they discovered. This first report, mailed to SCRIBNER'S *from Rio de Janeiro, tells the story of his purchase of the beautiful old Danish schoolship and of his voyage across the Atlantic in the wake of Columbus in midwinter. From time to time, as he reaches other ports of call, he will send other stories of the adventures of his ship, himself, and his crew of English and American boys*

I WALKED along the Copenhagen water front and saw a full-rigged ship. I had gone there to buy an old oak schooner, or barquentine, if I could, in which to wander off to far places. I had had enough of the big grain ships, making their annual circumnavigations, sailing 30,000 miles and never going anywhere: I wanted to get hold of something small enough not to be concerned with cargoes. But I pretty quickly found that there weren't any schooners in Copenhagen or in the Baltic that I might buy. I had been to other places, in my search: I had been to Tahiti (where I knew the college-boy schooners, now and then, come to premature permanent moorings), to San Francisco Bay, to Boston, and Newport News, to Auckland, where there used to be a fine fleet of coastal ketches and scows, and to the china-clay ports of Cornwall in England. But there was nothing. There did not seem to be a trading schooner left in the world to buy. I did not want a dill-doll thing, with huge masts and long overhangs, and electric light and refrigerators: I didn't plan to do much playing. I wanted a husky, seaworthy craft.

The Danes had had some, of course. But they had put engines in the good ones, and the bad ones were not worth buying.

So I wandered the Copenhagen water front disconsolately that June morning, down there in the sunshine because my feet had taken me there and not with hope of finding a ship. Then I saw her, a full-rigged ship, and hurried to have a closer look at her. She was a schoolship, ridiculously small for her rig (the galley funnel came almost to the foreyard, and my first impulse was to laugh); but I saw the beauty and the grace of her, the trim symmetry of her high rig and the lovely seat of her in the water. This was a ship! She was just going to sea: how beautifully she handled! I heard whistles, saw uniformed boys run along her decks, saw them walk the anchor home by the capstan on the tiny focs'l head, saw them swarm aloft and loose sail. But this was a crowded anchorage; there were coasters and deepwatermen all round her. Was she going to go out under sail from there? She was! She did. At the roar of command her three tops'ls were sheeted home and set, together, followed at once by the t'gallants and the royals. With her main yards filled and her foreyards backed, she canted round: slowly now she moved from her anchorage, quietly picking up way. Now her foreyards swung, like clockwork; the courses were sheeted home, and the spanker and all the fore-and-afters. There

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she was, under way! Under all sail, daintily picking her quiet way through the shipping of Copenhagen harbor. I had not seen the like done before.

It was with a start that I suddenly realized that the two old Danes near me were talking about the approaching doom of the little vessel. She was to be broken up, one said. (I understood Danish.) No, said the other. The Whatnot Motion Picture Company was buying her to sink for a comic film. That was a pity. A lovely little ship like that. . . .

I shared his view. She was not bought by a motion-picture company. She was not sunk for a film. I bought her myself that afternoon.

And that was how I got hold of the *Joseph Conrad,* smallest, oldest, and loveliest full-rigged ship in the world. I hadn't even the purchase price, then—but I got it. If you wait for all the capital you need when the opportunities leap suddenly before you: well, you lose them too often. This was too good to lose. I did not worry then what I was to do with her. I saw there the ship, beautiful survivor of an art form that was doomed; I saw a lovely, wandering home; I saw a vessel, too, which was fitted admirably for trying out some ideas I had, of sail-training, and developing the character of youth, and that kind of thing. I knew I could get her, by realizing all I had; by gambling everything. Well, I'd done that before. We did that when we bought the *Parma.* She cost something less than $15,000 (which we didn't have): she paid 90 per cent the first round voyage, and 80 per cent the second, which was bad. I'd gambled before that, when I'd shipped in the *Grace Harwar* to make some film; and before that, when I'd thrown up a comfortable job to go back to sea in the *Herzogin Cecilie,* and write *Falmouth for Orders.*

This was the end of June; I had until the end of August to pay for the ship. She had to make her summer cruise, with eighty boys; the new ship would not be ready until the following summer, and so I could not have her until August.

In August I came back again to Copenhagen with the balance of the payment, the chief mate of the grain ship *Penang,* the steward, sailmaker, bos'n, and one A.B. from the *Parma,* a bunch of yachtsmen, and fifty pounds to buy food. We were going to sail the ship to England to fit her out for a world voyage. She was fifty-three years old but she had never been to sea. The first ship built as a schoolship in the world, she had spent her long life training eighty young Danes in the Baltic every summer. The farthest she had ever been was across the North Sea, once each summer: but she was good. She was as seaworthy as ships are made; she was designed along the lines of a fast, sea-kindly frigate of old. None of your modern tricks with her! She had the old, tried proportions; she was beamy, with broad bows; she had a good spread to her rigging, to support her high masts. She was massively constructed, of best iron. They don't make that kind of iron now. . . . Yes, she was a pretty fine ship, all right; but she had never been to sea.

Her old Danish captain who had been with her twenty years shed tears at the parting: he was to get the new ship, also full-rigged. But what of that? He was parting with the old. I took it as a good sign that he cared for her so much; it is a good ship that still holds the heart strings, after twenty years. He had been boy in her, too, twenty years before that. So he cried: and with a new name (there could be only one name for such a ship) and a new flag, his old ship sailed. She went so quietly out of Copenhagen harbor that autumn day that Bruce Rogers, busy painting the new name on her stern, did not notice she was under way until the Danish seaplanes came zooming down outside, dipping to salute her.

Two months in England had disclosed no wild gathering of clamoring youth eager for maritime discipline and training in any full-rigged ship. If the modern youth was going in a full-rigged ship it would be for the adventure of it; not the training. So I gave up the training idea, though not entirely. But it was rather difficult, deciding how to make her first voyage. There was no more discovery to do. I was no scientist. It was no use my going round to learned societies for backing for an expedition; if they wanted to send fellows anywhere they did not need to use a full-rigged ship. And they certainly were not going to send *me* anywhere.

I thought it out; and I decided that the best thing to do would be to try again a real circumnavigation of the globe in the manner of the great navigators of old, to sail again in the tracks of Cook, and Bougainville, and Anson, and their kind, quietly to go over their discoveries and to look and to see what real progress had been made. Were discoveries worth while? Or were they just extensions of empire principally for exploitation purposes? I thought I knew the answer before I went; but it would be interesting to see. No, no: I knew where I wished to go; I had been planning such a voyage, not ever believing it would become possible, for years.

Circumnavigating costs money—lots of money. But it need not cost such a frightening amount, if you know what you are doing. We ran the *Parma,* with a crew of thirty, carrying 5000 tons and more of grain, for $2000 a month: this ship, I figured, would cost rather less than that. Still, for a two-years' voyage the total would be rather large. I could get it. I could *earn* it. I could carry some cadets, for training—not rah-rah boys following along to make whoopee in the ports, but rather young fellows who had the sense to see, or whose parents had the sense to see, that two years in such a ship on such a voyage ought to be, in some ways, better than the orthodox approach to manhood. I honestly believe it is; I found parents enough who shared my belief—but it was

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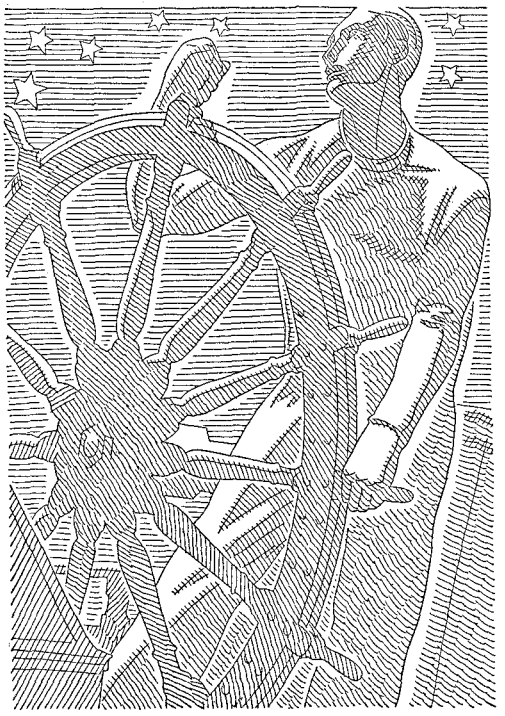
not easy getting the right boys. I left England with six; the total applications did not exceed forty.

And I could write a little—a book, maybe. I had good publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. That was a great advantage. But it was dangerous, I knew, to set out on anything or bound anywhere, deliberately to get a book. One is so tempted to write the first 100,000 words that come; to take the first "book" that offers—or maybe to cook something up, to find what wasn't there—well, not exactly there: to embellish and improve and always to be seeking book. I did not care for that. It is hard work, for one thing; and if there's a good book it will come. . . . I did not wish to be concerned with advertising anything, with seeking publicity for any purpose; nor with the ordinary kind of film-making, nor radio contracts. These things are hampering. More than that: with this ship they would be wrong. This ship is beauty and the handling of her at sea is art: there is neither art nor beauty in ballyhoo. And I was not seeking gold.



But it was not easy. Nothing was easy. The North Sea passage was not easy. Those yachtsmen I had picked up did not take kindly to working a square-rigged ship under grain-ship mates. They were a few from among the great number who had written me craving the boon of a short passage under sail. Maybe I was no yachtsman (I never had been) and did not understand their ideas of æsthetic enjoyment; their idea of sailing seemed to be to set the sails and loll around. Maybe they were lousy yachtsmen. I don't know. But they were lousy sailors, anyway. There was a doctor who got sick, a parson who swore terribly the whole way from Copenhagen, and moaned about the ship's noises that kept him awake; a lawyer who asked more fool questions than an old lady boarding a submarine on Navy Day. There were some young fellows whose haw-haw spirit needed calming down. We calmed it down—the ship and my Cape Horn mates. But the process was enjoyable to nobody. I saw that I would need a larger, more skilled crew, and I built it up before leaving England to a dozen: and I learned to be a bit cautious about yachtsmen. Some of them were fine, of course: but it was a good thing that we were fortunate in the weather.

We reached England after ten days, and the yachtsmen sang sea chanteys lustily on the Harwich pier before boarding the train for London: The mate from the *Penang* had noticed with disgust in Copenhagen that they'd brought pyjamas. Pyjamas! he said; they must have come here to sleep. And he had eyed the belaying pins ruefully, lying unused in the rail. The doctor, who had been laid up half the passage, thanked me for what he called the opportunity of seeing things as they were, and went away thinking that he had. Good Lord! I wish he'd stayed. And the lawyer came with advice and no thanks; his advice was that the work of a sailing ship was "too menial." I ought to carry some servants or something to do that; while the gentlemen, I suppose, took their ease with their pipes in the shade. Maybe he was a good lawyer; but I found myself looking at those belaying pins ruefully, too.

I was in England a month, changing the ship a little, buying provisions and stores, shipping my crew—and arguing with surveyors, and officials, and measurers, and registrars and the like, the delight of each of whom seemed to be to raise some new, irrelevant, and entirely unnecessary problem. There were rumors of all kinds spread concerning the ship, from the charge that she was to be used for gun-running (where are there guns to run? I could never find out!) to the accusation that she was a blood-ship where the crew was brutally hazed. A special surveyor actually came post haste from London to investigate this last, looking for blood in the scuppers: he was rather apologetic afterwards, though. Nobody bothered to investigate about the guns. I suppose governments know well enough where guns are, without looking.

But I had good friends, too. Without them I could not have gone. Most of them had counselled a shorter voyage first, to the Mediterranean or the West Indies. I stuck to my plans.

And so I set out at last from England, towards the end of October of last year, in this small full-rigged ship of two hundred tons to beat across the North Atlantic in winter towards New York as the first stage of my fool voyage around the world. Fool voyage? I suppose it is, in a way. It has no real aims in the ordinary sense; it will extend no domain and no trade, enrich no purses. It will produce no scientific tomes for the edification (or the annoyance) of the elect of the learned societies. It may yield some film of dying customs here and there among the unspoiled islanders, if I can still find any such who have not yet learned to do their song and dance when the man from Cook's shakes the shekels.

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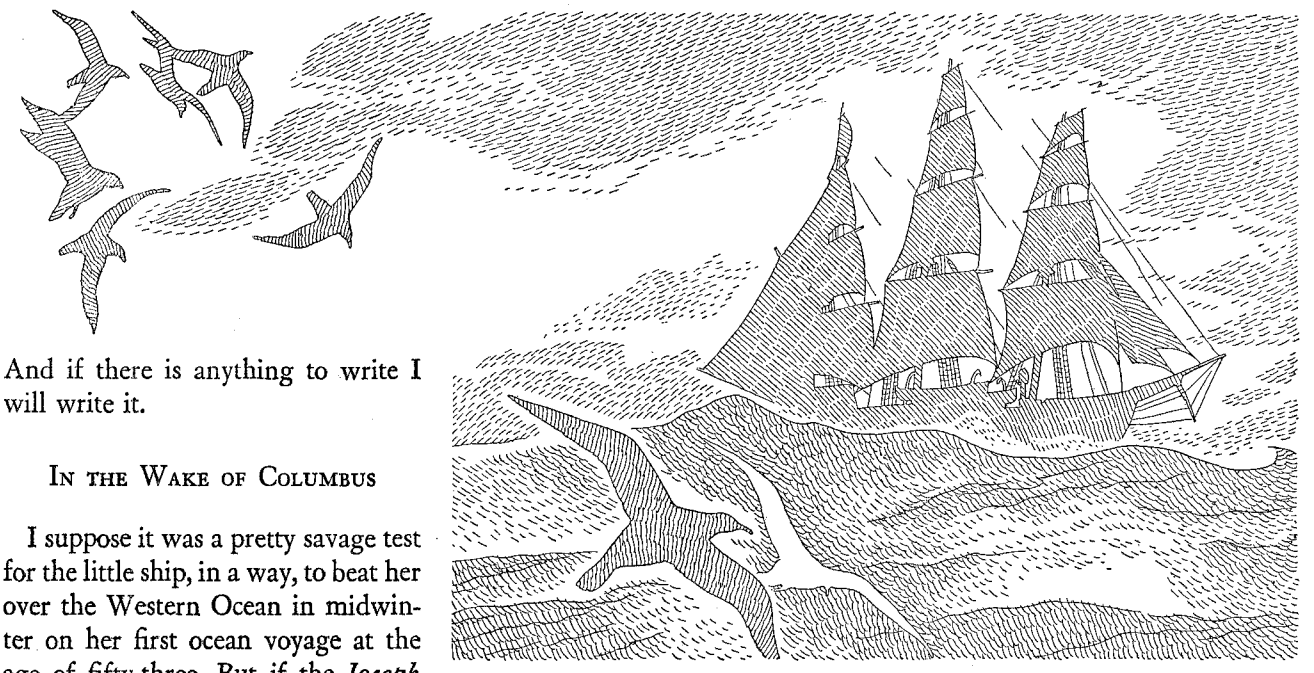

And if there is anything to write I will write it.

In the Wake of Columbus

I suppose it was a pretty savage test for the little ship, in a way, to beat her over the Western Ocean in midwinter on her first ocean voyage at the age of fifty-three. But if the *Joseph Conrad* survived that—and I saw no reason to think that she would not—there might be greater tests in store. It was just as well to try her out in the beginning. It was late in October when I finally got away from Harwich, on the east coast of England, with the farewells of three friends and a boy who'd ridden on his bicycle from Scotland to seek a berth. Poor boy! I might have taken him; but the ship was cleared then, with all the human beings aboard officially listed and entered on the dotted line. You can't just take persons indiscriminately aboard at the last moment. There is a lot of red tape in ships—too much, I'd found. When the pilot cutter off the Sunk came steaming hurriedly over towards the ship I feared for a moment it was to order me back for some more tom-fool inspections or surveys, but they came only to wish us luck and I breathed again. But I hurried away from England, just the same—hurried away, and stayed away.

I could make the westbound crossing easier by going the southern way. The alternatives were these: either I could buck into the hard westerly winds the whole way and beat doggedly across, hoping that in the course of time I might get far enough to windward to make the United States with a more or less undamaged vessel; or I could stand to the south'ard across the Bay of Biscay and down by Madeira, picking up the northeast trades somewhere there and making my westing on the fringe of the tropics. That would bring me over towards the West Indies the way Columbus went. Columbus just happened to go that way because it was the easiest; I chose it for the same reason. He knew, from his years on Porto Santo, how the northerly and northeasterly winds blew almost the year round there, out over the Atlantic. He knew if he sailed his vessels before those winds he must make westing. He did. We did, too. We blew from his old home of Porto Santo to his landfall of San Salvador in thirty-five days. But it was not as easy as all that!

First there was the Channel beat, and then there was Biscay to cross in November. When the pilot went ashore at Dover and the realization of what I had tried came to me all at once in a flood, I looked along the decks and aloft at the sails and felt—well, afraid, for a moment. I had a ship with sails to get across the Atlantic, a ship with thirty-one souls. My ship was stout, but she was only one hundred feet long; my crew was able, but none of them had sailed in frigates a hundred years ago. I had never sailed in such ships myself; I wasn't around when they were. This was the last, built in 1882 from an 1830 frigate's plans—single tops'ls, studding sails, and all the rest. We don't use such things in the great steel arks of the grain trade from Australia. The *Joseph Conrad* was about as long as the *Parma's* main yard.

A gale came down, out of the west, and I had no further time for worrying. We beat out of the Channel, a long, hard beat of eight days, with three westerly gales in four of them: and the new boys all violently seasick, and myself but narrowly avoiding that fate by staying on the deck forty hours without food. It was cold, with rain. How she threw herself about! We had not gone far before there came to me a deputation from the fellows who had joined in England for the Atlantic crossing, who didn't have time to follow on round the world. These wanted me to run back for shelter, to land one of their number who was "dying" of seasickness. I didn't go back; I would not go back. But, could a person die of seasickness? I didn't think so: but if he

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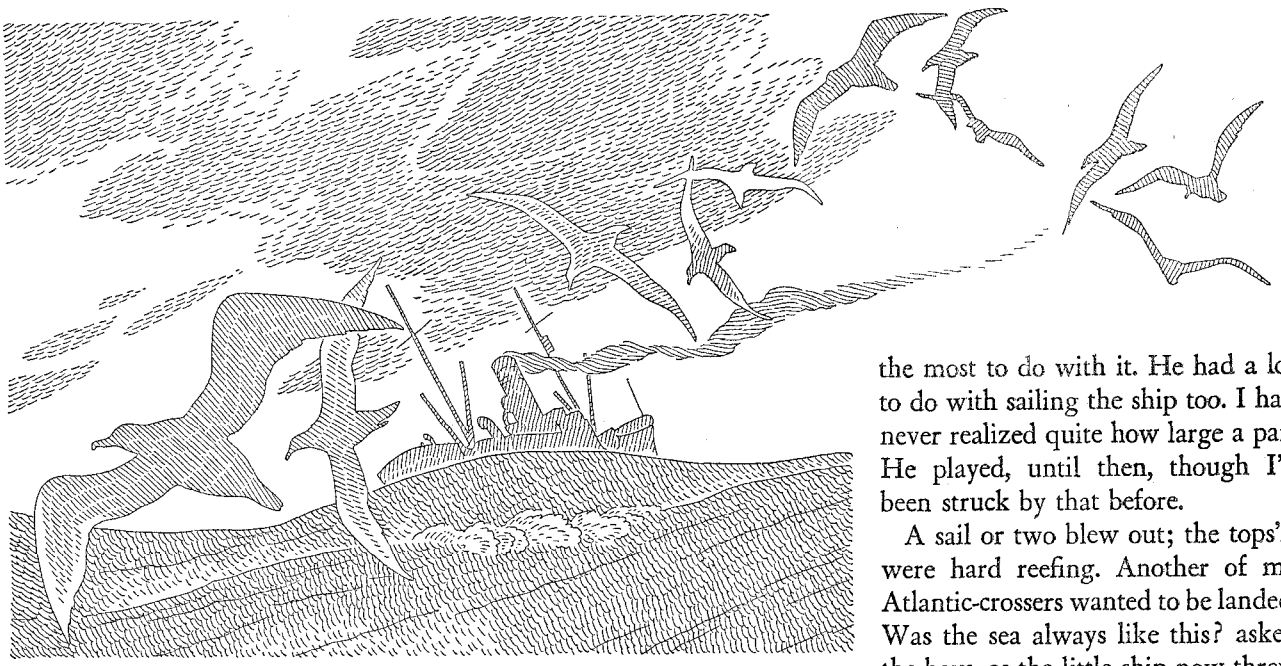

did! It was a chance I had to take. I've seen a fellow sick three weeks and work through the lot of it. I've been sick myself, pretty often—at nearly every setting-out, even in liners. But some of these coves were sicker than I'd ever been.

They didn't die.

We crossed and recrossed the Channel many times, tacking and wearing; we cleared the Owers lightship by fifty yards; we saw the Casquets and Portland Bill so often, beating from the one to the other and back again, that I began to think despairingly they were the beginning and end of the world. We crossed the Channel thirty-six times—beating, beating, gales, gales, gales! All the world was wet and the air was flying spume: but what a ship she was! Her motion was turbulent and violent: but she gained. She went to wind'ard. She could sail. We saw a four-masted barque of the grain fleet—one of the crack Germans—off Saint Catherine's and beat to wind'ard of her in two tacks. I was surprised.

For days we tossed and fumed around with the 'tweendecks a wet hell and the boys, green with seasickness, learning more in the one bitter week than they would in a month of trade-wind Sundays. Four days after leaving England I chanced to hear on my small radio, listening in for warnings of gales, of two men who had just flown from the east coast of England to Melbourne in two days. I heard snatches of their speeches and the shouting in Australia, 14,000 miles away; they had left after us, and we were not yet come to the Isle of Wight. . . . A pot fell on the cook's head in the galley, and opened up his skull. I stitched it up. The carpenter severed a vein in his wrist; we fixed it up. I don't know exactly how; the Lord had the most to do with it. He had a lot to do with sailing the ship too. I had never realized quite how large a part He played, until then, though I'd been struck by that before.

A sail or two blew out; the tops'ls were hard reefing. Another of my Atlantic-crossers wanted to be landed. Was the sea always like this? asked the boys, as the little ship now threw her jibboom end high into the gray murk of the depressing sky, now flung her counter deep into the foaming trough of a great comber. . . . Ten days out I found I hadn't even written in my log. And I was going to do a lot of writing. I found little peace in the shipmaster's job; though I knew that (except for the ports) this was the worst of it.

Then the jibboom carried away, going at the cap suddenly in a furious thunder squall somewhere off Finisterre. The trouble in a sailing ship when things begin to carry away is that you don't know where the rending might stop; if only one thing goes it is not so bad. On this occasion only one thing went, only the jibboom. It was not bad. We saved the wreckage, which looked pretty bad trailing over the side, slatting and banging into the iron bows with every heave and roll; in less than a week we had the boom scarfed and strongly repaired, and out in position again. It was shorter, but, as the laconic mate had observed when the accident happened, the dam' thing had been too long anyway. The cook, happening to be hanging his bandaged head out of the galley for a breath of air when the boom snapped and went, muttered "Gorblime!" and turned back to the galley. . . .

A Danish steamer had wallowed close to us, on a bad day in Biscay, to shout across "Is that the old *Georg Stage?*" (That was the ship's name when she was a Danish schoolship.) A Dane we had said there was scarcely a steamer flying his flag that hadn't an officer on board who'd trained in this ship—4000 of them—in fifty-three years. At Madeira, where I dropped in for an hour to land one of the passengers, a Dane in a tug shouted "Is that the old *Georg Stage?*" Off San Salvador an oil-tanker flying the American colors

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flagged us the same question; on the rocks off Bay Ridge, later on, it was asked of me twenty times a day by bearded Scandinavians. "I sailed on dis ship in 1884," or 1891, or 1900, or some year, they would say; and they all beamed on her, pleased to see her once again. They must have liked her, I thought; I liked her too.

With Madeira astern the worst of the weather was gone until such time as we came to the proximity of Hatteras; I looked for whatever of the northeast trades I could find, and slowly we ambled to the westward. Now the royal yards were crossed, and the old sails bent to fray and flap in the tropic calms, and the decks were dry for the first time in three weeks. The boys recovered from their seasickness, began to take an interest in the life. The skies were blue, the motion of the ship quieted, the limpid sea played and dimpled in the sun. This was better! But the wind was light and our progress was worse than indifferent. Week after week we wandered on, with the barnacles growing. Sometimes we lay in torrid calm with the ship all lifeless, the sea all lifeless, the sky all lifeless, and the crew morose. On such days I had the boys to swim, or to swing the lifeboats over and pull around. This was good exercise, useful training, and stimulating. It is good to get outside a ship for once, when one has walked her decks for long: cramped up on board, always seeing and directing her from her own decks, one rather gets to thinking of her as the beginning and the end of the universe. The boys liked the rowing, too. It was beautiful to see the ship, even in calm.

They were an interesting group of boys: Etonians, Harrovians, an articled accountant from the city of London, a brewer's son from Burton-on-Trent, a former naval midshipman invalided out of some cruiser for incipient deafness from gunnery drill, the son of an architect, and of a sea captain. There were poor boys, too—two little fellows from the Ipswich streets, aged fourteen, who looked ten and twelve, respectively. There were, in our thirty-one souls, eight nationalities. They mixed very well, all of them—poor boy and rich boy, English and American, Australian and Finn. But some of the English public-school boys—some of them, only—took rather a while to settle down. They were nervous, bewildered, ill-adjusted, as if they had been brought up so rigidly to conform to the prescribed standards that here, in a ship of sails at sea where false standards have no place, they were lost for a while and found it difficult to make the necessary adjustments. One or two of them never did. These left in New York, although they had meant to make the circumnavigation. It had always seemed to me that some of the so-called standards of ordinary English life were quite false. Yet young T., an Oxford product who was a teacher, before he came here, upholding those same standards to the young, did very well; McX., who had been used to every luxury life can offer, who rolled in wealth and had all life had to give, chipped rust happily in the sun. He did his work well and was an asset to the ship; but in Nassau he was very, very drunk for as long a period as possible. And in New York he left.

Then there was Master Y., who complained bitterly that he had come to learn and not to work: he left in New York, too, without having realized how much he still had to know. And Z., an Etonian—still young—who had been a flyer in the last years of the war: his efforts at adjustment were tragically earnest. They failed, as they had always failed, ever since the war. He had been shot down in flames there, behind the German lines; escaping miraculously he was made prisoner, recovered from his injuries, and escaped. Returned to the Allied lines he found himself suspect as a spy, snubbed in his own old corps because of the suspicion. He got over the war and the prison camp and the wounds; but that foolish snubbing he never got over. He had dabbled in many things in the interval, before he shipped here: dabbled at many and stayed at none. And yet he tried so hard: he tried hard and almost succeeded. But his handicaps were too great—the long-continued attempts of a great English public school to turn him out standardized, like all the rest of them, when his was a nature that could not be moulded to a set form; and his wealth; and the war. He had been married, and was divorced. He had been communist, and turned capitalist again when he saw with bitterness how many of the comrades were interested only in his funds. More bitterly he regretted the inheritance of those funds, the unearned wealth that was always there to mock his efforts at being "useful." He was nervous, touchy, sometimes irritable. But I liked him. He did his best. He shone in emergencies, in more ways than one.

But it was the little poor boys I liked the most; next voyage I shall have more of these. . . .

Gradually we rolled along, now becalmed, now sailing a scant three hundred miles in a lifeless week, now fourteen hundred in a billowing Trade. Through the weed-strewn outskirts of the Sargasso Sea we idled, averaging about sixty miles a day; into West Indian waters, with the tail end of a southerly blow north of Porto Rico; and so to our landfall on San Salvador, with its strong light and the line of tankers and cargo steamers passing between Panama Canal and New York, up and down. We saw San Salvador three days, beating there against adverse conditions, and I did not enjoy the sight as much as Columbus had done. We were a week from there to Nassau. Coming nearer to America now the radio blared again; in a blow off San Salvador I heard the raucous tones of an announcer's voice extolling the merits of a children's laxative, reading a letter of "praise" from a mother of five living somewhere within the Arctic Circle. A queer picture of to-

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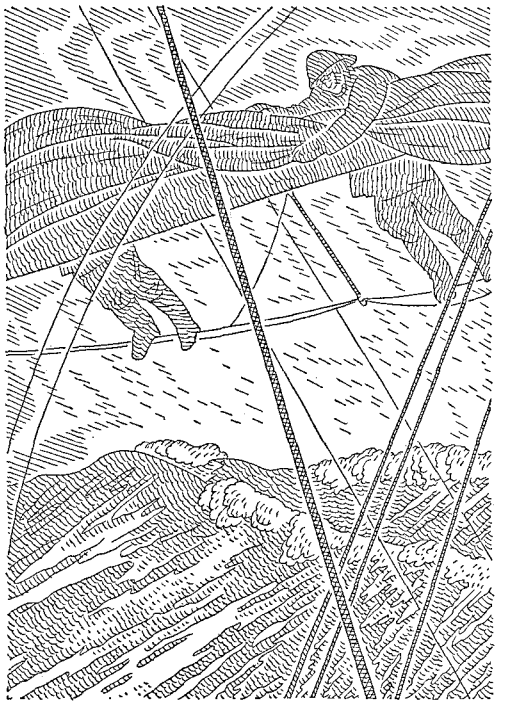
day! There we roll in our ancient ship with age-old wind in the age-old sails, wallowing off the island that saw the arrival of the founders of the New World: and our civilization shouts through the defenseless air of the effects of a laxative upon the bowels of a child beyond the Arctic Circle.

So to Nassau, which seemed to me an overrated place a little too obviously intent upon the tourist "business." In the monstrous stucco hotel overlooking the harbor I saw a tableau of a pirate hiding away some gold. Somehow the tableau struck me there as being a little too frankly apt: I prefer the older kind of pirates. I might have joined them.



At Nassau the cook fell off a horse. Then it rolled on him. He was carried on board, apologized, and turned to in the galley. A Dane in a little steamer shouted "Is that the old *Georg Stage?*" A tourist from God's country said "Geeze! What a cute ship! But say, who was this guy Joseph Conrad?" I was asked that question surprisingly often. The Atlantic-crossers left, for one urgent personal reason or another; I reflected feelingly that the extraneous human seeking transportation at sea had better stick to steam. Some of them tried desperately to belong to the ship, to feel necessary to her as her sailors do (and there is great comfort in the feeling); some growled about the food; some wanted to be put ashore. It seemed to me we were a better ship without them.

Columbus, of course, never went to New York. I had to go there. It was towards the end of December then; once away from the tropics and out of the influence of the Gulf Stream, the weather became bitter almost immediately. Christmas was spent in a gale off Cape Hatteras—not much of a gale, indeed. It was rather mild for Cape Hatteras. From there to New York was a long, cold beat, with the ship icing up as she approached the American shore, the focs'l head covered with ice and the gear iced up, the hemp running rigging turned to iron-like hardness and the blocks frozen and jammed. It blew from the northwest savagely for a week while we beat around, under storm canvas, fearful of shortening down too much and being blown away out to sea again. The sails froze; the helmsmen and the lookouts were frostbitten. It was a lot colder than Cape Horn—colder, and blowing just as much.

We saw the Ambrose Light fifteen times, and beat against the strong head winds right into the harbor. Now airplanes flew overhead, taking pictures, and past us the parade of the big liners steamed, inward bound and outward. And there was Coney Island, with away beyond the colossal spire of the Empire State rising from midtown Manhattan, and downtown, the straddling bulk of the lesser skyscrapers. The anchor was down and the voyage made; and immigration inspectors and customs guards ate up all the pea soup in the galley.

Sixty-nine days! It had been long enough: but the Lord had been kind. The beginning and the end had been in storms; the rest had been moderately good. There was a great satisfaction in arriving, in being "safe" in harbor once again.

And then the second night in New York she broke from her anchor in a gale and drove broadside on the Brooklyn rocks, where she lay with her iron sides pierced and her yellow yards pointed drunkenly towards the windows of my old Bay Ridge apartment. That was nearly the end of her—nearer by far than any of the gales had been. But she survived it; she was salvaged, and after a month's delay I took her out to sea again, thanking God to be gone.

That was three months ago. I write now in the Southeast Trades of the South Atlantic, a day or two from Rio; I hear as I write the quiet lapping of the sea outside and above me, in the rigging, the gentle sighing of the healthy wind. There is no disturbing noise; there is no mail; there are no surveyors; there is no telephone. It is pretty good, taken all around; and fool voyage or no, I hope that under God it may follow the peaceful thread of its way until its conclusion.

Another sailor, C. B. W. Richardson, writes in the August SCRIBNER'S *an "Elegy for a Dying Tongue"—notes on the language of the sea.*

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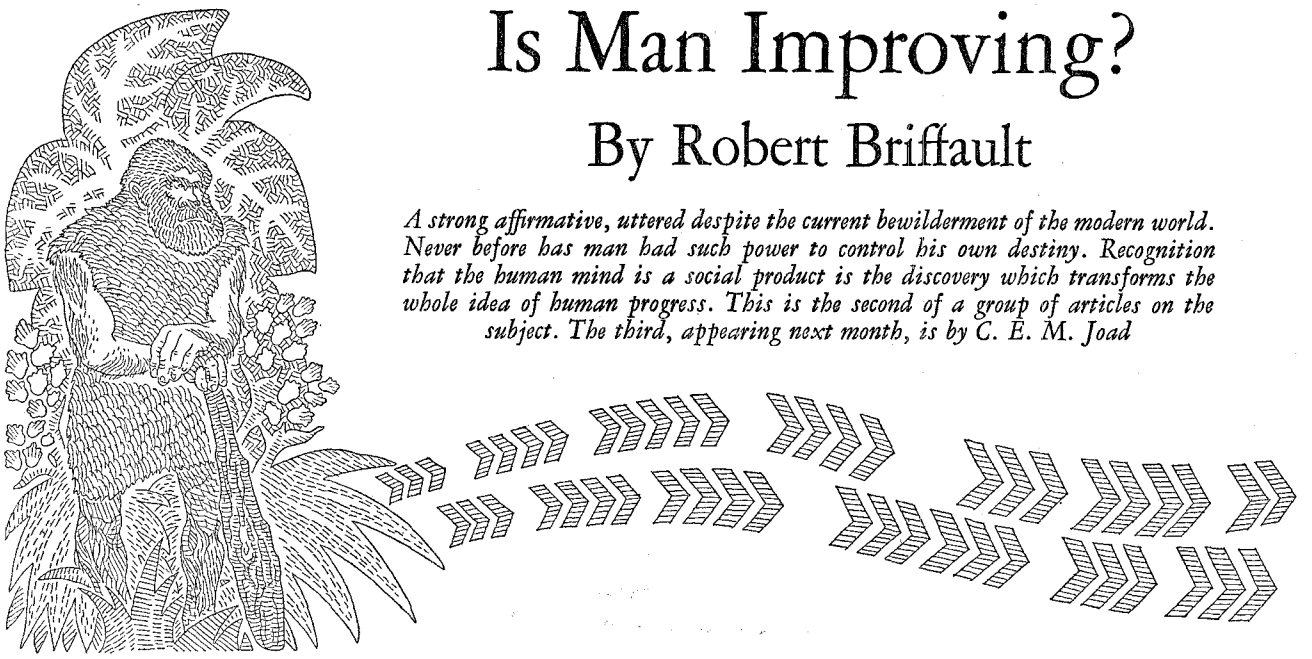

Is Man Improving?

By Robert Briffault

A strong affirmative, uttered despite the current bewilderment of the modern world. Never before has man had such power to control his own destiny. Recognition that the human mind is a social product is the discovery which transforms the whole idea of human progress. This is the second of a group of articles on the subject. The third, appearing next month, is by C. E. M. Joad

THE confidence which was felt a few generations ago in man's unlimited capacity for improvement would seem to have turned to grim irony. A troubled and bewildered world appears to give the lie direct to the notion which, even at the height of nineteenth-century prosperity, was the butt of Carlyle's gibes concerning "the perfectibility of the species." Many in these days are beset instead by a haunting doubt whether all achievement has not been but fairy gold, whether a baffled humanity may not be about to sink back into barbarism and dark ages. The fear may, however, be an attendant symptom of the travail of a renewed growth more momentous than any which has raised mankind upward from primal savagery.

It may be stated in considered terms that at no previous period has the human race had greater powers of control over the conditions of its existence. And I am not referring to material and mechanical powers merely. The extension of human means of exercising intelligent control over those conditions is no less real in every sphere subject to the directive power of the mind than in the spectacular field of technical achievement. That those powers have not as yet been embodied in concrete results does not alter the fact that they are at hand, an inalienable acquisition ready to be put to use, and that they are more adequate to the task which is the goal of human improvement than any of which mankind has previously disposed.

The control wielded by science and technology has been acquired through increase in knowledge and realistic experience. But that increase has by no means been confined to the factory and the industrial laboratory. A similar cumulative growth in the command of data, the apprehension of facts, the elimination of fallacy, and the sharpening of critical acumen, has taken place in every field of human thought and endeavor. That extension of the power of intelligence has, it is true, not only remained unrealized in achievements comparable to the triumphs of technology, but it has for the most part been ignored, contested, denied, and denounced. The path of technical progress has in fact enjoyed the unique privilege of being almost entirely free from the obstacles and entanglements due to prejudice and preconception, which have obstructed in every direction the operation of human intelligence and deflected its purposes. Thus it is that the power which has harnessed the ether and conquered the air has appeared to remain inactive and impotent as regards the better ordering of life and the achievement of happiness. Yet that sterility is only apparent. Despite all handicaps, the expansion of knowledge and intelligence, the unremitting attrition of the frontiers of ignorance and fallacy, have proceeded no less in all provinces of man's control than in that of technological applications. The meshes of thought have been drawn closer, the realms of ignorance have shrunk. Naïve fallacies, bald dogmatisms, which fifty years ago went unchallenged, do not enjoy today the same degree of immunity. The powers of estimating adequately the conditions of his existence at the disposal of modern man are in point of fact as superior to those that were within the reach of the seven sages of Greece as the powers of the modern technician excel those of Archimedes. The equipment of modern intelligence even surpasses that of our nineteenth-century predecessors in the same measure as an automobile is in advance of a colonial buggy.

It is that very growth of the mental equipment and critical discrimination of the human mind which renders it immeasurably more sensitive to defeat, more impatient and rebellious in its attitude toward remediable evils and

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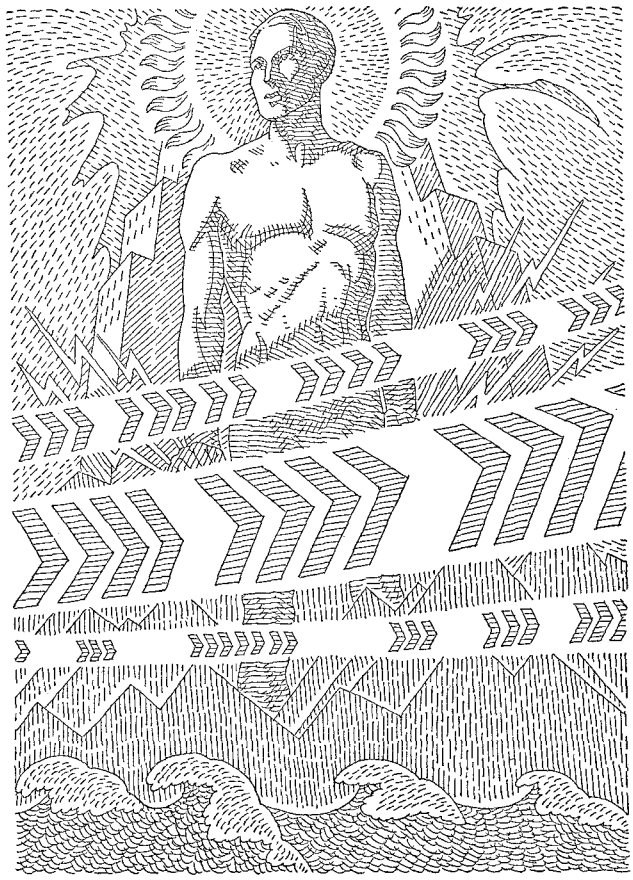

follies which even the most brilliant civilizations of the past viewed and tolerated with callous indifference and insentiency. The scourge of war, for instance, has not been abolished. The miserable attempts of modern humanity in that direction, the grotesque pretenses of an ineffectual League of Nations, afford ample scope for wry gibes. But only some twenty years ago even those feeble and ineffectual concessions to pacifism would have been, and in fact were, waived aside as visionary or denounced as treason. A whole influential literature glorified war. The most eminent of American philosophers, William James, actually defended with much warmth the thesis that war was beneficent and indispensable, and spoke of the necessity of the "baptism of blood." Would he have thus dared to affront human intelligence today? The strife of contending opinion over the social question divides the world into opposing camps of fierce controversy. But less than half-a-century ago that question of life and death was to all intents and purposes ignored. If debated at all, it was discussed with a vapid amateurishness which would today raise a smile. Even the bitterness of strife is an advance over that blind indifference.

The enhanced critical sensitiveness of the human mind and the expansion of its vision are in a large measure accountable for the bewilderment of a world shaken out of its dogmatic slumbers and delusive dreams. That awakening is currently referred to as "disillusion." Is the fact that a patient under the care of the mental physician is losing his illusions and delusions a matter for regret and commiseration? That the human race is being disillusioned out of some of its fool's paradises would rather appear to be a theme for congratulation and a token of improved health. Because in this age of momentous transition mankind is being forced out of those paradises of delusion in which it has for untold ages basked at its peril, because realities which it formerly refused to face, follies and brutalities to which it complacently closed its eyes, are being thrust upon its notice, the word goes round that the progressive advance of humanity is itself a delusion. To be able to face unwelcome facts is, properly speaking, the test of human intelligence. Man is nearer today to the dignity which belongs to the powers with which he is endowed than he has been since he emerged from brutality.

The most far-reaching discovery of our time has passed almost unnoticed. The evidence has accumulated so gradually and from so many different quarters, that the revelation has insinuated itself into contemporary thought without any cry of "Eureka!" being raised. No outstanding name is associated with a discovery which has shifted the foundations of all previous judgments. That transforming discovery is the apprehension of the fact that the human mind is a social product. Man's congenital mental endowments include none of the powers of control, none of the equipment, none of the social sentiments and emotions, which make it human. It is made human by incorporation into the social structure and by the acquisition of the accumulated heritage handed down by that structure. Apart from that affiliation, man is but a dumb, unthinking animal devoid of any power or emotion that is peculiarly human.

The outlooks and opinions of former ages have without exception rested upon the assumption of the exactly opposite view, namely, that the human individual comes into the world with a self-contained, self-sufficient, full-fashioned, intelligent soul, a microcosm wherein lie contained all those ideas, judgments, dogmas, sentiments, and values which are, in fact, the products of a long social tradition. No notion has been more misleading. None has more completely crippled the human task. No awakening to the reality of facts is fraught with more profound and far-reaching consequences than the shedding of that delusion, which has been made possible by present knowledge and criticism.

In the light of that newly perceived fact the question whether man has improved loses much of its meaning. Whether the individual human being has or has not improved matters little. What matters is not so much the improvement of a physiological organism as of the social organism in which it develops.

The investigation of fossil human remains afforded a

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shock to the earlier evolutionists. The brain, the organ of man's dominant faculty, shows no startling development in capacity from prehistoric times to the present—nothing commensurate with the abyss which separates the dim mentality of the pithecoid savage from the conscious intelligence of civilized man. The flint tools of the ice age argue a technical skill which a modern craftsman might envy. Prehistoric inventions such as the use of fire and the beginnings of navigation betoken scarcely less ingenuity and enterprise than the invention of the radio and of aviation. The primitive art of paleolithic caves is actually richer in artistic power than most of the canvases which hang on the walls of the Royal Academy or the Salon. Brute man differed not greatly from modern man in native mental faculty. In fact the objection which used to be urged against Darwin was valid: he accounted for the evolution of man's bodily form, but he did not account for the evolution of his mind.

The early evolutionists were embarrassed by those facts, and the fundamentalists smiled. Both were under the same delusion. They supposed that because modern man's mental equipment is ten thousand times greater than the cave man's, his brain should therefore be ten thousand times larger and more efficient! The development of modern humanity has not taken place through the growth of man's natural endowments, of his brain, or of his individual soul, but through the swelling stream of socially accumulated knowledge and experience and the gradual elimination of ignorance and fallacy by persistent criticism. Darwin could not discover the process in organic evolution, because it has not taken place there. It is a social process. It is not a physiological or psychological, but a historical and cultural phenomenon. It has not had its seat in the individual brain or soul, but in the social whole.

In the structure and constitution of that whole, then, not in the individual and his mind, must be sought the factors of all improvement. In it also must we look for the final test of achievement or failure. The basic fallacy which has hitherto pervaded all conscious effort toward improvement—the whole indeed of human thought and endeavor—has been to search after individual salvation, under the delusion that individual man could effectively improve himself while the social structure remained unimproved. Mankind has hitherto put the cart before the horse. Today the fallacy which has hitherto stultified all melioristic purpose is gradually coming to be dispelled. Only at the present day is the social organism, much rather than the individual soul, the chief object of salvation. And if the present strenuous age could boast of no other advance over the past than that clearer vision of its task, that rectified purpose would alone entitle it to regard with confidence its superior power to control destiny.

Our retrospective pictures of past ages are largely garbled compositions assembled from the remains of creative literature and art. We judge of ancient Egypt by the colonnades of Karnak, the treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen, and the mystic theosophy of Akhenaten; we leave out of the picture the multitudes of fellaheen toiling under the lash of slave-drivers, dwelling in mud huts, and praying to their totems and moon-gods. What presentment of modern America would the future archeologist derive from a selection of the poems, essays, and novels of its belletrists and from the canvases of its artists? He would at least find in American literature a keen concern for social realities, which he might look for in vain in the literary remains of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. (Aristotle disposed of the social question in one sentence, by asserting with casual dogmatism that bond-slavery was indispensable.) To each of those civilizations of the past we owe an everlasting debt. It is because the contributions of every age accumulate at compound interest, because nothing vital is ever lost, even though the civilizations which have handed down their heritage have crumbled into dust, that the process can be spoken of, beyond all quibble, as progressive. The crumbling and the destruction, the harrowing of the soil by social cataclysm, and the scattering of the seed into furrows irrigated with blood, are as much a part of the process as is the sprouting of the golden ears of the cultural harvest.

But divine discontent with the present, which is the very earnest of creative growth, has always shed over the past a wistful and artificial light. Immortal Greece has made Europe and America possible by casting off the paralyzing theocracy of the old eastern empires, and every modern man is heir to that liberation. But scarcely any modern man could endure without a protest of his whole being the conditions of that society in which a handful of men discoursed under the shade of the Academy and the Parthenon of the True, the Beautiful, the Good. It knew no peace, little justice, and little mercy. It dealt with opponents and enemies as brutally as the Huns of Nazi Germany; it rested on slavery; its women were degraded to harem-slaves and hetairai. Aristophanes spewed his disgust at prosing old Socrates, the great unwashed. Euripides fumed over the desolating blindness and perversity of the age of Pericles, and fled for refuge into exile. Greece finally perished of priggish complacency, corruption, and mysticism. Rome, which, together with its priceless legacy, has laid upon Europe the dead hand of the hieratic traditionalism which has paralyzed it, is, I am sorry to say, more possible as a place of abode under Mussolini than under Marcus Aurelius. The medieval world was safe for autocracy and obscurantism only; nothing else was safe; neither life, nor conscience, nor intelligence. The Augustan age of the Versailles *"grand siècle,"* the opening bud of modern European civilization, the paradigm of every aulic culture from St. Petersburg and Potsdam to Schönburg

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and Linderhof, stank—literally and figuratively. Is there any man or woman today, unless it be some old lady not wholly responsible for her tastes, who would even consent to slip back fifty years into the stuffy complacencies of the age of our grandmothers?

The machine age has not, as we are somewhat tiresomely reminded, the unsanitary comeliness of a plague-stricken Athens or Florence. But sanitation, physical and social, must take precedence over the superficial and transient charms of civilizations built upon social cesspools. Neither the luxury, nor grace, nor art of a culture which rests upon fallacious and insecure social foundations, and is the expression of a privileged class that is blind to that insecurity, can express abiding values.

A good deal of nonsense has lately been retailed about the machine. What Samuel Butler wrote in jest has been reiterated in absurd seriousness, and the machine, chosen as the latest scapegoat of social maladjustment, has been pictured as a horrible Frankenstein monster about to devour its maker. The machine is but a prolongation of human purpose, and can work neither social good nor social evil apart from that purpose. Employed as the instrument of greed and exploitation, an industrial plant is as maleficent as a bombing plane or a torpedo. Used to supply human need, lighten labor, create ease and leisure, the machine is one of the greatest powers for good that ingenuity has placed at the disposal of human welfare. To sentimentalize about handicraft is sheer ignorance. The medieval *"petit commerce"* of France, which seeks to compete with the machine by means of the sweat shop, turns out shoddy. It is as sensible to set down overproduction to the machine as overfertility to the soil. Financial exploitation overproduces machine goods, and thousands go ragged; it overproduces food and thousands starve. But that is no more reason for scrapping the machine than for scrapping the earth. What calls loudly for scrapping is the anti-social purpose which misuses the machine and the earth. And never has the human race stood nearer than it does today to that desirable consummation.

It is obvious to urge that, after all, the purpose of all human achievement is happiness, and to question—as is generally done—whether the human being was not happier in simpler conditions, in lowly agricultural phases of culture, for instance, or even in the dark Middle Ages, than amid the stress and fury of modern life. Happiness has, however, at least two different aspects. If by happiness be understood content and peace of mind, freedom from strain and care, then assuredly the South Sea Islander who basks under the palms that supply his meal of cocoanuts is a happier being than the most fortunate possessor of the gifts of the modern world. But why stop at the South Sea Islander? His pig is probably even happier. The oyster, having simpler tastes and incurring less exertion and emotion than the pig, is doubtless a happier being. The logical term of such a retrogressive and negative conception of happiness is not the South Sea Islander or the simple farmer, but Nirvana—insentiency and non-existence.

The development of the human race has taken place under the urge of a different conception of happiness—not negative, but positive. Not to seek shelter and refuge, but to reach out creatively towards ever richer, more complex and consummate joys of fulfilment. It has sought quality at the expense of the dead level of uniform contentment. It has been willing to pay the price of years of strain and hardship for a single instant of supreme triumph. To debate in absolute terms whether that ideal which has fashioned all human growth be a mistaken one is to sit in judgment over life, over the universe of existence. It is as vain. The full-grown, modern human being who seeks but refuge, finds instead boredom and mental dissolution, unless he can be, even in his withdrawal, creative. He can find the quality of happiness in the strain and travail only of achievement and growth. And he is conscious of touching the highest pinnacle of fulfilment which his life-urges demand when he is consumed in the service of an idea, in the conquest of the goal pursued.

But mankind, misled by the fatal delusion of a self-contained, self-sufficient, self-determining individual soul, has hitherto pursued the false road of individual happiness and individual salvation. Those cultures of the past, of the Orient, of Greece, Rome, Renaissance and feudal Europe, upon which many look back wistfully, questioning whether life was not then more beautiful and happier, sought solely the cultural development, the happiness, of an infinitesimally small number of privileged individuals. They imagined that to improve meant to shut oneself up in a carefully isolated ivory tower and cultivate one's mind; that to be an artist was to give expression to a self-determined self. Philosophy, religion, set forth "ways of life," which were exclusively concerned with individual salvation, and professed to show how the individual might exalt himself through sublime ecstasies till he was in tune with the universe—and out of tune with all mankind; how he might enclose himself in an impenetrable armor of self-complacency, or philosophical detachment, or humble resignation, so as not to be hurt and jarred by the evil about him, how he might save his soul and lose the whole world.

I do not say that all that individualistic culture, philosophy, and purpose was fulsomely selfish. It is very difficult to prove that one has not a right to be selfish. I say that it was fallacious and foolish, that it defeated its own purposes. It was founded upon as gross a fallacy as astronomy before Copernicus, biology before Darwin. And what is false in the assumptions of its foundations

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cannot be true as culture, as philosophy, scarcely even as art. The standards of taste, of thought, and of morals which rested upon a conception of the nature of man which is erroneous and anti-social can have no abiding intrinsic worth. However precious the contributions of individualistic culture and thought—and I should be the last to belittle them—they cannot serve as eternal standards and paradigms. That is largely why all thought and all art which has been concerned with reproducing and conforming to the standards of the past, conceived as eternal, absolute, and immutable norms of taste and judgment, have been deadly and absurd. Greek art and Greek literature are forever admirable; but nothing is more fulsomely mediocre in art and literature than the imitation and reproduction of Greek art and literature. The achievements of individualistic cultures will have to be reinterpreted, remoulded, kneaded anew, before they can serve as material for a social culture which shall surpass them. It is to be hoped that we shall continue to love and admire Homer, Dante, and Goethe. But we can no longer subscribe to the bloodthirstiness of Homer, the monkishness of Dante, the self-centered hedonism of Goethe. We can no longer assimilate ourselves to their outlooks. And it is well that we cannot. Modern humanity has outgrown their vision. Modern man may not in these tempestuous and uncertain days of painful transition be the finished artificer, the wielder of an unfaltering art matured by ages of unchanging purpose. He has largely to learn his craft anew. He falters where they firmly trod. But his faltering is an advance forward on their confidence.

But the fallacy on which individualistic cultures rested is infinitely more harmful and dangerous than the fallacies on which pre-Copernican astronomy or pre-Darwinian biology were founded. It is so dangerous that it has brought every one of the cultures of the past to ruin. Their creative freedom and sublime exaltations of the spirit were commensurate with the dark misery and agonies of the bulk of the human race. Those rare and exquisite flowers to which the lovers of bygone beauty point the finger of wistfulness flourished on foul dunghills of unspeakable servitude, degradation, and wretchedness. We compare the savage and civilized man. But set the sturdy Papuan savage by the side of such a spectral wreck of humanity, clad in rotting rags, bent, broken, starving, stupefied, as you may come upon anywhere in the neighborhood of the mansions of Paris, London, Vienna. Such a contrast may well raise a smile of sardonic irony over the notion of progress. Despite everything, the progress of social humanity is, nevertheless, an indubitable reality; but it has not been as yet a social progress. Never was the term "progress" so freely bandied as during the rise of the modern industrial age in England, when the rapid multiplication of unparalleled wealth and power seemed to have ushered in, for "progressive" nations, a new golden age. But that progressive growth of prosperity was only one side of the picture. It was dogged by a no less rapid and unparalleled growth of poverty and misery. Side by side with the lordly pleasure houses of modern prosperity rose in even greater abundance the pens of squalor of the factory slums. The age of unparalleled progress was likewise the age of unparalleled social degradation. That foul sore of social misery has infected every individualistic civilization, and has festered in exact proportion to the magnitude of the achievements of power and culture. It has in the end killed them.

America, the vast reservoir into which poured the overflow of misery-driven Europe, with its seemingly illimitable resources and boundless opportunities, America has dreamed the dream that she was indeed immune from the laws of social growth, that the same social structure which had been designed for the prosperity of the few at the expense of the many could, transplanted to the Golconda of a virgin continent, change, as the leopard might change his spots, into a true social organism in which the pulses of human power and material prosperity should distribute their gifts to all. America is awakening from the naïve dream. No resources are unlimited, no opportunities are boundless. There are no exceptions to the laws of social structure. Out of the delusion of individualism, no real and secure social organism can be constructed. The dream of Americanism has also ended in disillusion.

But that disillusion is, like all others, not a loss but a gain. A disillusion is the shock we feel when experience informs us that we have been fools, and teaches us to be wiser than we were before. When men learned that the earth was not the center of the universe, they lamented for a hundred years over the disillusion and humiliation. Some people have scarcely yet got over the disillusion caused by the discovery that man did not issue fully panoplied out of heaven, that he has been in a large measure his own creator, that he has struggled by his own power and effort out of brute animality, that the amazing world of creative and critical thought, of inexhaustible possibilities of joy and splendor that is the human mind, has been wrested from realms of darkness by the unceasing strain of human effort through the ages. That too was a disillusion!

The human race is now entering upon a new phase of its growth. It is being compelled by bitter, painful experience to learn that such a growth cannot take place in the individual human being, with reference to his own personal good, his happiness, his individual power and interests, without taking into account the social whole of which he is a product and a part. The isolated and self-sufficient human individual is a chimera

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which has never existed. He is human, a partaker in the powers of humanity, by virtue only of the social organism. His individual consciousness and power, his capacity for improvement and happiness, is but a focus where meet forces that have their sources in the whole human race. His individuality, his culture, his sources of happiness and fulfilment cannot be sane, healthy, true, fertile, and good, while the social sources whence they derive are turbid and foul. Even a group, a class, a nation, cannot achieve abiding development and security in artificial isolation. Were America to work out her own salvation, while the rest of the world went down in barbarism, America would perish overwhelmed, as was Rome, by the barbarian flood.

For the first time in his long history, man is in a position to apprehend those facts which every culture, every civilization, has hitherto ignored. However reluctant he may be to admit those "disillusions," they are being thrust upon him by the hard schooling of adverse experience. That ruthless schoolmistress allows no holidays until the lesson is learnt. That is what is meant by saying that truth prevails.

There can be no doubt that in the process there will be broken heads. There will be bloodshed and ruin. It may even be that before the human race can apply the power of control over its destiny which is now within its grasp, it will have to pass through dark ages, as it did when the modern world arose out of the ancient world. Today a great nation which has made momentous contributions to civilization has sunk into sheer, unmitigated, howling barbarism—if it be not an insult to the barbarian to compare him to Nazi Germany. But it is unlikely that mankind as a whole will have to pass through such an ordeal.

It is unlikely because human intelligence is immeasurably better equipped, more widely diffused, more secure and more resourceful than it was when the first European civilization fell. Man has improved. And his improved, more richly equipped and critically awakened intelligence is not, as it was then, the privilege of a few. An intelligent modern artisan who reads is capable of infinitely more correct judgment on a hundred vital issues than was Ausonius or Sidonius Apollinaris, or any individual person in the fifth century. He may be ignorant, he may entertain countless crude fallacies and prejudices. But his ignorance and his prejudices are as nothing compared to the world of nescience and fallacy in which the most cultured men then dwelt, to the phantasmagoria of delusions which their culture clothed in urbane speech and polished periods adorned with citations from the classics. The ancient world faced a world crisis not unlike that which the modern world faces today. But it was helpless before the forces of dissolution. Modern humanity faces a crisis in which the issues are even more formidable and momentous, and is called upon to make choices which shall determine the whole future destiny of mankind. But it faces it with a mental equipment and with resources as superior to those of the humanity of fifteen centuries ago as the air-liner is superior to the ox-cart.

True, the strife of interests and prejudices must be fiercer and more stubborn in proportion to the very superiority of man's mental weapons, as it must be more deadly owing to the superiority of his material weapons. But the intelligence which corresponds to facts prevails always in the end over the cunning which defends illusions. It has always been so. That is why the equipment and education of man's intelligence has continuously grown, and with it all his worth, all his powers of control over the conditions which determine the value of his life. That is how man has improved.

The growth of power and intelligence is no longer confined as of old to autocracies or oligarchies at the summit of the social pyramid. They are diffused throughout the social structure. The fatal fallacy that human improvement is the fulfilment of the individual was the faith of ages when only a few individuals could fulfil the potentialities of their lives; it no longer corresponds to social facts. It has, in truth, never corresponded to social facts, for the societies which have been built upon the sand of that fallacious faith have, one and all, compassed their own destruction.

It is for modern humanity to build upon more solid ground and to surpass, not in security alone, but in every form of human expression the false cultures of the past. I should perhaps be charged with being extravagantly paradoxical if I declared that modern America is an improvement on ancient Athens, Rome, Florence, or Paris. But I believe that I am within the realm of sober statement in saying that it possesses the potential power to surpass them all. Cultures and civilizations which, like those of modern England or France, cling with fierce and desperate tenacity to the hardened individualistic traditions of ancient cultures, sanctified by their eminence in bygone ages, do not possess that potential power in the same degree as does America.

That power, the power to control his destiny and his life by means of an equipped intelligence free from stunting and intrinsically base and mean illusions, was never greater than it is today. Even in the midst of the confusion and the sense of defeat of this age of transition, it imparts a higher dignity to modern man. And in that increased power of control of the human faculty over the manifold conditions of his life lies the only meaning of human improvement.

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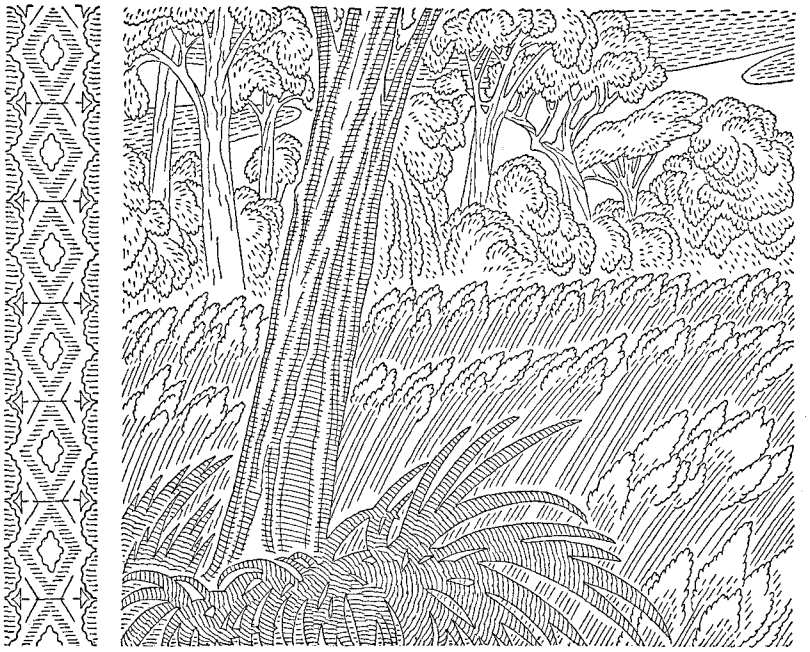

GREEN HILLS

By Ernest

PART III

Foreword

In his introduction, the author states "Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. . . . The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination."

This is the third episode in the month's action. The five people who go on the hunt described below are, according to the author's characterization:

POP — Mr. Jackson Phillips, called Mr. J. or Mr. J. P.—a white hunter or professional guide. Not to be called Pop to his face

MR. HEMINGWAY — A braggart

MRS. HEMINGWAY — Wife of the above known as P. O. M. or poor old mama. Known to the natives as Mama

DROOPY — A good native guide

M'COLA — A gunbearer

We had breakfast before daylight and were started before sunrise, climbing the hill beyond the village in single file. Ahead there was the local guide with a spear, then Droopy with my heavy gun and a water bottle, then me with the Springfield, Pop with the Mannlicher, P. O. M. pleased as always to carry nothing, M'Cola with Pop's heavy gun and another water bottle, and finally two local citizens with spears, water bags, and a chop box with lunch. We planned to lay up in the heat of the middle of the day and not get back until dark. It was fine climbing in the cool fresh morning and very different from toiling up this same trail last evening in the sunset with all the rocks and dirt giving back the heat of the day. The trail was used regularly by cattle and the dust was powdered dry and, now, lightly moistened from the dew. There were many hyena tracks and, as the trail came onto a ridge of gray rock so that you could look down on both sides into a steep ravine, and then went on along the edge of the canyon, we saw a fresh rhino track in one of the dusty patches below the rocks.

"He's just gone on ahead," Pop said. "They must wander all over here at night."

Below, at the bottom of the canyon, we could see the tops of high trees and in an opening see the flash of water. Across was the steep hillside and the gullies we had studied last night. Droopy and the local guide, the one who had been chased by the rhino, were whispering together. Then they started down a steep path that went in long slants down the side of the canyon.

We stopped. I had not seen P. O. M. was limping, and in sudden whispered family bitterness there was a highly-righteous-on-both-sides clash, historically on unwearable shoes and boots in the past, and imperatively on these, which hurt. The hurt was lessened by cutting off the toes of the heavy short wool socks worn over ordinary socks, and then, by removing the socks entirely, the boots made possible. Going down-hill steeply made these Spanish shooting boots too short in the toe and there was an old argument, about this length of boot and whether the bootmaker, whose part I had taken, unwittingly first, only as interpreter, and finally embraced his theory patriotically as a whole and, I believed, by logic, had overcome it by adding onto the heel. But they hurt now, a stronger logic, and the situation was un-helped by the statement that men's new boots always hurt for weeks before they became comfortable. Now, heavy socks removed, stepping tentatively, trying the pressure of the leather against the toes, the argument past, she wanting not to suffer, but to keep up and please Mr. J. P., me ashamed at having been a four-letter man about boots, at being righteous against pain, at being righteous at all, at ever being righteous, stopping to whisper about it, both of us grinning at what was whispered, it all right now, the boots too, without the heavy socks, much better, me hating all righteous bastards now, one absent American friend especially, having just removed myself from that category, certainly never to be righteous again, watching Droopy ahead, we went down the long slant of the trail toward the bottom of the canyon where the trees were heavy and tall and the floor of the canyon, that from above had been a nar-

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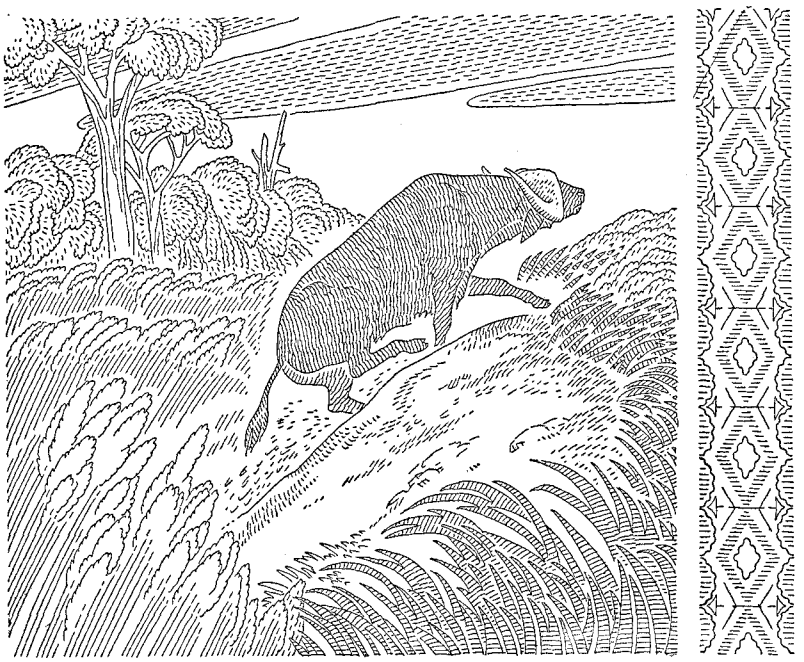

OF AFRICA

Hemingway

In Droopy's Country

row gash, opened to a forest-banked stream.

We stood now in the shade of trees with great smooth trunks, circled at their base with the line of roots that showed in rounded ridges up the trunks like arteries; the trunks the yellow green of a French forest on a day in winter after rain. But these trees had a great spread of branches and were in leaf and below them, in the stream bed in the sun, reeds like papyrus grass grew thick as wheat and twelve feet tall. There was a game trail through the grass along the stream and Droopy was bent down looking at it. M'Cola went over and looked and they both followed it a little way, stooped close over it, then came back to us.

"Nyati," M'Cola whispered. "Buffalo." Droopy whispered to Pop and then Pop said, softly in his throaty, whiskey whisper, "They're buff gone down the river. Droop says there are some big bulls. They haven't come back."

"Let's follow them," I said. "I'd rather get another buff than rhino."

"It's as good a chance as any for rhino, too," Pop said.

"By God, isn't it a great looking country?" I said.

"Splendid," Pop said. "Who would have imagined it?"

"The trees are like André's pictures," P. O. M. said. "It's simply beautiful. Look at that green. It's Masson. Why can't a good painter see this country?"

"How are your boots?"

"Fine."

As we trailed the buffalo we went very slowly and quietly. There was no wind and we knew that when the breeze came up it would be from the east and blow up the canyon toward us. We followed the game trail down the river-bed and as we went the grass was much higher. Twice we had to get down to crawl and the reeds were so thick you could not see two feet into them. Droop found a fresh rhino track, too, in the mud. I began to think about what would happen if a rhino came barging along this tunnel and who would do what. It was exciting but I did not like it. It was too much like being in a trap and there was P. O. M. to think about. Then as the stream made a bend and we came out of the high grass to the bank I smelled game very distinctly. I do not smoke, and hunting at home I have several times smelled elk in the rutting season before I have seen them and I can smell clearly where an old bull has lain in the forest. The bull elk has a strong musky smell. It is a strong but pleasant odor and I know it well, but this smell I did not know.

"I can smell them," I whispered to Pop. He believed me.

"What is it?"

"I don't know but it's plenty strong. Can't you?"

"No."

"Ask Droop."

Droopy nodded and grinned.

"They take snuff," Pop said. "I don't know whether they can scent or not."

We went on into another bed of reeds that were high over our heads, putting each foot down silently before lifting the other, walking as quietly as in a dream or a slow motion picture. I could smell whatever it was clearly now, all of the time, sometimes stronger than at others. I did not like it at all. We were close to the bank now, and, ahead the game trail went straight out into a long slough of higher reeds than any we had come through.

"I can smell them close as hell," I whispered to Pop. "No kidding. Really."

"I believe you," Pop said. "Should we get up here onto the bank and skirt this bit? We'll be above it."

"Good." Then, when we were up, I said, "That tall stuff had me spooked. I wouldn't like to hunt in that."

"How'd you like to hunt elephant in that?" Pop whispered.

"I wouldn't do it."

"Do you really hunt elephant in grass like that?" P. O. M. asked.

"Yes," Pop said. "Get up on somebody's shoulders to shoot."

Better men than I am do it, I thought. I wouldn't do it.

We went along the grassy right bank, on a sort of shelf, now in the open, skirting a slough of high dry reeds. Beyond on the opposite bank were the heavy trees and above them the steep bank of the canyon. You could not see the stream. Above us, on the right, were the hills, wooded in patches of

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orchard bush. Ahead, at the end of the slough of reeds the banks narrowed and the branches of the big trees almost covered the stream. Suddenly Droopy grabbed me and we both crouched down. He put the big gun in my hand and took the Springfield. He pointed and around a curve in the bank I saw the head of a rhino with a long, wonderful-looking horn. The head was swaying and I could see the ears forward and twitching, and see the little pig eyes. I slipped the safety catch and motioned Droopy down. Then I heard M'Cola saying, "Toto! Toto!" and he grabbed my arm. Droopy was whispering, "Manamouki! Manamouki! Manamouki!" very fast and he and M'Cola were frantic that I should not shoot. It was a cow rhino with a calf and as I lowered the gun, she gave a snort, crashed in the reeds, and was gone. I never saw the calf. We could see the reeds swaying where the two of them were moving and then it was all quiet.

"Damn shame," Pop whispered. "She had a beautiful horn."

"I was all set to bust her," I said. "I couldn't tell she was a cow."

"M'Cola saw the calf."

M'Cola was whispering to Pop and nodding his head emphatically.

"He says there's another rhino in there," Pop said. "That he heard him snort."

"Let's get higher, where we can see them if they break, and throw something in," I said.

"Good idea," Pop agreed. "Maybe the bull's there."

We went a little higher up the bank where we could look out over the lake of high reeds and, with Pop holding his big gun ready and I with the safety off mine, M'Cola threw a club into the reeds where he had heard the snort. There was a wooshing snort and no movement, not a stir in the reeds. Then there was a crashing further away and we could see the reeds swaying with the rush of something through them toward the opposite bank, but could not see what was making the movement. Then I saw the black back, the wide-swept, point-lifted horns and then the quick-moving, climbing rush of a buffalo up the other bank. He went up, his neck up and out, his head horn-heavy, his withers rounded like a fighting bull, in fast strong-legged climb. I was holding on the point where his neck joined his shoulder when Pop stopped me.

"He's not a big one," he said softly. "I wouldn't take him unless you want him for meat."

He looked big to me and now he stood, his head up, broadside, his head swung toward us.

"I've got three more on the license and we're leaving their country," I said.

"It's awfully good meat," Pop whispered. "Go ahead then. Bust him. But be ready for the rhino after you shoot."

I sat down, the big gun feeling heavy and unfamiliar, held on the buff's shoulder, squeezed off and flinched without firing. Instead of the sweet clean pull of the Springfield with the smooth unhesitant release at the end, this trigger came to what, in a squeeze, seemed metal stuck against metal. It was like when you shoot in a nightmare. I couldn't squeeze it and I corrected from my flinch, held my breath, and pulled the trigger. It pulled off with a jerk and the big gun made a rocking explosion out of which I came, seeing the buffalo still on his feet, and going out of sight to the left in a climbing run, to let off the second barrel and throw a burst of rock dust and dirt over his hind quarters. He was out of shot before I could reload the double-barrelled .470 and we had all heard the snorting and the crashing of another rhino that had gone out of the lower end of the reeds and on under the heavy trees on our side without showing more than a glimpse of his bulk in the reeds.

"It was the bull," Pop said. "He's gone down the stream."

"N'Dio. Doumi! Doumi!" Droopy insisted it was a bull.

"I hit the damned buff," I said. "God knows where. To hell with those heavy guns. The trigger pull put me off."

"You'd have killed him with the Springfield," Pop said.

"I'd know where I hit him anyway. I thought with the four-seventy I'd kill him or miss him," I said. "Instead, now we've got him wounded."

"He'll keep," Pop said. "We want to give him plenty of time."

"I'm afraid I gut-shot him."

"You can't tell. Going off fast like that he might be dead in a hundred yards."

"The hell with that four-seventy," I said. "I can't shoot it. The trigger's like the last turn of the key opening a sardine can."

"Come on," Pop said. "We've got God knows how many rhino scattered about here."

"What about the buff?"

"Plenty of time for him later. We must let him stiffen up. Let him get sick."

"Suppose we'd been down in there with all that stuff coming out."

"Yes," said Pop.

All this in whispers. I looked at P. O. M. She was like some one enjoying a good musical show.

"Did you see where it hit him?"

"I couldn't tell," she whispered. "Do you suppose there are any more in there?"

"Thousands," I said. "What do we do, Pop?"

"That bull may be just around the bend," Pop said. "Come on."

We went along the bank, our nerves cocked, and as we came to the narrow end of the reeds there was another rush of something heavy through the tall stalks. I had the gun up waiting for whatever it was to show. But there was only the waving of the reeds. M'Cola signalled with his hand not to shoot.

"The goddamned calf," Pop said. "Must have been two of them. Where's the bloody bull?"

"How the hell do you see them?"

"Tell by the size."

Then we were standing looking down into the stream bed, into the shadows under the branches of the big trees, and off ahead down the stream when M'Cola pointed up the hill on our right.

"Faro," he whispered and reached me the glasses.

There on the hillside, head-on, wide, black, looking straight toward us, ears twitching and head lifted, swaying as the nose searched for the wind, was another rhino. He looked huge in the glasses. Pop was studying him with his binoculars.

"He's no better than what you have," he said softly.

"I can bust him right in the sticking place," I whispered.

"You only have one more," Pop whispered. "You want a good one."

I offered the glasses to P. O. M.

"I can see him without," she said. "He's huge."

"He may charge," Pop said. "Then you'll have to take him."

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Then, as we watched, another rhino came into sight from behind a wide feathery-topped tree. He was quite a bit smaller.

"By God, it's a calf," Pop said. "That one's a cow. Good thing you didn't shoot her. She bloody well *may* charge too."

"Is it the same cow?" I whispered.

"No. That other one had a hell of a horn."

We all had the nervous exhilaration, like a laughing drunk, that a sudden over-abundance, idiotic abundance of game makes. It is a feeling that can come from any sort of game or fish that is ordinarily rare and that, suddenly, you find in a ridiculously, unbelievable abundance.

"Look at her. She knows there's something wrong. But she can't see us or smell us."

"She heard the shots."

"She knows we're here. But she can't make it out."

The rhino looked so huge, so ridiculous, and so fine to see, and I sighted on her chest.

"It's a nice shot."

"Perfect," Pop said.

"What are we going to do?" P. O. M. said. She was practical.

"We'll work around her," Pop said.

"If we keep low I don't believe our scent will carry up there once we're past."

"You can't tell," Pop said. "We don't want her to charge."

She did not charge, but dropped her head, finally, and worked up the hill followed by the nearly full-grown calf.

"Now," said Pop, "we'll let Droop go ahead and see if he can find the bull's tracks. We might as well sit down."

We sat in the shade and Droopy went up one side of the stream and the local guide the other. They came back and said the bull had gone on down.

"Did any one ever see what sort of horn he had?" I asked.

"Droop said he was good."

M'Cola had gone up the hill a little way. Now he crouched and beckoned.

"Nyati," he said with his hand up to his face.

"Where?" Pop asked him. He pointed, crouched down, and as we crawled up to him he handed me the glasses. They were a long way away on the

jutting ridge of one of the steep hillsides on the far side of the canyon, well down the stream. We could see six, then eight, buffalo, black, heavy necked, the horns shining, standing on the point of a ridge. Some were grazing and others stood, their heads up, watching.

"That one's a bull," Pop said, looking through the glasses.

"Which one?"

"Second from the right."

"They all look like bulls to me."

"They're a long way away. That one's a good bull. Now we've got to cross the stream and work down toward them and try to get above them."

"Will they stay there?"

"No. Probably they'll work down into this stream bed as soon as it's hot."

"Let's go."

We crossed the stream on a log and then another log and on the other side, half way up the hillside, there was a deeply worn game trail that graded along the bank under the heavily leafed branches of the trees. We went along quite fast, but walking carefully, and below us, now, the stream bed was covered solidly with foliage. It was still early in the morning but the breeze was rising and the leaves stirred over our heads. We crossed one ravine that came down to the stream, going into the thick bush to be out of sight and stooping as we crossed behind trees in the small open place, then, using the shoulder of the ravine as protection, we climbed so that we might get high up the hillside above the buffalo and work down to them. We stopped in the shelter of the ridge, me sweating heavily and fixing a handkerchief inside the sweatband of my Stetson, and sent Droop ahead to look. He came back to say they were gone. From above we could see nothing of them, so we cut across the ravine and the hillside thinking we might intercept them on their way down into the river bed. The next hillside had been burned and at the bottom of the hill there was a burned area of bush. In the ash dust were the tracks of the buffalo as they came down and into the thick jungle of the stream bed. Here it was too overgrown and there were too many vines to follow them. There were no tracks going down the stream so we knew they were down in that part of the stream bed we had looked down on from the game trail. Pop said there was nothing to do about them in there. It was so thick that if we jumped them we could not get a shot. You could not tell one from another, he said. All you would see would be a rush of black. An old bull would be gray but a good herd bull might be black as a cow. It wasn't any good to jump them like that.

It was ten o'clock now and very hot in the open, the sun pegged and the breeze lifted the ashes of the burned-over ground as we walked. Everything would be in the thick cover now. We decided to find a shady place and lie down and read in the cool, to have lunch and kill the hot part of the day.

Beyond the burned place we came toward the stream and stopped, sweating, in the shadow of some very large trees. We unpacked our leather coats and our raincoats and spread them on the grass at the foot of the trees so that we could lean back against the trunks. P. O. M. got out the books and M'Cola made a small fire and boiled water for tea.

The breeze was coming up and we could hear it in the high branches. It was cool in the shade, but if you stirred into the sun, or as the sun shifted the shadow while you read so that any part of you was out of the shadow, the sun was heavy. Droopy had gone on down the stream to have a look and as we lay there, reading, I could smell the heat of the day coming, the drying up of the dew, the heat on the leaves, and the heaviness of the sun over the stream.

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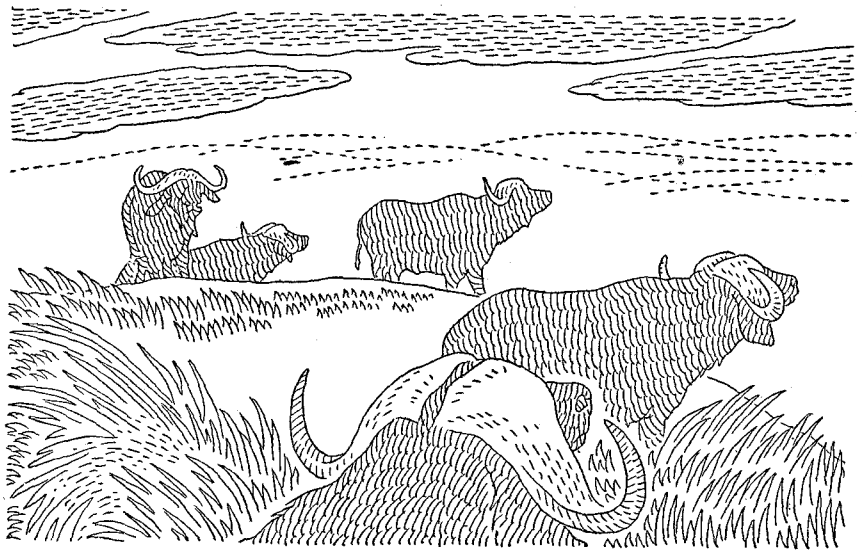

P. O. M. was reading *Spanish Gold,* by George A. Birmingham, and she said it was no good. I still had the Sevastapol book of Tolstoi and in the same volume I was reading a story called "The Cossacks" that was very good. In it were the summer heat, the mosquitoes, the feel of the forest in the different seasons, and that river that the Tartars crossed, raiding, and I was living in that Russia again.

I was thinking how real that Russia of the time of our Civil War was, as real as any other place, as Michigan, or the prairie north of town and the woods around Evans's game farm, of how, through Turgeneff, I knew that I had lived there, as I had been in the family Buddenbrooks, and had climbed in and out of her window in *Le Rouge et Le Noir,* or the morning we had come in the gates of Paris and seen Salcède torn apart by the horses at the Place de Grèves. I saw all that. And it was me they did not break on the rack that time because I had been polite to the executioner the time they killed Coconas and me, and I remember the Eve of St. Bartholomew's and how we hunted Huguenots that night, and when they trapped me at her house that time, and no feeling more true than finding the gate of the Louvre being closed, nor of looking down at his body in the water where he fell from the mast, and always, Italy, better than any book, lying in the chestnut woods, and in the fall mist behind the Duomo going across the town to the Ospedale Maggiore, the nails in my boots on the cobbles, and in the Spring sudden showers in the mountains and the smell of the regiment like a copper coin in your mouth. So in the heat the train stopped at Dezenzano and there was Lago de Garda and those troops are the Czech Legion, and the next time it was raining, and the next time it was in the dark, and the next time you passed it riding in a truck, and the next time you were coming from somewhere else, and the next time you walked to it in the dark from Sermione. For we have been there in the books and out of the books—and where we go, if we are any good, there you can go as we have been. A country, finally, erodes and the dust blows away, the people all die and none of them were of any importance permanently, except those who practised the arts, and these now wish to cease their work because it is too lonely, too hard to do, and is not fashionable. A thousand years makes economics silly and a work of art endures forever, but it is very difficult to do and now it is not fashionable. People do not want to do it any more because they will be out of fashion and the lice who crawl on literature will not praise them. Also it is very hard to do. So what? So I would go on reading about the river that the Tartars came across when raiding, and the drunken old hunter and the girl and how it was then in the different seasons.

Pop was reading *Richard Carvell.* We had bought what there was to buy in Nairobi and we were pretty well to the end of the books.

"I've read this before," Pop said. "But it's a good story."

"I can just remember it. But it was a good story then."

"It's a jolly good story but I wish I hadn't read it before."

"This is terrible," P. O. M. said. "You couldn't read it."

"Do you want this one?"

"Don't be ornamental," she said. "No. I'll finish this."

"Go on. Take it."

"I'll give it right back."

"Hey, M'Cola," I said. "Beer?"

"N'Dio," he said with great force, and from the chop box one of the natives had carried on his head produced, in its straw casing, a bottle of German beer, one of the sixty-four bottles Dan had bought from the German trading station. Its neck was wrapped in silver foil and on its black and yellow label there was a horseman in armor. It was still cool from the night and opened by the tin opener it creamed into three cups, thick-foamed, full-bodied.

"No," said Pop. "Very bad for the liver."

"Come on."

"All right."

We all drank and when M'Cola opened the second bottle Pop refused, firmly.

"Go on. It means more to you. I'm going to take a nap."

"Poor old Mama?"

"Just a little."

"All for me," I said. M'Cola smiled and shook his head at this drinking. I lay back against the tree and watched the wind bringing the clouds and drank the beer slowly out of the bottle. It was cooler that way and it was excellent beer. After a while Pop and P. O. M. were both asleep and I got back the Sevastapol book and read in the Cossacks again. It was a good story.

When they woke up we had lunch of cold sliced tenderloin, bread, and mustard, and a can of plums, and drank the third, and last, bottle of beer. Then we read again and all went to sleep. I woke thirsty and was unscrewing the top from a water bottle when I heard a rhino snort and crash in the brush of the river bed. Pop was awake and heard it too and we took our guns, without speaking, and started toward where the noise had come from. M'Cola found the tracks. The rhino had come up the stream, evidently he had winded us when he was only about thirty yards away, and had gone on up. We could not follow the tracks the way the wind was blowing so we circled away from

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the stream and back to the edge of the burned place to get above him and then hunted very carefully against the wind along the stream through very thick bush, but we did not find him. Finally Droopy found where he had gone up the other side and on into the hills. From the tracks it did not seem a particularly large one.

We were a long way from camp, at least four hours as we had come, and much of it up-hill going back, certainly there would be that long climb out of the canyon; we had a wounded buffalo to deal with, and when we came out on the edge of the burned country again, we agreed that we should get P. O. M. and get started. It was still hot, but the sun was on its way down and for a good way we would be on the heavily shaded game trail on the high bank above the stream. When we found P. O. M. she pretended to be indignant at our going off and leaving her alone but she was only teasing us.

We started off. Droop and his spearsman in the lead, walking along the shadow of the trail that was broken by the sun through the leaves. Instead of the cool early morning smell of the forest there was a nasty stink like the mess cats make.

"What makes the stink?" I whispered to Pop.

"Baboons," he said.

A whole tribe of them had gone on just ahead of us and their droppings were everywhere. We came up to the place where the rhinos and the buff had come out of the reeds and I located where I thought the buff had been when I shot. M'Cola and Droopy were casting about like hounds and I thought they were at least fifty yards too high up the bank when Droop held up a leaf.

"He's got blood," Pop said. We went up to them. There was a great quantity of blood, black now on the grass, and the trail was easy to follow. Droop and M'Cola trailed one on each side, leaving the trail between them, pointing to each blood spot formally with a long stem of grass. I always thought it would be better for one to trail slowly and the other cast ahead but this was the way they trailed, stooped heads, pointing each dried splash with their grass stems and occasionally, when they picked up the tracks after losing them, stooping to pluck a grass blade or a leaf that had the black stain on it. I followed them

with the Springfield, then came Pop, with P. O. M. behind him. Droop carried my big gun and Pop had his. M'Cola had P. O. M's Mannlicher slung over his shoulder. None of us spoke and every one seemed to regard it as a pretty serious business. In some high grass we found blood, at a pretty good height on the grass leaves on both sides of the trail where the buff had gone through the grass. That meant he was shot clean through. You could not tell the original color of the blood now, but I had a moment of hoping he might be shot through the lungs. But further on we came on some droppings in the rocks with blood in them and then for a while he had dropped dung wherever he climbed and all of it was blood-spotted. It looked, now, like a gut shot or one through the paunch. I was more ashamed of it all the time.

"If he comes don't worry about Droopy or the others," Pop whispered. "They'll get out of his way. Stop him."

"Right up the nose," I said.

"Don't try anything fancy," Pop said. The trail climbed steadily, then twice looped back on itself and for a time seemed to wander, without plan, among some rocks. Once it led down to the stream, crossed a rivulet of it and then came back up on the same bank, grading up through the trees.

"I think we'll find him dead," I whispered to Pop. That aimless turn had made me see him, slow and hard hit, getting ready to go down.

"I hope so," Pop said.

But the trail went on, where there was little grass now, and trailing was much slower and more difficult. There were no tracks now that I could see, only the probable line he would take, verified by a shiny dark splatter of dried blood on a stone. Several times we lost it entirely and, the three of us making casts, one would find it, point and whisper "Damu," and we would go on again. Finally it led down from a rocky hillside with the last of the sun on it, down into the stream bed where there was a long, wide patch of the highest dead reeds that we had seen. These were higher and thicker even than the slough the buff had come out of in the morning and there were several game trails that went into them.

"Not good enough to take the little Memsahib in there," Pop said.

"Let her stay here with M'Cola," I said.

"It's not good enough for the little Memsahib," Pop repeated. "I don't know why we let her come."

"She can wait here. Droop wants to go on."

"Right you are. We'll have a look."

"You wait here with M'Cola," I whispered over my shoulder.

We followed Droopy into the thick, tall grass that was five feet above our heads, walking carefully on the game trail, stooping forward, trying to make no noise breathing. I was thinking of the buff the way I had seen them when we had gotten the three that time, how the old bull had come out of the bush, groggy as he was, and I could see the horns, the boss coming far down, the muzzle out, the little eyes, the roll of fat and muscle on his thin-haired, gray, scaly-hided neck, the heavy power and the rage in him, and I admired

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him and respected him, but he was slow, and all the while we shot I felt that it was fixed and that we had him. This was different, this was no rapid fire, no pouring it on him as he comes groggy into the open, if he comes now I must be quiet inside and put it down his nose as he comes with the head out. He will have to put the head down to hook, like any bull, and that will uncover the old place the boys wet their knuckles on and I will get one in there and then must go sideways into the grass and he would be Pop's from then on unless I could keep the rifle when I jumped. I was sure I could get that one in and jump if I could wait and watch his head come down. I knew I could do that and that the shot would kill him but how long would it take? That was the whole thing. How long would it take? Now, going forward, sure he was in here, I felt the elation, the best elation of all, of certain action to come, action in which you had something to do, in which you can kill and come out of it, doing something you are ignorant about and so not scared, no one to worry about and no responsibility except to perform something you feel sure you can perform, and I was walking softly ahead watching Droopy's back and remembering to keep the sweat out of my glasses when I heard a noise behind us and turned my head. It was P. O. M. with M'Cola coming on our tracks.

"For God's sake," Pop said. He was furious.

We got her back out of the grass and up onto the bank and made her realize that she must stay there. She had not understood that she was to stay behind. She had heard me whisper something but thought it was for her to come behind M'Cola.

"That spooked me," I said to Pop.

"She's like a little terrier," he said. "But it's not good enough."

We were looking out over that grass.

"Droop wants to go still," I said. "I'll go as far as he will. When he says no that lets us out. After all, I gut-shot the son of a bitch."

"Mustn't do anything silly, though."

"I can kill the son of a bitch if I get a shot at him. If he comes he's got to give me a shot."

The fright P. O. M. had given us about herself had made me noisy.

"Come on," said Pop. We followed Droopy back in and it got worse and worse and I do not know about Pop but about half way I changed to the big gun and kept the safety off and my hand over the trigger guard and I was plenty nervous by the time Droopy stopped and shook his head and whispered "Hapana." It had gotten so you could not see a foot ahead and it was all turns and twists. It was really bad and the sun was only on the hillside now. We both felt good because we had made Droopy do the calling off and I was relieved as well. What we had followed him into had made my fancy shooting plans seem very silly and I knew all we had in there was Pop to blast him over with the four-fifty number two after I'd maybe miss him with that lousy four-seventy. I had no confidence in anything but its noise any more.

We were back trailing when we heard the porters on the hillside shout and we ran crashing through the grass to try to get to a high enough place to see to shoot. They waved their arms and shouted that the buffalo had come out of the reeds and gone past them and then M'Cola and Droopy were pointing and Pop had me by the sleeve trying to pull me to where I could see them and then, in the sunlight, high up on the hillside against the rocks I saw two buffalo. They shone very black in the sun and one was much bigger than the other and I remember thinking this was our bull and that he had picked up a cow and she had made the pace and kept him going. Droop had handed me the Springfield and I slipped my arm through the sling and sighting, the buff now all seen through the aperture, I froze myself inside and held the bead on the top of his shoulder and as I started to squeeze he started running and I swung ahead of him and loosed off. I saw him lower his head and jump like a bucking horse as he comes out of the chutes and as I threw the shell, slammed the bolt forward and shot again, behind him as he went out of sight, I knew I had him. Droopy and I started to run and as we were running I heard a low bellow. I stopped and yelled at Pop, "Hear him? I've got him, I tell you!"

"You hit him," said Pop. "Yes."

"Goddamn it, I killed him. Didn't you hear him bellow?"

"No."

"Listen!" We stood listening and there it came, clear, a long, moaning, unmistakable bellow.

"By God," Pop said. It was a very sad noise.

M'Cola grabbed my hand and Droopy slapped my back and all laughing we started on a running scramble, sweating, rushing, up the ridge through the trees and over rocks. I had to stop for breath, my heart pounding and wiped the sweat off my face and cleaned my glasses.

"Kufa!" M'Cola said, making the word for dead almost explosive in its force. "N'Dio! Kufa!"

"Kufa!" Droopy said grinning.

"Kufa!" M'Cola repeated and we shook hands again before we went on climbing. Then, ahead of us, we saw him, on his back, throat stretched out to the full, his weight on his horns, wedged against a tree. M'Cola put his finger in the bullet hole in the center of the shoulder and shook his head happily.

Pop and P. O. M. came up, followed by the porters.

"By God, he's a better bull than we thought," I said.

"He's not the same bull. This is a real bull. That must have been our bull with him."

"I thought he was with a cow. It was so far away I couldn't tell."

"It must have been four hundred yards. By God, you *can* shoot that little pipsqueak."

"When I saw him put his head down between his legs and buck I knew we had him. The light was wonderful on him."

"I knew you had hit him, and I knew he wasn't the same bull. So I thought we had two wounded buffalo to deal with. I didn't hear the first bellow."

"It was wonderful when we heard him bellow," P. O. M. said. "It's such a sad sound. It's like hearing a horn in the woods."

"It sounded awfully jolly to me," Pop said. "By God, we deserve a drink on this. That was a shot. Why didn't you ever tell us you could shoot?"

"Go to hell."

"You know he's a damned good tracker, too, and what kind of a bird shot?" he asked P. O. M.

"Isn't he a beautiful bull?" P. O. M. asked.

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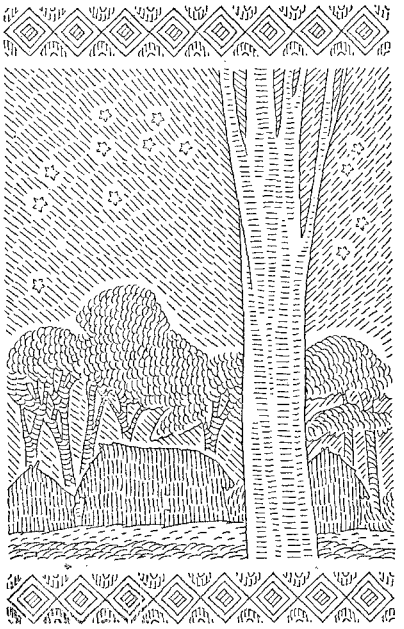
"He's a fine one. He's not old but it's a fine head."

We tried to take pictures but there was only the little box camera and the shutter stuck and there was a bitter argument about the shutter while the light failed, and I was nervous now, irritable, righteous, pompous about the shutter and inclined to be abused because we could get no picture. You cannot live on a plane of the sort of elation I had felt in the reeds and having killed, even when it is only a buffalo, you feel a little quiet inside. Killing is not a feeling that you share and I took a drink of water and told P. O. M. I was sorry I was such a bastard about the camera. She said it was all right and we were all right again looking at the buff with M'Cola making the cuts for the headskin and we standing close together and feeling fond of each other and understanding everything, camera and all. I took a drink of the whiskey and it had no taste and I felt no kick from it.

"Let me have another," I said. The second one was all right.

We were going on ahead to camp with the chased-by-a-rhino spearsman as guide and Droop was going to skin out the head and they were going to butcher and cache the meat in trees so the hyenas would not get it. They were afraid to travel in the dark and I told Droopy he could keep my big gun. He said he knew how to shoot so I took out the shells and put on the safety and handing it to him told him to shoot. He put it to his shoulder, shut the wrong eye, and pulled hard on the trigger, and again, and again. Then I showed him about the safety and had him put it on and off and snap the gun a couple of times. M'Cola became very superior during Droopy's struggle to fire with the safety on and Droopy seemed to get much smaller. I left him the gun and two cartridges and they were all busy butchering in the dusk when we followed the spearsman and the tracks of the smaller buff, which had no blood on them, up to the top of the hill and on our way toward home. We climbed around the tops of valleys, went across gulches, up and down ravines and finally came onto the main ridge, it dark and cold in the evening, the moon not yet up, we plodding along, all tired. Once M'Cola, in the dark, loaded with Pop's heavy gun



and an assortment of water bottles, binoculars, and a musette bag of books, sung out a stream of what sounded like curses at the guide who was striding ahead.

"What's he say?" I asked Pop.

"He's telling him not to show off his speed. That there is an old man in the party."

"Who does he mean, you or himself?"

"Both of us."

We saw the moon come up, smoky red over the brown hills, and we came down through the chinky lights of the village, the mud houses all closed tight, and the smells of goats and sheep, and then across the stream and up the bare slope to where the fire was burning in front of our tents. It was a cold night with much wind.

In the morning we hunted, picked up a track at a spring and trailed a rhino all over the high orchard country before he went down into a valley that led, steeply, into the canyon. It was very hot and the tight boots of the day before had chafed P. O. M.'s feet. She did not complain about them but I could see they hurt her. We were all luxuriantly, restfully tired.

"The hell with them," I said to Pop. "I don't want to kill another one unless he's big. We might hunt a week for a good one. Let's stand on the one we have and pull out and join Karl. We can hunt oryx down there and get those zebra hides and get on after the kudu."

We were sitting under a tree on the summit of a hill and could see off over all the country and the canyon running down to the rift valley and Lake Manyara.

"It would be good fun to take porters and a light outfit and hunt on ahead of them down through that valley and out to the lake," Pop said.

"That would be swell. We could send the trucks around to meet us at what's the name of the place?"

"Maji-Moto."

"Why don't we do that?" P. O. M. asked.

"We'll ask Droopy how the valley is."

Droopy didn't know but the spearsman said it was very rough and bad going where the stream came down through the rift wall. He did not think we could get the loads through. We gave it up.

"That's the sort of trip to make, though," Pop said. "Porters don't cost as much as petrol."

"Can't we make trips like that when we come back?" P. O. M. asked.

"Yes," Pop said. "But for a big rhino you want to go up on Mount Kenya. You'll get a real one there. Kudu's the prize here. You'd have to go up to Kalal to get one in Kenya. Then if we get them we'll have time to go on down in that Handeni country for sable."

"Let's get going," I said without moving.

Since a long time we had all felt good about Karl's rhino. We were glad he had it and all of that had taken on a correct perspective. Maybe he had his oryx by now. I hoped so. He was a fine fellow, Karl, and it was good he got these extra fine heads.

"How you feel, poor old Mama?"

"I'm fine. If we *are* going I'll be just as glad to rest my feet. But I love this kind of hunting."

"Let's get back, eat, break camp, and get down there tonight."

That night we got into our old camp at Mútu-Umbo, under the big trees, not far from the road. It had been our first camp in Africa and the trees were as big, as spreading, and as green, the stream as clear and fast flowing, and the camp as fine as when we had first been there. The only difference was that now it was hotter at night, the road in was hub-deep in dust, and we had seen a lot of country.

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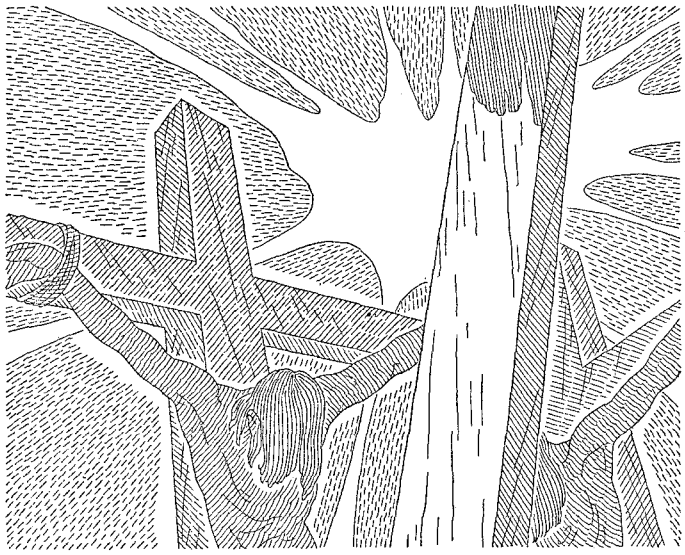

Big Meeting

A STORY

By Langston Hughes

THE early stars had begun to twinkle in the August night as Bud and I neared the woods. A great many Negroes, old and young, were plodding down the dirt road on foot on their way to the Big Meeting. Long before we came near the lantern-lighted tent we could hear the early arrivals singing, clapping their hands lustily, and throwing out each word distinct like a drum beat. Songs like *When the Saints Come Marching Home* and *That Old Time Religion* filled the air.

In the road that ran past the woods, a number of automobiles and buggies belonging to white people had stopped near the tent to allow their occupants to listen to the singing. The whites stared curiously through the hickory trees at the rocking figures in the tent. The canvas was rolled up on account of the heat, except behind the pulpit, and the meeting could easily be seen from the road, so there beneath a tree Bud and I stopped, too. We were young and wild in those days, and didn't believe in revivals, anyhow, so we stayed outside in the road where we could smoke and laugh like the white folks. But both Bud's mother and mine were in there singing, actively a part of the services; and had they known we were near, they would certainly have come out and dragged us in.

From frequent attendance since childhood at these Big Meetings, held each summer, we knew that the services were divided into three parts. The testimonials and the song-service came first. This began as soon as two or three people were gathered together, continuing until the minister himself arrived. Then the sermon followed, with its accompanying songs and shouts from the audience. Then the climax came with the calling of the lost souls to the mourners' bench, and the prayers for sinners and backsliders. And this was where Bud and I would leave. We were having too good a time being sinners, and we didn't want to be saved—not yet, anyway.

When we arrived, old Aunt Ibey Davis was just starting a familiar song:

Where shall I be when that first trumpet sound?
Lawdy, where shall I be when it sound so loud?

And the rapidly increasing number of gathering worshippers took up the tune in full volume sending a great flood of melody billowing beneath the canvas roof. With heads back, feet and hands patting time, they repeated the chorus again and again, and each party of new arrivals swung into rhythm as they walked up the aisle by the light of the dim oil lanterns hanging from the tent poles.

Standing there at the edge of the road beneath a big tree, Bud and I watched the people as they came—keeping our eyes open for the girls. Scores of Negroes from the town and the nearby villages and farms came drawn by the music and the preaching. Some were old and gray-headed; some in the prime of life; some mere boys and girls; and many little barefooted children. It was the twelfth night of the Big Meeting, and they came from miles around to bathe their souls in the sea of song, to shout and cry and moan before the flow of Reverend Braswell's eloquence, and to pray for all the sinners in the county that had not yet seen the light. And, although it was a colored folks' meeting, the whites liked to come and sit outside in the road in their cars and listen. Sometimes there would be as many as ten or twelve parties of whites parked out there in the dark, smoking and listening, and enjoying themselves, like Bud and me, in a not very serious way.

Even while old Aunt Ibey Davis was singing, a big red Buick drove up and parked right behind Bud and me beneath the tree. It was full of white people, and we recognized the driver as Mr. Parkes, the man who owned the drugstore in town where colored people couldn't even buy a glass of soda at the fountain.

It will sound so loud it will wake up the dead!
Lawdy, where shall I be when it sound?

"You'll hear some good singing out here," Mr. Parkes said to a lady in the car with him.

"I always did love to hear darkies singing," she answered from the back seat.

Bud nudged me in the ribs at the word *darkie.*

"I hear 'em," I said, sitting down on one of the gnarled roots of the tree and pulling out a cigarette.

The song ended and an old black woman inside the tent got up to speak. "I rise to testify dis evenin' fo' Jesus!" she said. "He's ma Savior an' ma Redeemer an' de chamber wherein I resusticates ma soul. Pray fo' me, brothers and sisters. Let yo' mercies bless me in

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all I do an' yo' prayers go with me on each travellin' voyage!"

"Amen! Halleluiah!" cried my mother.

Just in front of us, near the side of the tent, a woman's clear soprano voice began to sing:

I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow
Out in this wide world alone . . .

Soon others joined with her and the whole tent was singing:

Sometimes I am tossed and driven,
Sometimes I don't know where to go. . . .

"Real pretty, ain't it?" said the white woman in the car behind us.

But I've heard of a city called heaven
And started to make it my home.

When the woman finished her song she rose and told how her husband left her with six little children, her mother had died in the poor house, and the world had always been against her—but still she was going on!

"My, she's had a hard time," said the white woman in the car, facetiously.

"Sure has," laughed Mr. Parkes, "to hear her tell it."

And the way they talked made goose flesh come out on my skin.

"Trials and tribulations surround me—but I'm goin' on," the woman in the tent cried, and shouts and exclamations of approval broke out all over the congregation.

"Praise God!"

"Bless His Holy Name!"

"That's right, Sister!"

"White folks and devils beset me—but I'm goin' on!"

"Glory be to God!" cried the worshippers. "Halleluiah!"

The woman began to weep at the top of her voice, "I ain't got no friends—but I'm goin' on!"

"Jesus yo' friend, Sister! Jesus yo' friend!" came the answer.

"This world is not my home," she yelled. "God bless Jesus! I'm goin' on!"

"Dat's right! Yes!" cried Sister Mabry, Bud's mother, bouncing in her seat and flinging her arms outward. "Take all this world, but gimme Jesus!"

"Look at mama," Bud said half amused, sitting there beside me smoking. "She's getting happy."

"Whoo-ooo-oo-o! Great Gawd A-mighty!" yelled old man Walls near the pulpit. "I can't hold it dis evenin'!"

"Dis mawnin', dis evenin', dis mawnin', Lawd!" somebody cried.

"Pray for me—cause I'm goin' on!" said the woman. And in the midst of the demonstration she had created she sat down exhausted, her armpits wet with sweat and her face covered with tears.

"Did you hear her, Jehober?" some one asked.

"Yes, He heard her! Halleloo!" came the answer.

"Dis mawnin', dis evenin', dis mawnin', Lawd!"

Brother Nace Eubanks began to line a song:

Must Jesus bear his cross alone an' all de world go free?
No, dey's a cross fo' ever one an' dey's a cross fo' me.

Slowly they sang it line by line. Then the old man rose and told of a vision that had come to him on that day many years ago when he had been changed from a sinner to a just man.

"I was layin' in ma bed," he said, "at de midnight hour twenty-two years ago at 714 Pine Street in dis here city when a snow-white sheep come in ma room an' stood behind de washbowl. An' dis here sheep, hit spoke to me wid tongues o' fiah an' hit said, 'Nace, git up! Git up, an' come wid me!' . . . Yes, suh! He had a light round 'bout his head like a moon, an' wings like a dove, an' he walked on hoofs o' gold an' dis sheep hit said, 'I once were lost, but now I'm saved, an' you kin be like me!' . . . Yes, suh! An' ever since dat night, Brothers an' Sisters, I's been a chile o' de Lamb! Pray fo' me!"

"Help him, Jesus!" Sister Mabry shouted.

"Amen!" chanted Deacon Laws. "Amen! Amen!"

Glory! Halleluiah! Let de halleluian roll!
I'll sing ma Savior's praises far an' wide!

It was my mother's favorite song, and she sang it like a pæan of triumph, rising from her seat.

"Look at ma," I said to Bud, knowing that she was about to start her nightly shouting.

"Yal," Bud said. "I hope she don't see us while she's standing up there, or she'll come out here and make us go on up to the mourners' bench."

"We'll leave before that," I said.

For I've opened up to heaven all de windows of ma soul,
An' I'm livin' on de halleluian side!

Rocking proudly to and fro as the second chorus boomed and swelled beneath the canvas, mama began to clap her hands, her own lips silent now in this sea of song she had started, her head thrown back in joy—for mama was a great shouter. Stepping gracefully to the beat of the music, she moved out toward the center aisle into a cleared space. Then she began to spring on her toes with little short rhythmical hops. All the way up the long aisle to the pulpit gently she leaped to the clap-clap of hands, the pat of feet, and the steady booming song of her fellow worshippers. Then mama began to revolve in a dignified circle, slowly, as a great happiness swept her gleaming black features, and her lips curved into a smile.

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I've opened up to heaven all de windows of my soul. . . .

Mama was dancing, dancing before the Lord with her eyes closed, her mouth smiling, and her head held high.

Now I'm livin' on de halleluian side!

And as she danced she threw her hands upward, away from her breasts, as though she were casting off the cares of the world.

Just then the white woman in Mr. Parkes's car behind us said, laughing, "My Lord, John, just look at the niggers shouting! It's better than a show!"

But something about the way she said it made my blood boil. That was *my mother* standing up there shouting then. Maybe it was funny, maybe it was better than a show, but no white people had any business laughing at her. If mama thought there was something better in heaven than white folks gave her here on earth, then what business did they have laughing at her?

I looked at Bud, but he didn't say anything. Maybe he was thinking how often we made fun of the shouters, too, and laughed at our parents, and thought they were crazy—but deep down inside us, we loved them and sympathized with them, and understood why they came to Big Meeting. Working all day all their lives for white folks, disappointed and poor, bossed and underpaid, no wonder they wanted to fool themselves into believing there was a "Halleluian Side."

I looked at mama standing there singing, and I thought about how many years she had shouted and prayed and praised the Lord in church meetings and revivals, then came home for a few hours' sleep, and got up early to go cook and scrub and clean for white folks year after year. And how in spite of all her praying—and working, too—we had lost the little house that my father left us; and my brother had been run out of town for cursing a white man who struck him; and the people where mama worked kept cutting wages until now she got only six dollars a week, hardly enough to live on, and nothing to save. She was getting old, too, and I wondered how I was going to take care of her, without a job except on Saturdays shining shoes in a barber shop. We were poor as hell, but, "Pray, son," mama was always saying, "and maybe things will be better."

Maybe was right! I didn't believe in prayer, nor in churches and revivals, nor in the illusion of some wish-made Friend far off in the sky who would take all your troubles away. And I hated preachers who kept fooling the people. Life was hard enough without kidding yourself about it.

I'll sing my Savior's praises far an' wide!

Nevertheless I looked at mama shouting happily there, and I understood. Grotesque and old and foolish, maybe—but what else did she know, what other way than this to find release from the cares of the day and a never-to-be-realized hope? And I didn't want any white folks, especially white folks who wouldn't let a Negro drink a glass of coca-cola in their drugstore, or give one a job, sitting out in a big car laughing at her.

"Gimme a cigarette, Bud. And if these pecks behind us say any more, I'm gonna get up and tell 'em something they won't like," I said.

"To hell with 'em," Bud answered. "The dumb bastards!"

I leaned back against the gnarled roots of the tree by the road and inhaled deeply. The white people were silent again in their car, listening to the singing. In the dark I couldn't see their faces to tell if they were amused or not, but I knew that that was mostly what they wanted out of Negroes—work and amusement—without paying for it.

To a great hand-clapping, body-rocking, foot-patting rhythm, mama was repeating the chorus now over and over, while Sisters leaped and shouted, and perspiring brothers walked the aisles bowing left and right, bassing:

Far an' wide! . . . Far an' wide!

Beating time, shaking hands, laughing aloud for joy, and singing steadily—when at the back of the tent the Reverend Duke Braswell arrived.

A tall, powerful, jet-black man with a head like a giant, he moved up the aisle. With long steps through the center of the tent he strode, his woolly iron-gray hair uncovered, his green-black preacher's coat reaching to his knees, and his fierce eyes looking straight toward the altar. Under his arm he carried a Bible.

Once on the platform, he stood silently wiping his brow with a large white handkerchief while the singing swirled about him. Then he sang, too, his voice roaring above the others, his white teeth shining, his big mouth red inside. Finally he held up his palms for silence and the people gradually began to hum, hum, hum, hands and feet still patting, bodies still moving—but at last, above the undertones of song and the broken cries of the shouters, he was able to make himself heard.

"Praise God, Brothers and Sisters, I believe I'm on that halleluian side! . . . Amen! . . . Brother Garner, offer up a prayer."

Reverend Braswell sank on his knees before the crowd and every back bowed. Brother Garner, with his head in his hands, lifted his cracked old voice against a background of moans:

"Oh, Lawd, we come befo' you dis evenin' wid fear an' tremblin'—unworthy as we is to enter yo' house an' speak yo' name. We comes befo' you, Lawd, cause we knows you is mighty an' powerful in all de lands, an' great above de stars, an' bright above de moon. Oh, Lawd, you is bigger den de world. You holds de sun in yo' right hand an' de mornin' star in yo' left, an' we po' sinners ain't nothin', not even so much as a grain o' sand beneath yo' feet." His words were meek with humbleness. "Yet we calls on you this evenin' to hear us, Lawd, an' to send down yo' sweet Son Jesus to walk wid us in our sorrows, an' to comfort us on our weary road cause sometimes we don't know which away to turn! An' we pray you dis evenin', Lawd, to look down at our wanderin' chillens what's gone from home. Look down in St. Louis, Lawd, an' look in Memphis, an' look down in Chicago at our long-gone chillens tonight! An' if they's runnin' in sin, Lawd; if they's usin' Thy name in vain dis evenin', Lawd; if they's gamblin' tonight, Lawd; if they's doin' any ways wrong—reach down an' pull 'em up, Lawd, an' say, 'Come wid me, cause I am de Vine an' de Husbandman, an' de Gate dat leads to Glory!' "

"Help him, Jesus!" weeping mothers cried, remembering their sons in far away cities.

"An' whilst you's lookin' down on us dis evenin', Lawd, keep a mighty eye on de sick an' de 'flicked. Ease Sister Hightower tonight, Lawd, layin' in her bed at de pint o' death; an' bless Bro' Carpenter what's done come out to meetin' here dis evenin' in spite o' his

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broken arm from fallin' off his roof. An' Lawd, aid de pastor dis evenin' to preach yo' word an' to fill dis tent wid yo' Spirit, an' to make de sinners tremble, an' backsliders shout, an' dem dat is widout de church to come to de moaners' bench an' find rest in Jesus! We ask Thee all dese favors this evenin'. Also to guide us an' bless us wid Thy bread an' give us Thy wine to drink fo' Christ de Holy Savior's sake, our Shelter an' our Rock. Amen!"

There's not a friend like de lowly Jesus. . . .

Some Sister began a hymn, high and clear after the passion of the prayer.

No, not one! . . . No, not one!

Then the preacher took his text from the open Bible. "Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy *no* man taketh from you."

The big black man slammed shut the holy book and walked to the edge of the platform. "That's what Jesus said befo' he went to de cross, children—'I will see you agin, an' yo' hearts shall rejoice!' "

"Yes, sir!" said the old Sisters and Brothers. " 'Deed he did!"

Then the minister began to tell the familiar story of the death of Christ, standing there in the dim light of the smoking oil lanterns. He sketched quickly and vividly the life of this man who had power over vast multitudes. "Power," the minister said. "Power! Without money and without titles, without position, he had Power! And that power went out to the poor and afflicted. For Jesus said, The first shall be last, and the last shall be first!"

"He sho did!" cried Bud's mother.

"Halleluiah!" my mother agreed loudly.

"Glory be to God!" shouted Brother Eubanks. "I knows he did!"

"Then de big people o' de land heard about Jesus," the preacher went on, "the chief priests an' de scribes, de politicians, de bootleggers, an' de bankers—an' they begun to conspire against Jesus because *He had Power!* This Jesus with His twelve disciples walkin' an' preachin' in Galilee. . . . Then came that eve o' de Passover, when he set down with His friends to eat an' drink o' de wine as de settin' sun fell behind de hills o' Jerusalem. An' Jesus knew then that ere de cock crew Judas would betray Him, an' Peter would say, 'I know Him not,' an' all alone by hisself He would go to His death. Yes, sir, he knew! So He got up from de table an' went into de garden to pray. In this hour o' trouble, Jesus went to pray!"

Away at the back of the tent some old Sister began to sing:

Oh, watch with me one hour
While I go yonder and pray. . . .

And the tense crowd took up the song, swelled it, made its melody fill the hot tent while the minister stopped talking to wipe his sweating face with a white handkerchief.

Then to the humming undertone of the song, he continued, "They called it Gethsemane—that garden where Jesus fell down on His face in de grass an' cried to de Father, 'Let this bitter hour pass from me! Oh, God, let this hour pass.' Because He was still a young man who did not want to die. An' He rose up an' went back into de house—but His friends was all asleep. While Jesus prayed, His friends done gone to sleep! But, 'Sleep on,' he said, 'for de hour is at hand.' Jesus said, 'Sleep on.' "

"Sleep on, sleep on," chanted the crowd, repeating the words of the minister.

"And He was not angry with them. But as Jesus looked out o' de house, He saw that garden alive with men carryin' lanterns an' swords an' staves, an' de mob was everwhere. So He went to de door. Then Judas come out from among de crowd, that traitor Judas, an' kissed Him on de cheek—Oh, bitter friendship—an' de soldiers with handcuffs fell upon our Lord an' took Him prisoner. The disciples was awake by now, oh, yes! but they fled away because they was afraid. An' de mob carried Jesus off. . . . Then Peter followed Him from afar, followed Jesus in chains till they come to de palace o' de high priest. An' there Peter went in, timid an' afraid, to see de trial, an' set in de back o' de hall. Peter listened to de lies they told about Christ—an' didn't dispute 'em. He watched de high priest spit in Christ's face—an' made no move. He saw 'em smite Him with de palms of their hands—an' Peter uttered not a word fo' his po' mistreated Jesus. Oh, no, not a word!"

"Not a word! . . . Not a word! . . . Not a word!"

"An' when de servants o' de high priest asked Peter, 'Does you know this man?' he said, 'I do not!' An' when they asked him a second time, he said, 'No!' An' yet a third time, 'Do you know Jesus?' An' Peter answered with a oath, 'I told you, No!' . . . Then de cock crew."

"De cock crew!" cried Aunt Ibey Davis, rocking back and forth. "De cock crew! Oh, ma Lawd! De cock crew!"

"De next day de chief priests taken counsel against Jesus to put Him to death, an' they brought Him befo' Pilate, an' Pilate said, 'What evil hath He done?' But de people cried, 'Crucify Him!' because they didn't care. So Pilate called fo' water an' washed his hands. . . . Then de soldiers made sport o' Jesus where He stood in de Council Hall. They stripped Him naked, and put a crown o' thorns on His head, a red robe about His body, an' a reed from de river in His hands. They said, 'Ha! . . . Ha! . . . So you're de king! . . . Ha! . . . Ha! . . . Ha! Ha!' An' they bowed down in mockery befo' Him, makin' fun o' Jesus. An' some o' de guards threw wine in His face. Some o' de guards was drunk an' called Him out o' His name—an' nobody said, 'Stop! That's Jesus!' "

The Reverend Duke Braswell's face darkened with pity and horror as he pictured the death of Christ. "Oh, yes! Peter denied Him because he was afraid. An' Judas betrayed Him fo' thirty pieces o' silver. An' Pilate said, 'I wash ma hands—take Him an' kill Him.' An' His friends fled away! . . . Have mercy on Jesus! . . . His friends done fled away!"

"His friends!"

"His friends done fled away!"

The preacher chanted, half-moaning his sentences, not speaking them now. His breath came in quick, short gasps with an indrawn, "Umn!" between each rapid phrase. Perspiration poured down his shiny black face as he strode across the platform wrapped in this drama that he saw in the very air before his eyes. Peering over the heads of his audience and out into the darkness, he began the ascent to Golgotha, describing the taunting crowd at Christ's heels and the heavy cross on His shoulders.

"Till a black man named Simon, blacker than me, come an' took de cross an' bore it for Him . . . Umn!

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Then Jesus were standin' alone on a high hill, in de broilin' sun, while they put de crosses in de ground. No water to cool His throat. Nothin' to shade His achin' head. Nobody to say a friendly word to ma po' Jesus! . . . Umn! Alone, in that crowd on de hill o' Golgatha, with two thieves bound an' cryin', an' de murmur o' de mob all around. . . . Umn! But ma Jesus never said a word! . . . Umn! They laid they hands on Him, an' they tore de clothes from His body—an' then, an' then," loud as a thunder clap the minister's voice broke through the little tent, "they raised Him to de cross!"

A great wail went up from the crowd. The cries and shouts of the congregation rent the night air. Bud and I sat entranced in spite of ourselves, forgetting to smoke. Aunt Ibey Davis wept. Sister Mabry moaned. The white people were silent in their car behind us. The minister went on intoning.

"They brought de nails, four long iron nails, an' they put one in de palm of His left hand. An' de hammer said . . . Bam! . . . An' they put one in de palm of His right hand. An' de hammer said . . . Bam! . . . An' they put one through His left foot . . . Bam! . . . An' one through His right foot . . . Bam!"

"*Don't* drive it!" a woman screamed. "Oh! For Christ's sake! *Don't* drive it!"

"An' they left ma Jesus on de cross! . . . Nails in His hands . . . Nails in His feet . . . Sword in His side . . . Thorns circlin' His head . . . Mob cussin' an' hootin' ma Jesus . . . Umn! De spit o' de mob on His legs . . . Umn! His body hangin' on de cross . . . Umn! Gimme a piece o' His garment, souvenir . . . Umn! Castin' lots fo' His garments . . . Umn! Blood from His wounded side . . . Umn! Streamin' down His naked legs . . . Umn! An' droppin' in de dust! . . . That's what they did to ma Jesus. They stoned Him first. They called Him everthing but a chile o' God. Then they *lynched* Him on de cross."

"My God! Oh, my God!" some one screamed as an old woman began to sing:

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

The preacher made a great sweeping gesture with both hands as the sorrowing spiritual commenced. Then with his heavy baritone he joined in:

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Oh, it makes me to tremble, tremble!
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

"Help! Help! Help ma Jesus!" cried Sister Watson, staring straight ahead of her.

Were you there when they crowned Him with the thorns?

No hand clapping now, no swaying of bodies as they pictured in song the tremendous death of Christ.

Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?

With an uncontrollable shriek, young Mandy Givens rose from her seat and fell backwards to the ground while, behind the pulpit, the Reverend Duke Braswell stretched wide his arms against the white canvas of the tent. In the yellow lantern light his body made a great crosslike shadow.

"Let's go," said the white woman in the car behind us. "That's too much for me!"

"It's time for *you* to go," I said, real loud, from where I was sitting at the root of the tree. "They're about to call for sinners—to come and be saved."

SPRING CRY

By Raymond Holden

The days are gone that were
Prophetic of this day.
Now on the branch the fur
Of leaf buds and the spray
Of blossoms before leaf
Glistens and startles me
Who said that winter and grief
In one should cease to be.
Dissolved in the wine light
The stone of winter is gone
But in my heart the night
Is still not done, not done.
It will not ever pass,
Flesh being not content
With meaning, wanting the meant,
Wanting the actual grass
Not its green light, the true
Not merely truth, the loved
Not love untouched, unproved,
Not love, not love, but you.

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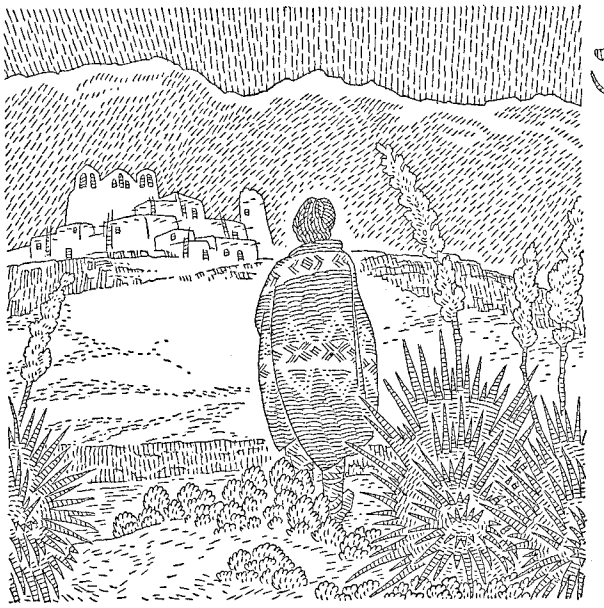
Crisis in Sia Pueblo

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

A report from the field on the effect of government policy on the Indians, this article is also a sympathetic and understanding picture of New Mexico pueblos. It regards Indians not as art objects but as human beings



SCARCELY a fortnight passes that I, in the sixteenth story of a New York skyscraper, do not receive a letter from one of the Pueblo Indian groups—Tesuque and Sia—where, in the winter and spring of 1934, I made a so-called "economic and social survey" into Indian living conditions, under the combined auspices of the CWA and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The letters are naïve and urgent: will I bring to the attention of the authorities this or that difficulty—the difficulty always relating to governmental intervention in some phase of Pueblo life. Unfortunately the Pueblo Indian still needs a spokesman, a white bridge from his age-old earth to the Department of the Interior. He can be articulate to a sympathetic listener. Sometimes he can be very clear spoken in a letter. But experience has made him a sceptic about his letters, which through the years have been tucked away in convenient pigeonholes in Washington.

With their long hair and bright headbands, their turquoise and silver ornaments, their complex ceremonial rituals the Pueblo men are so decorative and so strange to our eyes that many visitors to the Southwest treat them as art objects or historical survivals. From the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico they have been in fact "wards" living within specific land grants of which the title, granted by the Spanish Crown and later confirmed by Lincoln, is vested in the community. Those who love them best know that they have, despite their tenacity and independence, a measure of "ward" psychology—as Secretary Wallace put it "the-unmarried-daughter-in-the-home psychology." This is inevitable; for, as the survey revealed, governmental agencies of various sorts still stand between them and the direct control of their lives in our white sense.

Nevertheless I found that, compared with the year 1920, when I first made acquaintance with the Pueblos, they are in a new situation. In 1920 they had their backs turned to us, the whites, and were looking almost wholly backwards. Now they are facing us, and beginning to look forward. The main "problem" of the Pueblo today, after the daily question of how to get enough to eat—and that is no figure of speech—seems to be how much to accept of the values of the white world and the advantages, if such they be, offered by our government under the New Deal. One traditional and very powerful group, at Santo Domingo, has so far refused all the privileges offered: the junior high school, the road work possible under Public Works, and Indian Emergency Conservation Work. One of their chiefs said to me: "We refuse because we want to stay Indian."

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, under a commissioner who got his own first insight into Indian life through the Pueblos, realizes that these Indians do still preserve many of their ancient values in relatively uncontaminated form. And it is at last recognized, even in that formalized bureau, that every white value accepted means an Indian value either sacrificed or very much transformed. Sometimes the sacrifice may be wise, many times disastrous to an ancient culture which has its own intrinsic worth. The Bureau therefore faces the opposite end of the same riddle posed in the minds of the Pueblos: how much to offer, urge, or even require—say in the matter of book or health education, or modern agricultural techniques, or government relief work, or charters under the Wheeler-Howard Act, which might lead the Pueblo towards a greater mastery of his own way of life. The old-fashioned Indian Bureau was blissfully ignorant both of anthropology and economic

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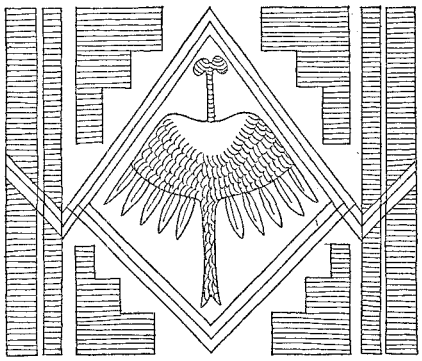

planning. The present set-up is trying to include both in its program for all Indians.

Probably only a fellow primitive could quite understand the instinctive and rooted possessiveness with which the Pueblo regards his Grant, his age-old lands. A Tesuque Indian told me that when his people, long before the Pueblos became our wards, used to fare forth from "Old Mexico" to hunt buffalo on the American plains, they carried with them their Spanish paper—it was called "The Passport" and would bring them back safe to their little home place in the vast universe. The place where they were, and still are, free to administer their own justice, practise their own religion, and in large measure follow their ancient customs. Young New York communists might well take flight to the Pueblo country to study the concrete working of a communal set-up where men still live largely by barter and exchange, directly from the soil and, in theory at least, always put the interest of the community before those of the individual.

Until I began to ask my Pueblo friends to render in our terms their cash income, their land acreage, crop return, livestock reckoning, and the like, I had never fully realized that they represent the very opposite pole from our way of living. Theirs is a *non-business civilization.* The two village groups in which I worked intensively were chosen because they were known to have crucial land and water problems. Tesuque is the nearest of the Pueblo groups to Santa Fé. Sia is one of the most remote from all white influence. But the Tesuque people were no more able than the Sia to figure land in acres, wheat and corn in bushels, or alfalfa in tons. Fields, sacks, and wagon loads were as near as they could come to what I was after. Yet a large proportion had had some schooling and had probably once on a time learned—by rote—our weights and measures.

A few men at Sia—of the most intelligent sheep group—were entering in little note books their cash earnings in the government irrigation work then in progress. But at Tesuque, where IECW had been for some months in force, even the young men who had been through high-school grades referred me to the Indian foreman: "I don't remember what I earned—ask Martin."

I have wondered whether the elaborate blue card I had to use was adapted even to Indians in Oklahoma or Wisconsin. It was singularly unsuited to an old Pueblo man, looking like a Chinese sage, seated on a sheepskin in a whitewashed room, furnished only with fireplace, corncrib, long pole hung with blankets and ceremonial kilts, and a large drum painted blue. "How many beds, chairs, tables, stoves, and window screens have you? And have you, old sir, a toilet, a barn, a garage, an auto, a sewing machine, and a victrola?"

With a proud gesture towards his hearth the old Tesuque answered: "With this good fire, I have all I need." That was a typical old-Pueblo answer. It would have taken him too close to his mysteries to say: "My drum and my corn are my wealth." But I knew it. There were occasions at Sia when I got retorts less courteous and more obscure and one man there evaded answering any questions by always being out when I called—even the governor could not bring him to terms.

Sia, the remote pueblo, was the second to be "surveyed." It is south of Santa Fé, far off the highway on the edge of the Jemez Mountains. As administered by the Indian Field Service Sia belongs to the "Southern Pueblos." When the governor, who is always the spokesman of the group, wants to see his superintendent, he must hie him to Albuquerque, some 35 miles away—the governor for 1934 owned a broken-down car but the usual method of reaching Albuquerque is by foot and hitch-hike or by wagon. The Indian lawyer and the irrigation engineer, the doctor, the farm extension agent and the farmer, who are supposed to serve these Indians, all have their base in Albuquerque. The doctor visits Sia once a week and the farmer at occasional intervals but, like the Indians, I had to seek on their home ground any information I needed from these government employees.

Farm figures were my first objective. But the government farmer, a massive weatherbeaten man, confessed to being new to the type of agriculture he must now supervise in seven Pueblo villages north of Albuquerque. He had just been transferred from Oklahoma, a country of rainfall, and needed another lifetime (he said) to learn the laws of nature in a country of irrigation. These Pueblos had been without a farmer for some time. The old farmer had died and before that been sick and before that. . . . The Sia later filled in the record by invectives against an employee who had failed to give them receipts for wool and lambs turned in to pay reimbursable debts.

As I watched Mr. C., with drawn brow and stubby pencil figuring the Sia's melancholy crop record for 1933—which worked out in money value as worth $119 per family head—something in his gray and rock-like patience, and in the stubborn twist of his lips told me he was himself an Indian.

"Say, lady," he said, speaking with a Will Rogers drawl, "Say, lady, those *pore* Sia Indians told me to tell you, you might as well not come. Just as well. They said if you did, nothing would happen."

If this message had been sent by the Sia governor I should have been out of luck. For a Pueblo governor, as the head of a Catholic Mission School said to me, "is a king before whom I must fold my hands." Fortunately the message was unofficial, just a sort of hint from the old men of the tribe. In Sia the old men have great weight.

"I kind of think," said the Oklahoma Cherokee cautiously, "plenty of people have come along from Washington—well, not this year but earlier through the years to ask these *pore* Sia their needs. They have nosed into everything and asked a lot of questions, and made some nice promises—and gone back where they came from. Never any more news of 'em. So those Indians go on pasturing their animals on cedar roots and trying to grow corn on alkaline soil. I tell 'em I'm going to lead them on a war—to take land away from those that

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has too much and give it to those in need."

The superintendent here joined in: "Up against a stone wall anywhere you look," he remarked uncomfortably. This conscientious man always spoke of the Sia as if he were sorry for them because they were faced with a problem to which there was no answer. Some of the stones in the wall were difficulties fated by the geographical location of the Grant—the lack of good water, and the impossibility of getting it and the lack of good land not only on the Grant but in the neighborhood. Other difficulties were caused by the negative feeling of the Indians themselves, who seemed disposed to turn down cold any governmental proposition. For example, the superintendent had suggested that the Bureau might possibly give the Sia some good farm land on the Rio Grande. But the Indians refused, said they would never leave their Grant.

"They're a friendly people, though," he said, offering a ray of hope about this "problem child" of the Pueblo family.

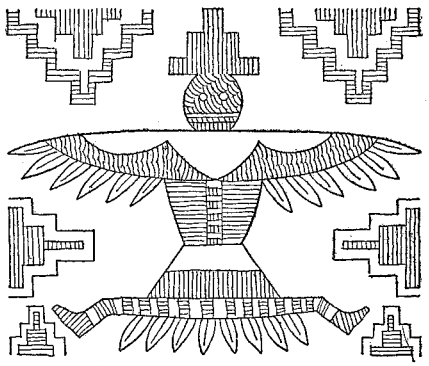
It was March first when I set forth from Santa Fé the first time, in a desert-going car, well packed with blue cards, maps, bedding rolls, water jugs, and food. The car was driven by a Santa Fé woman, who was to assist in the work; and in the back seat, with his two long, springy, black braids framing his clear-cut oval face and his blue-and-white plaid blanket tied about his loins, over his American shirt and pants, sat Mountain Lake, a "New Deal" government employee of rare caliber, from Taos pueblo, who, at my request, had asked the superintendent of the Northern Pueblos to allow him to serve as our Indian ambassador to the Sia people.

Had Mountain Lake been born into the white race—instead of in a pyramidal Pueblo under the Sacred Mountain—he might now be holding some high administrative position in Washington. As it is he is on call in the Pueblo villages between Taos and Santa Fé to settle "troubles"—which may be in regard to anything from liquor to marital disputes or political discords—"fractions" (factions) as the Pueblos call them. Mountain Lake has had little schooling but his native wisdom makes him feel the superior of most white men. When by chance he meets an outstanding white personality like C. G. Jung, the Swiss psychologist, or Secretary Wallace, he makes a lifelong friend. John Collier was his friend long before the New Deal dawned over the New Mexico peaks. I never found in this Indian one grain of the dark doubt concerning a life solution for his race, which is so frequent among Indians educated in government schools. The depth of his Indian faith is rooted in his Pueblos whom he honestly believes to be "The Chosen People."

But his belief in a special destiny for his tribe is bound up with its heritage of earth. The moment his eyes, deep-searching and aware of nature, as no white man's are, beheld the cedar-bitten sand hills of the Sia Grant, every movement of his mind and body was bent on a solution of the land problem. His passionate concern at what he saw—farm lands soaked with alkali and grazing land where, as he later said to his brothers at an All Pueblo Council Meeting, "two sprigs of grass grow in five miles and a rabbit can be tracked in the sand as easily as in the snow"—was in itself a revelation of the hard task ahead.

Sia is the only Pueblo village save Acoma that still occupies a height originally chosen for protection in war. Seen across the gold-white and rose-colored sand hills, over the winding bed of the Jemez River and against the red-stained mountains, the low-built village houses seem almost a part of the mesa they occupy. But two great circular kivas with stone parapets and bristling ladders, which you might take for fortifications if you did not know their religious meaning in Pueblo life, and beyond and above, a very large Spanish mission church bearing witness to the conquest and conversions of De Vargas were striking features for our eyes, as we crossed the bridge that spans the almost empty river bed.

Our first step, as both business and courtesy required, was a visit to the governor. We found him to be a bulky elderly man, reserved but gentle of address. His house stood on the western edge of the mesa and the room into which he gravely invited us was large and bare. Here his wife and widowed daughter sat on sheepskins on the floor, the wife molding pottery, the daughter painting the striking Sia motives on the unbaked clay. Luciana spoke English



well but her mother could communicate only by nods and friendly smiles.

It was clear that Mountain Lake made a significant impression. The governor was non-committal about our mission; but such is the Pueblo way. Not even the governor may express a personal opinion about a community policy until the Council has passed upon it. Thinking is a collective, not an individual, act. Governor Ysidro agreed to call his people together to reach a decision. Meanwhile perceiving that our move was to leave Mountain Lake alone with our host, my fellow-worker and I went forth to get our bearings.

The village has, of course, a main dance plaza, which is here more oblong than square, and faced by solid blocks of one-story houses, built of stone plastered with adobe. Some have small wooden porches, all are gray with time and poverty. Here stands the Cross set up by the Spanish Fathers from which the 17,000 acres of the grant were measured in a square. There are several smaller plazas and by-ways edged with worn house doors and a few newer houses on the height near the church; and again on the southern edge of the mesa, some houses look out towards the beautiful stretch of Rio Grande country, of which Sandia and Turtle Mountain form the noble back-drop.

The corrals of the Sia farmers and the pits where the women burn their pottery border the road that straggles up the mesa to the south and east. To the west and north we saw along the river, the beginning of the dismal farm lands, whitened as with salt or snow from the wash of the Rio Salao above; and on the flat close to the mesa, the one and—to the æsthetically minded—most hideous monument to government influence on the Grant—the long gray stuccoed Day School. Near it a creaking windmill which then served it with water

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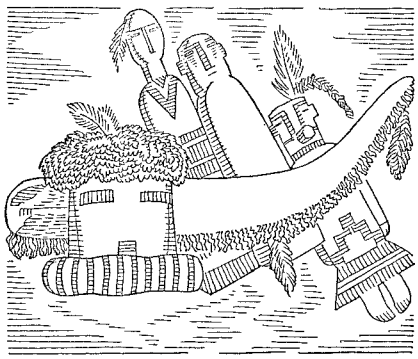

too alkaline even for washing; a little closer to the mesa the "good" well, ten feet deep because only surface water is sweet in this land.

Every Sia housewife since the ages began had made a daily descent for water—formerly for river water—returning up the steep path with her jar on her head. No Sia man may do this work; like pottery making it is a wholly female rite. When I saw how heavily the task bore upon some of the thin-as-paper old ladies and the mothers, struggling to bring up big families on short rations obtained in part from the pottery they were able to mold between dawn and bedtime, I realized that one of the things we must work for was—*water on the mesa.*

But that came later. Now we two white women must make acquaintance with the school which would serve in some fashion as our headquarters, just as the governor's house was general headquarters for Mountain Lake. The teacher and his wife were both from the Texas cattle country, and though small and slight in build were raising a family of seven—four of them under foot with the Indian children. This little family was the only white one on the grant, with no white neighbors within many miles. In case of sudden illness in the village it was the job of the schoolteacher's wife to drive to the nearest telephone to call the doctor—though I noted that no government gas was provided for such emergencies.

Nature and man had both been unkind to the school. The architecture was cut and dried and the school yard dismal, for only two or three sickly desert trees would grow on its sour soil. Nevertheless this yard, backed by some new bath houses, just building, seemed alive with dogs, chickens, and Indian children engaged in a variety of carpentering crafts—bending canes and planing bread boards later to be decorated in Sia designs and eagerly offered for sale—to use as "chicken" money, the teacher explained.

The teacher was obviously an outdoor man and I came to feel that his best contribution to Sia was the carpentry work for children and the kindly, agricultural advice he gave the Indian men who stopped in to consult him on their way to and from the fields.

But in the schoolroom he seemed to go about his task less hopefully. One saw few signs indoors of that new "progressive" day, which since the Rhodes-Scatterood-Hoover régime in the Indian Bureau has made some of the Indian Day Schools remarkably vital. The smiling or timorous faces of the children were dirty, their clothes not the usual neat government assignment, but a shaggy medley of unwashed garments displaying much bare skin. Because of the paucity of water there was no laundry at the school for the use of the Pueblo women, and the teacher and his wife had evidently, save for required baths, given up the fight for cleanliness among the Indian children.

Discouraged, we returned to the mesa, to the governor's. We peered in and beat a retreat. The Pueblo has a device for making the white folks respect his Council chamber; *e.g.,* he keeps them waiting. This holds even for high Washington officials. So we two white women sat in the car surrounded by the vast primitive soundless darkness that steals down from the mountains and envelops the silent village which during the day teems with the life of its 200 souls. Every window was well screened with the calico shawl the housewife had pinned over it to keep ghosts away. Now and then a dark male figure, soft-footed and blanket-huddled, would pass and a narrow slit of light appear for a moment in the governor's door.

At last we were summoned, and must walk in to the chairs and oilcloth-covered table prepared for us, between long rows of Sia men seated in close ranks on the floor and easing their backs against the wall. Men mostly long haired, in headbands and moccasins; men of all ages with dark, strong-featured faces, which like their bodies seemed toughened and seamed by an endless struggle with an unbountiful earth. Impassively, uncuriously they looked into space, ignoring us, but concentrating on the problem we brought. Indians are the only race of "introverts" America has produced.

The Council started off with the usual formality and long-windedness. The governor addressed his people emphatically in their native Keres tongue. Then Mountain Lake, who speaks a totally different Indian language, addressed them in Spanish, which most of the non-English-speaking Sia men could understand. Then I was asked to explain our mission; and my words were in turn translated into the Keres tongue by an interpreter.

When I had explained to the Sia Council that their old friend, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hoped to obtain some new land for them with the passing of the Wheeler-Howard Bill—the new bill of Indian rights was at that date only a hope—and asked them, meanwhile, to answer the questions we brought, discuss their needs, and tell us what land they desired, there burst forth one of those interminable discussions which teach white people primitive virtues: patience and quiet waiting. At last we were told that matters were settled: we should start tomorrow with the home visits, with guides provided by the war chief. Mountain Lake was to see the whole Grant on horseback, and we white women were to take the car to visit distant land with Indian guides.

Once the formalities were over, an intense and confused eagerness to take us into the heart of their problems seized upon the Sia. The village leaders, the sheep group, the cattle men, gathered about us, full of woes, ancient and modern. Two or three of the "educated" boys began to unwrap the community papers from cloth-bound bundles. All sorts of documents tumbled out on the floor. Twenty hands pawed, searched, sorted, and poured them in our laps.

Practically all concerned land. The Sia men had no more doubts than Mountain Lake that their economic stress was tied up with poor and inadequate land. Nor was it wholly a matter of farm land. "Remember we are a grazing people," they told us. "In our pueblo only the sheep owner has a belly full."

On this land question, their hearts were hot with a burning sense of government failure. The government—in

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the guise of the Court of Private Land Claims—had deprived them in 1883 of the broad grazing lands and dry farming lands to the west, which before that they had used as long as memory ran. The negligence of government lawyers was (they held) responsible for the loss of a fat piece of the San Ysidro Grant, just north—fine farm land within reach and much needed. Again, their rights in the waters of the Jemez River had not been duly protected. This river once gave them pure drinking water, and adequate irrigation for their fields. Now it was drained off before it reached them, and infected with typhoid.

It was clear, even at this first meeting, that in Sia the old Indian way of life had been sorely wounded and no new way thought out. Behind the male problems of farm and flock and range lay problems of the women—home, health, crafts. We had already peeped into a few homes and seen that they were dirtier and more miserable than any Pueblo homes we knew. We had our work cut out for us.

The Indians realized it, and were very guarded in their expressions of hope.

"Maybe, *just by accident,* something will happen this time," said a fat elderly wit, ex-Governor Andreas P—. That was the most positive statement ever granted our undertaking.

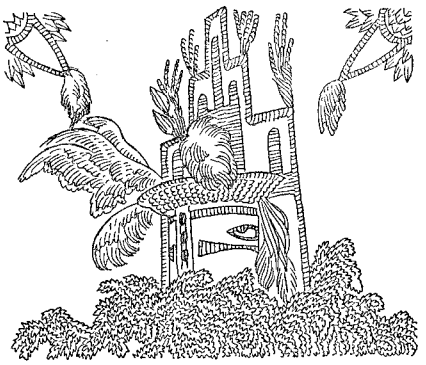
But something is on the way to happening at Sia—began to happen during the eight visits devoted to the "survey." These visits ended officially with the end of the CWA, the middle of April, but were continued now and then until August. Most of them were made by me alone, with an Indian boy to drive the car—for my white co-worker unfortunately fell ill in March and the Taos ambassador was recalled to other duties.

Space is lacking to tell how the facts unfolded a human pattern of absorbing interest, through which the Indian Bureau could and did begin to inaugurate a new plan of action. The sharp attention suddenly concentrated here acted like a searchlight, and the Indians, with their native wit and scepticism, did not fail to comment on the fact that farmer, farm agent, or attorney was seen more often than he had been. Problems as they came up in Council and in the homes were promptly reported with the result that sudden emergency needs—such as temporarily renting grass land for lambing—were met during the course of the work; and other long-range problems, like the acquisition of land and the development of water for agricultural and domestic use, received a strong impetus.

The economic findings of the survey revealed, as one would expect, that the families with less than a hundred dollars a year were generally stricken in some way; that those with over three hundred represented unusual intelligence and ability in Indian terms. There was but one that exceeded five hundred dollars and the majority were below three hundred.

These figures must, however, be considered approximate, based as they were on guess work as to the amount of farm produce raised and consumed and pottery bartered for trade-store products. Almost every family lived in some measure on what its menfolk raised, but far less than in other Pueblo groups where the crops of corn, wheat, and alfalfa do really furnish "subsistence." Almost every Sia family depended on its women to furnish—along with the baby crop—all such store products as coffee, sugar, etc., bartered in return for pottery. Almost every family had a few beef cattle, if it did not have sheep, and killed from one to four animals a year to eat. A few families had male craftsmen, who by making belts or—in one case—by painting, supplemented the income by trading or for small amounts of cash.

Almost every family sold one beef or steer or horse or mule per year for cash returns. The lamb crop and the wool clip combined gave the sheep families —sixteen family heads who ran their sheep in two bunches and took turn and turn about in farm and sheep camp —more cash income than the cattle families. Cattle raising was a lazy and unsatisfactory business, because, for lack of home range, the cattle were turned out to run free, and often never seen again; many, on the long trek for food and water, were lost or stolen. The sheepmen had to be vital and sinewy and on the job day and night to keep their sheep alive—they were the Sia aristocracy and knew it. But, as they pointed out, by the time the wool was sold in the pool in Boston, the charges, plus the necessity of feeding two families—one at home and one in camp—



had eaten up the advances and the later returns were infinitesimal—even though, since 1929, the superintendent had not asked for payments on the reimbursable debts.

All told, a Sia family could *live,* keep alive on the daily fare which was often only coffee and tortillas. But it could not take a step ahead—a step toward better diet, better hygiene, homes, and clothing, better seed and agricultural implements, better stock. Such advantages were dependent—first, on *more and better farm and grazing* land; second, on occasional *cash wages,* which between 1929 and 1933 had not been seen in Sia.

In 1933, the year on which our figures were based, the Sia had had some wages for a few months from a government irrigation service project, destined to improve the irrigation facilities of the village. This was an enormous boon—unfortunately just coming to an end when we arrived. One of the first accomplishments of the survey was the starting in Sia of Indian Emergency Conservation Work. After patient explanation from our staff, the Sia (who had turned down their superintendent's offer of work from this source) accepted it and gained not only invaluable cash but equally precious improvements on the new reservoir with benefits that would last. But the Sia could not fence their Grant, as the Northern Pueblos were doing. Had they done so, every animal therein would have died within a few days, for the lack of feed and water.

From first to last, land was major in the study. It was not many weeks before the old men, who had sent me the message to "stay away," themselves called for a "council." This befell on the occasion of the Easter "corn dance" and old Lorenzo—"the oldest man in the pueblo" who according to govern-

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ment records is one hundred and ten years old, but still ruddy-cheeked and able to chop wood and tan hides—spoke his ancient memories through the muffled beat of drums, through rhythmic song stresses and rattle of gourds, and racial prayer cycles that go back into pre-history.

Such singing draws down to the burning dance plaza, to the alkaline fields, the blessings of the cloud people and the rain people for the forthcoming corn planting. Corn planting is a deep and secret ceremonial among the Pueblos. "Every man plants every man's corn," as a farmer put it. During those days, the women folk cook and carry lunches down along the ditches. People are happy, the fertility of earth is invoked in every possible way. Nothing was said about the connection between land and ceremonial at our meeting; that would have been a violation of propriety. But the disciplines of religion are, with the Pueblos as with the ancient Greeks, associated with particular places.

The reason given by the Council against a hypothetical move to the neighborhood of the highway and the Rio Grande was that the young men might fall into the hands of bootleggers. Mountain Lake mentioned to me quietly that there was another reason. He did not name it, but I knew. The Sia could not leave their ancestral home. The tragic epic of government-inspired and government-enforced land migrations and allotment has never been forgotten. All Indians remember that much history, whatever else has slipped their memory. They were certainly not going now to put their heads into the same noose that had strangled the life and breath out of many another group.

I was asked to tell "our friend, John Collier, Commissioner," that they wanted new lands but lands adjacent to their Grant, especially the land which was theirs of old. As if in answer to prayer, the director of land division of the Indian Bureau, the Sia superintendent accompanied by a group of lawyers came to the mesa with a splendid map, and plans for land purchase, an event which confounded all the Sia sceptics. And again, when Secretary Wallace, who takes to Indians because they raise corn and are close to earth and its worship, paid this gentle Pueblo people an unexpected and incognito visit, with questions of forest grazing in mind, the Sia hardly knew the greatness of the personage they were receiving, but they made manifest to the human being who sat with them in their Council room their love of their own denuded but hallowed earth.

In addition to land the Sia asked for a nurse—and now they have one who visits from the adjacent Jemez pueblo. They wanted "good water on the mesa and at the school"—and they have this, too, at long last. I hear from the new teacher, a fine girl, who loves her work in this far-away land, and has by her affection, made a home place of this rather desolate school, that with the assistance of water, she has been able to get a head start with hygiene among the children by making it the center of her teaching. Visiting teachers from the Home Economics Department of the Albuquerque Indian School have added their wisdom and are doing much to aid the diet and clothing problem of the village.

New land the Sia have not yet received but they will receive it in more abundant measure than Mountain Lake and the two research workers had dared dream, at the outset of the survey. Under the Wheeler-Howard charter, which safeguards home rule and prevents "land individualization," the beloved Grant and its increases will be lastingly secured to the Indians.

The charter also provides for new educational facilities and business credits which, in a few years, should create Sia leaders, not helpless and pathetic as at present, but able to market sheep as well as to raise them; to grow good food; to run their own lives without the age-old need to be "agin the Government"—the long-forgetful Government—the Government which, at the worst, has assisted these remarkably tenacious Indians to double their population since 1880 instead of disappearing altogether.

TRUTH OF MY TIME

By Winfield Scott

Truth of my time, so proved and undefiled,
The secret of the atom tethered, even
The plotting of our planetary voyage
With prophecy—you mathematic truth:
You shall outlast us and you shall be brave
When we are corollary to the last
Lost undiscoverable fire at the earth's core.

Yet in a ruinous twilight, even you
Our careful calculations shall be told
While watchers of the burning ash of the west
Wait for the glow to cool, as once we stared;
The young men laughing but the children all
Wondering at you, such beautiful proud answers.
For the mythmen have you all in the end,
Whether you speak of light or the end of light
Or the agony of God's Son, it is all one—
A tale for wide-eyed children who must sleep.

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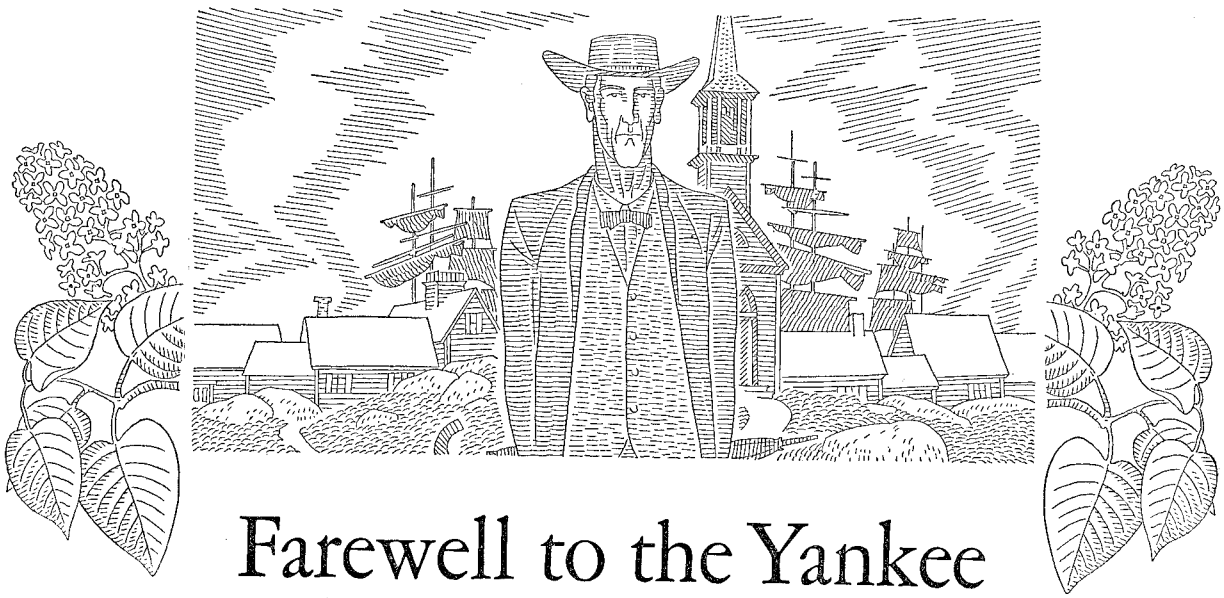

Farewell to the Yankee

By Bernard Iddings Bell

The Yankee, like the Red Man, has become the vanishing American, fit subject for a saga. He was a conqueror but no civilizer. His influence is waning and the Protestant individualistic tradition of New England is being changed and softened by the influx of continental European influence. One reason for the lack of understanding between England and the United States is that Americans are no longer colonial Englishmen

BOTH in America and in England one frequently hears the statement that, in the present disquieted state of the world, it is imperative that Great Britain and the United States should stand by each other in mutual friendship and cooperation. If this be done, we are told, much can be accomplished to set things generally to rights. The Anglo-Saxon peoples can between them secure world peace, restore general economic welfare and, in short, preserve civilization into the days that are to come. Opinion of this necessity is held even more generally in England than among us, though there are not wanting frequent voices on this side of the Atlantic ready to utter the same great hope.

It is, one fears, an expectation not altogether easily to be realized. Two things stand in the way of it. In the first place, there are hardly two nations which in economic character are more unlike than the British islands and the United States of America. In the second place, there are scarcely two peoples, at least in the Occident, at the moment so culturally dissimilar, or two more easily capable of mutual misunderstanding. Among those that understand these things, expectation of economic cooperation between the English-speaking nations, though difficult, does not seem *impossible* to come at. But it is also highly important—indeed, vitally necessary for the promotion of British-American amity—that the temperamental difficulties in the way also be carefully noted. It is to deal with a certain phase of that problem that the present paper is written.

The author was brought up in America—in his veins flows blood from ancestors Cavalier, Puritan, Scottish, Spanish—and he has sojourned much in Great Britain. He loves both countries; but he knows full well how different they are in approach to life's problems, and in consequence how suspiciously each regards the other. They use dialects of the same language, it is true; but when they speak they are all too apt to mean different things. The moving, underlying, temperamental unlikeness between them is very great indeed. One may love them both, but not if he confounds them.

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once said that the worst enemy to good Anglo-American relationships is possibly the English-Speaking Union, an organization which seeks to promote amity by telling the English that Americans are in essentials much the same as Englishmen, only a bit more brash, perhaps, and Americans that the English are very like us, only a little conservative and, from a new-world point of view, a trifle old-fashioned: both of them statements contrary to fact, and definitely misleading. The only basis for effective understanding, he thought, would be found in an opposite sort of propaganda: to tell Americans the truth about Britishers, that they are a people unique, peculiar, more than odd, but socially sound and not at all reactionary; and to inform the English that Americans will be found more foreign to Anglican eyes, when unblinded, than any other folk except the inhabitants of Thibet. Whether this last be precisely true or not, there may be doubt; but certainly it would help if some one were to tell the English that Americans are more like Continental Europeans than they are like those who live and move and think in Albion. At present, most Englishmen regard us as English, but English of an inferior variety. Nothing could be worse from the point of view of enlarging friendship.

We are not English. All the meetings of the English-Speaking Union and the Pilgrims' Society, all the exchange of students between universities, all the speeches of wandering college presidents and Lambeth-loving bishops, all the pious desires of that minority of our

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people who come from "the old American stock," will not alter that simple fact. Our philosophy is un-English, our journalism, our sports, our novels, our painting, our food, our tobacco, our dress, our table manners, our religious attitudes, our type of humor, our approach to problems of government and law, our education, theoretically and in practice. We do not even look like Englishmen. An American of this era can be detected instantly in London, even though he may have been clothed on Bond Street, even though he may be unbetrayed by speaking. His carriage and facial expression are enough. It is not nearly so easy thus to identify him in Scandinavia or Italy or Poland or France. It is entirely understandable that for his holidays the usual American prefers to visit the Continent rather than to go to England. He is both less conspicuous and more at home in Milan or Paris or Berlin or Stockholm than he is in London.

It is not so much because the climate and the frontier spirit have made him over that the contemporary American is a different sort of person from the Englishman, but rather because of an ethnic transformation of these United States.

Although at the start the settlement of the Atlantic seaboard was not predominantly English, it soon became so; and before very long it was one type of Englishman in particular that prevailed, namely, the Puritan of New England. The Yankee had certain qualities that made him a most effective pioneer. Nothing could stop him in the early days. Nothing did stop him until a generation or two ago. Then he was stopped most effectively. This older stock, which settled the country, pioneering from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has proved itself incapable of further domination in the land and, equally important, has become sterilescent. It is rapidly being replaced by the children of non-English immigration, more prolific, more virile. America was settled by the English; it is now being civilized by the sons and daughters of Continental Europeans. Whether one should rejoice over this or weep about it, may be a matter of opinion; but the fact is there to be recognized, whatever may be one's emotional reaction thereunto.

The very things which made the Puritan and his children excellent conquerors of the continent were their ruin when it came time to civilize that of which they had taken possession. The rise and fall of the Yankee is fit subject for a saga. Perhaps in the future some bard worthily may extol him, fully aware of what it was in him which first made him great and then denied him continuance. Men have sung thus of the red Indian. Some day one will arise who can chant the story of him who drove the Indian forth and then in turn was dispossessed. He was a great man, this Puritan Yankee. In former time, the days of his dominance, some of us were naturally wont to call attention to his faults. The time for that is past. *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum!* The greatness of him is not hard to see, today, nor difficult to acknowledge.

In the first place, this prevalent American, of a day that is no more, came from England at a time when the usual Englishman was, far more than he is today, a being insular, content with his own peculiar institutions, boastfully self-confident, individualistic and scornful of other men. He came from an island singularly cut off from the rest of the civilized world, and one not yet aroused from self-centeredness by imperial development. From the day when Edward IV had made his bargain with Louis XI, and had withdrawn his forces, for a price, back into England from the fields of France—a deal personally disgraceful to the king but fortunate on the whole for his country—everything had conspired to make the Continent one thing and the British Islands quite another. On the Continent, Christendom dissolved itself into warring princedoms, out of which were forged at length new national alignments. In the course of it all, medieval European culture became modern European culture, more or less alike, for all its variant nationalisms, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

England also changed in those Renaissance days, but not in union with the rest of Europe. More and more she learned to go her own way, to live with and by and for herself. Her sailors, first her protectors, became at length her predatory agents in the seven seas, aggressive and scornful of all dogs of foreigners. In the thirteenth century the English people had been Europeans first and Englishmen second; by the seventeenth it was the other way about. There were, to be sure, always certain varying political and cultural connections with the Continent; but the effect of those on the common folk was to increase rather than to diminish scorn for all things Continental. They knew little, and cared less, about what was happening outside their own realm, about what men were thinking and doing elsewhere.

The Puritan immigrant to America, be it remembered, was not in those early days a cultured cosmopolite. He was a sturdy, common man, usually of small education and less urbanity, a man full of delight in his insularity, uncritical, scornful of other peoples, incompetent to doubt himself. He had at once the best qualities and the worst defects of his former land and period. He had an almost fanatical faith in his own peculiar kind, a belief in himself all the more powerful because unconsciously begotten. Of course such a one could, and did, speedily subdue the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, the Germans in Pennsylvania. They were Europeans and as such they were a little skeptical about their own supreme worth, their necessary destinies. The Puritan immigrant was not afflicted with such doubtings. Nobody in parts adjacent to New England could possibly resist him long. Nobody did.

In the second place, this man who took command in the conquest of our fruitful wilderness was a Protestant, an individualist even before God. He seems to have been the only real, true, hundred-per-cent Protestant that has long been allowed to exist anywhere in the whole world. In Geneva, it is true, John Calvin once had preached his new religion with power, and enforced its practice with rigor; but the Swiss were too urbane, too European, long to endure his doctrine undiluted. To Scotland John Knox took the gloomy Genevan faith; and there the people did find it, somehow, conformable to the climate; but when at last the Covenanters found they could not convert the Catholic highlands and when they failed, at last, to win the English to their faith, they no longer seriously attempted to make even in Scotland a truly Calvinist civilization. From both Scotland and Geneva the new, dour religion came into England, which was

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for a while impressed, and nearly won over, but which then rejected Puritanism as an evil thing, and this with no uncertain voice. Out from old England, therefore, came Puritanism's best partisans, out into the wilds of New England. There for the first time Puritanism found itself freed from the constraining influence of a Catholic civilization urbane, social-minded and intellectually balanced; freed from a Catholicism which in Europe colored, and colors today, the thought even of those who may say they no longer believe in its dogmas. Protestantism became in the old countries, for the most part, a mere variety of Catholicism. Calvin never triumphed there, although his evil influence did certainly do a deal of harm. But in America Puritanism had or took the control elsewhere denied it.

Now Puritanism was a distorted caricature of Christianity; but it could produce a powerful pioneer. The God it worshipped was a remote but dreaded sort of deity. The gentle Jesus, God of infinite compassion, New England orthodoxy transformed into a good Son fiendishly sacrificed by a ruthless Father to satisfy His horrid wrath. Man is ever a good bit like his gods, or tries to be. The Puritan became more than a little like his dour Jehovah. Also, the Puritan thought of things eternal as settled by Divine fiat, without man's cooperation being much, or at all, required; but in regard to matters of the earth, he was sure that it was a necessity, as well as a privilege, to do as well by himself as he possibly could. God helped liberally him who liberally helped himself. The Puritan need not worry about heaven; he could therefore devote himself with industry and determination to more immediate ends. Justice the Puritan understood, in a crude sort of way, but neither mercy nor the necessity of walking humbly with the good God. Finally, the Puritan believed that it was definitely wicked to enjoy himself. All one should do with wealth was to grab it, own it, hoard it, invest it to make more wealth. It was wrong to have a pleasant time with it. If any could not receive this rugged gospel and survive, so much the worse for him.

Never was there a religion better designed to promote thrift, industry, a shrewdness often verging on the unscrupulous, a lack of pity for the weak, a lack of love for such urbanities and amenities as might distract a pioneer. What chance had the civilization of Maryland and of the Great Lakes French settlements, with its Catholic gaiety and kindliness of spirit, when called upon to contend against the Puritan? What chance, either, in the end, was cavalier Virginia to have, whose people held to that Church of England which, though non-papal, had from England firmly ejected the Puritan and all his works? That had happened back home, where tradition held strong and where a ruthless fanaticism was not so greatly powerful as in these more crude lands of the new world. Down went the South at last!

And though it must be said that after a while the Puritan tended to neglect the more theological aspects of his faith, he continued faithfully to follow its moral teachings. He remained a sturdy individualist, and on the make. Along those lines he labored long after he had stopped going to church. It was the heart of his religion.

And third, the Puritan was a business man. He was neither a gentleman nor a peasant, in the European sense of those terms. He was primarily a trader. Only exceptionally did he develop any considerable affection for his acres. Instead of attempting an intensive cultivation of them, he was apt to keep moving on from one farm to another farm over the hill, or a thousand miles west, ever in the hope of better and easier returns, chiefly in the line of speculative profits. This was natural enough, if all he desired was more wealth; but it was not the thing for a true farmer to have done. He was not a true farmer. From the beginning he was more an exploiter than a developer. He was a business man. It was not that his forsaken fields were of necessity barren. Germans, Poles, Portuguese were later to take up his abandoned farms, in New England and elsewhere, and make a decent living from them. He simply did not have his roots in the ground. Nor was he interested in the sort of communal life that may be built on agriculture. His culture changed from that of the clearing to that of the town with no intermediate stage. America still remains a country without villages. The old American never missed them. He had the migratory instincts of a travelling salesman. He believed in selling things at a profit, rather than in growing them patiently or in making them with a craftsman's joy. He was restless, as people with a predominant desire for trading are always restless. He was middle-class through and through.

What a man to conquer a continent! None better could have been found anywhere: insular, self-confident, Protestant, living by and for trade, eager for profits, careless of culture, contemptuous of peace. No other sort of person could so quickly and adequately have thrown open the whole country for human habitation. The price he charged —in his haste and waste—was not at the time too great a price to pay, although the special privileges he exacted and bequeathed to his children almost certainly must before long be annulled and disallowed. He did the job that had to be done and did it well, this Yankee.

But when it came to civilizing what he had conquered, with rare exceptions he proved almost ludicrously incompetent. Civilization is not a thing furthered by rampant individualism but is, rather, of communal begetting. When at last the frontiersman's job was done, the very qualities that had made the old-fashioned American supremely great were both hindrances in the way of the nation and preventives of his own continued control thereof.

Meanwhile, those had arrived who were to do what he could not do. Shortly after the Civil War the Continental European immigrants began to arrive in force. The Puritans, the New England Americans, by then in undisputed command and on the up and up, hardly knew that the late arrivals were different from themselves. When they did perceive it, they made the mistake, natural for them, of thinking that the newcomers were their inferiors, their natural servants, easily to be controlled and exploited. These new Americans were in fact basically unlike the older Americans, but by no means their inferiors. They lacked, it is true, the Yankee's push, his fire, his flair, his daring; but they were wise masters of real wealth where he was a lover of money as such, painstaking where he was merely ingenious, cautious where he was overconfident. They were Catholic where he was Protestant, communal where he was an individualist, civilized in terms of a tradition that went back to Rome and to the barbarian tribe.

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Quietly, so unobtrusively that the older population hardly noticed what was happening, the newcomers took possession.

Today it is to them and to their descendants that America really belongs.[1] It is they who have the more promising jobs. It is they who operate the farms. It is their children who fill the schools and universities. It is they who elect Presidents and legislators. It is they who call the social tune. It is they who dictate economic policies, bent on putting under secure social controls an hitherto individualistic nation. They have loyally accepted the American *form* of government; but they are quietly but surely putting into it their own, older, more civilized *theory* of government. They are taking over a highly developed and hitherto uncontrolled capitalism, created by business men of the older American type, determined that it shall be still more developed but no longer left uncontrolled. It is almost certainly to be predicted that in the near future the United States will be made by them a nation fundamentally socialist industrially (though hardly Marxian), Catholic in religion (though more American than Italianate),[2] Continental European in basic culture. The day of the Yankee is passing fast and surely. Any one with half an eye and without prejudice can see the inevitability of the complete absorption of the older stock by an America stable, close to the soil, and essentially cosmopolitan.

Meanwhile, England, too, has gone on developing. Imperial obligations have produced a sense of world responsibility. Her exploiters, also, have had to be tamed. But over there it is Englishmen who have civilized and are civilizing Englishmen. It is a characteristic of contemporary England that in the process she has not at all become Continental. Her social controls are based not so much upon a sense of community, as is the Continental way, as upon the voluntary cooperation of individuals of great angularity and singularity. She has learned that the nation is supreme without forgetting that an Englishman's house is his castle. In England even Catholicism, rapidly growing both in the Roman fold and in her own state Church, is a religion of Catholic Englishmen rather than the Catholic religion as other Europeans understand the same. The Briton could not be a Continental European if he tried; and he has not the slightest intention to try. The main point to be noted, however, is that in England the socializing forces which are determining the present and laying plans for the future are not un-English. In America they very largely are un-English.

That is one thing, certainly, which makes a simple and natural friendship between the two countries difficult. The sort of American who is coming into control, the non-English American, is apt to think of English Englishmen as he thinks of our own Yankee Englishmen, and to be suspicious of them accordingly. This is as unjust to England as it is unfortunate. The English are not a nation of shopkeepers. They never were in fundamental nature, and they are not now in fact. England can be trusted both to play fair and also to manifest a highly developed modern social responsibility. Britons are not reactionaries. On the other hand, the Englishman will cease to be suspicious of America in proportion as he comes to understand that the Puritan, with his former pioneering virtues turned by time into irritating faults, is not the sort of person who controls the America of today and tomorrow; that we are foreigners, to be sure, but in the way that Continental Europeans are foreigners, no longer a race of grasping and unpleasant lower middle-class Britons who have settled overseas. It will help if he may perceive that Americans are not braggart Englishmen with bad manners but, instead, a cosmopolitan people bent on civilizing what is now a conquered country. It will help bring together the two great English-speaking peoples if, by both, the American pioneer can be turned over as rapidly as possible to the bards who sing of days that are no more.

[1] The extent to which this is true is not so well known as it might be. Take Rhode Island, for example. It is a typical New England state in origin and traditions; and because its textile mills have attracted large numbers of weavers from the English Midlands, its immigration has been more largely British than that of many another state. There are 687,497 people in Rhode Island; 127,995 of them are foreign-born in non-English-speaking lands; and 230,372 are American-born but with both of their parents natives of non-English-speaking lands. These two groups together constitute 52 per cent of the population.

[2] The newer Americans are, that is to say, likely to be Catholic or atheist—socially Christian or socially anti-Christian, as is the case in Spain or Italy: rarely interested in Protestantism, one way or the other.

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Meantime the Summer Wind

A STORY

By Alice Beal Parsons

SHE was wakened in the morning by a creaking and rattling just outside her window, and looking discreetly out, saw a large, slow, white horse dragging a closely buttoned-up buggy across the scanty lawn by their front door.

"Good morning!" she heard her father's pleasant voice call out cheerfully.

And at that two old white faces leaned out of the dusk of the buggy to smile at him, and a pair of thin, bony, trembling hands handed out a basket of large blue plums.

"We were jest goin' along by," she heard them say, "and we thought, Mr. Purdy now, he won't be havin' plums this year, seein' the orchards were only apples and long neglected too."

"No, we can't come in," she heard them say. "We were jest goin' by." And she saw them obdurately shake their old white heads.

The little wrinkled woman leaned out to take her father's hand, and patted it in a motherly way. "If there's ever anything you want that we can give you, jest you let us know. We're only poor folks. We don't lay claim to bein' anything but jest poor folks. But he's lived here, father and son, going on a long time, so we're interested like in who lives round about. So we said to each other, we want him to know we're right glad, Mr. Purdy, to have you come here to live. We're right glad, and we hope you'll enjoy it." And the old slow white horse dragged the buggy on across the lawn.

The next day Helen went to see them. The rich Purdys had nothing to give the poor Whitfords in return, for it was true that there were no small fruit trees in their orchards. There were not even any currant or gooseberry bushes or roots of rhubarb, and there was nothing in their kitchen garden that the surrounding farmers did not have. But Mrs. Whitford came bustling to the door to greet her empty-handed caller as if Helen brought her the greatest treasures, as indeed she did, since she brought the outer world.

The room into which she took the girl was small and cluttered beyond anything Helen had ever seen, but it had a homely comfort also beyond anything she knew. In the center was a reading table with a turkey-red cover, an oil lamp, and a pile of old thumbed magazines. Around the table were various rocking chairs with much sat in turkey-red cushions. And in all four small-paned windows, two looking across the almost invisible road to a panorama of distant hills and valleys, and two looking across the dooryard into an old orchard carpeted with lush, knee-deep grass, were plants.

"His aunt," the old woman said, indicating the old man by a friendly jerk of the head, "used to set in that very chair you're a settin' in to watch things goin' by. She was a great reader. Warn't she a great reader, Eben? All his family are great readers. He's a great reader himself, and he was brought up to be a Congo minister until he changed his faith.

"Well, she was a great reader, and so she always held a book in her hand, while she waited to watch folks go by. But come she grew older, she couldn't see to read the words, and like as not she'd be holdin' the book upside down. But it didn't make a mite of difference. It comforted her to hold it, particularly when it was the Bible. But now she is gone, and his mother is gone. And his father went long ago."

And the children who once came to the school are gone, Helen Purdy thought, as she looked out at the long-deserted schoolhouse. And the worshippers who once prayed in the church are gone. And the folks who drove by on the road are gone. And what am I, who am alive, doing in this place from

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which life has gone? I should be back in the slums of Chicago, turning a corner of Halsted Street, riding home from work on that hideous Elevated, past the rows of hideous houses.

"Many came from far and wide," the old woman said, as if following her caller's thought. "But some still go by," she added cheerfully. "There, there. 'Twon't do to be always talkin' of the past. Warn't it the good Lord himself who told Lot's wife not to look back. But she would do it. I tell you what. You come right out with me in the kitchen and see my cheeses."

And she led the girl through a cluttered kitchen with plank floors and a big old wood stove covered with iron pots, through a back kitchen and into a little lean-to shed full of ripening cheeses, each as large as a pancake griddle.

She cut a slice of cheese as big as a slice of pie, for the girl. Nibbling at it shyly, Helen found it delicious, ripened as yet only a trifle from the smooth richness of pure cream, but that trifle giving the same tang that the flavor of wild raspberries gives to the water of which the berry is chiefly compounded, except for that intangible, incredible quality that is its own essence, as style, she thought, is the intangible, incredible essence of a writer.

The back kitchen had one low window opening on a hilly pasture crowned by the sugar bush. The slow white horse was staked out in the pasture, and daisies nodded about his ancient legs.

The light within the room was dim, and there they stood together—the old thin man with colorless hands and face, and thin white hair that stood up about his face like hoarfrost, and thin, high voice which issued like hoarfrost from his mouth to prove to her that the world would come to an end in precisely two months and twelve days and a half. . . . There he stood, who had long ago given up all contact with the world but one, who had given his fields, hardly won by his father and grandfather from the encroaching forest, to a daughter, and who had drawn his mind away from the earth, from the rain falling on new-sown fields, from his cows under whose generous bags he had so often crouched on his three-legged stool, from his fruit trees and his hens, to a dimly apprehended heaven. And there was the old woman through whom alone he still touched life, and who would look eagerly to see people passing by as long as she lived. And there was the girl who was for them the outside world, the girl who came from far places, who lived in a big house, whose father was one of America's heroes, a rich man.

"There be them who say there ain't no better cheeses made," the old man whispered with shy, almost unbelieving pride. "And she makes all my clothes. From the day we married she's made every stitch I wear."

"Jest listen to him!" the old woman deprecated. "What will Miss Purdy think of us?"

"It's the most delicious cheese I've ever tasted," the girl said truthfully.

"There. Now," the old man said. "And likely she's et many. Mrs. Chase from over Amsden way, she says the same. And Mrs. Connors from North Claremont, nigh to the ferry. All she makes are ordered way ahead. You wouldn't think it now, but it takes a full month's cream to make one of them little pies."

The girl looked guiltily at her piece, which must have required at least two days' cream.

"There, there. What's it for, but to be et," the old woman said, reading her thought.

"Pshaw," the old man said. "I never heerd tell as how it was man's business here below to lay up riches which rust and moth shall corrupt."

"And now you two go out and talk while I get tea," the old woman said. "You set in the hammock and talk, and I won't be longer'n you can say Jack Robinson."

So the girl sat in the hammock with half of New Hampshire spread out below her, and the old man pointed out far off Monadnock forty miles away, and in all that wilderness of trees and hills and winding silver river and lakes set in the hollows of the hills like little pools left among rocks by the retreating tide, no house showed.

"The Lord giveth," the old man said, dragging his eyes away from the lovely world as if from a story that had been told, "and the Lord taketh away. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

And then as if in proof, as if it needed proof beyond the passing of the seasons, June roses dropping their petals along the roads, June grass lying heaped in drying piles in the fields, he quoted page and verse to prove his melancholy faith. And as if Scripture were not enough, he brought from the house a pile of dusty, ragged magazines published by his Brethren, and strained eagerly through them with his old blind eyes to find words of shattering proof.

Meantime the soft summer wind bowed the heads of the green sea of trees below them, as in Illinois it bowed the corn, and the clouds floating so far above that distant valley flushed with a sunset that was to transpire out of sight, somewhere behind the sugar bush, and it didn't seem more than long enough to say Jack Robinson before Mrs. Whitford came smiling to the door.

"It took a little mite longer than I thought," she said.

As well it might, for she had spread a clean cloth, and hunted out her best thin silver and old sprigged china, and she had fried fritters, which she had then immersed in a thick sauce whose chief constituent was molasses, and she had brewed strong tea, of which the new young lady from the West partook with secret fear, but with much outward appreciation.

"What delicious pear preserves!" she said. "Yes, I'd love a second helping of fritters."

Outside the wind was rising. From the valley where it rippled over the green sea it was rushing to their doorstep, slamming the old loose blinds of the old snug house that seemed to perch on the edge of an encroaching sea of forest, roaring through the trees on the ridge above them.

The girl listened to its thunder with the excited exaltation aroused in the young by all elemental things greater than themselves, by thunderstorms, by hurricanes, by wars, and revolutions, and in the foreground of her consciousness she listened to a curious duet made up of recipes for pear chips and plum fritters and quotations from Holy Writ, the thin, angry, ecstatic passion of old Hebrew prophets voicing the thin mystical passion of the Yankee farmer, who had given up his mind to death.

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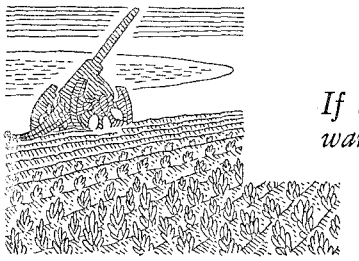
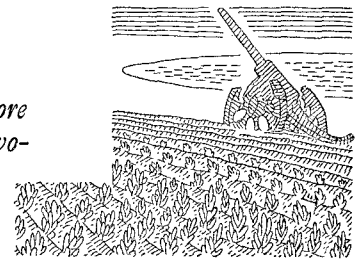
Stopping Wars and Starting Gardens

By Beverley Nichols



If all men were gardeners, there would be no more wars, declares the author of "Cry Havoc" who advocates compulsory garden work for all members of cabinets and disarmament conferences



THE Kaiser has been spending much of his time, since the war, in chopping logs in his Dutch garden.

If he had spent an equal amount of his time chopping logs *before* the war, there might not have been a war at all.

The rest of this article is really a series of variations on this theme, so if you have got all you want out of those two sentences you need not read the article. However, I hope you will, because some of the variations are interesting, and they have a vital topical importance.

The other day I was walking down a country lane in England and I met a man who was whistling, and swinging a walking-stick, and looking aggressively cheerful.

It was a foul day, with a dank mist on the hedgerows and drifts of dirty snow in the ditches.

"Why are you looking so darned bright on a day like this?"

"I've just got a whacking dividend on some shares."

"I suppose they were armament shares," I remarked, acidly. "That's about the only thing that pays a dividend nowadays."

"On the contrary," he said, "they were shares in a firm that makes nothing but gardening tools. And if you take my tip, you'll buy some. I'm a bull on everything to do with gardens."

He walked on whistling.

Now I am a passionately keen gardener. I would rather attend the opening of the first buds of the lilac than the most brilliant opening of any play. Snowdrops have a great deal more to say to me than most celebrities. And a day with a spade does me more good than a week at the seaside. But, somehow, I had never thought of gardening in terms of commerce before.

However, as I walked on, and thought over that little conversation, it seemed to me that it had a strange significance. Armament shares are booming. Gardening shares are booming. It's as though there were a race between the men who are mad and the men who are sane.

For the man with the ploughshare is the last man who will ever again want to beat it into a sword.

Now let us leave obscure metaphors and get down to facts.

I have two passions in life. One is world peace and the other is gardening. My passion for world peace is so strong that I spent three years writing a book about it, called *Cry Havoc*. That book exposed the devilish activities of the armament makers. It has been made compulsory reading in many thousands of schools throughout the British Empire and, I am told, was responsible for the initiation of your own Senate's inquiry into the arms traffic.

The other passion in my life is my garden, which is a four-hundred-year-old garden in the quietest county in England.

Till now I hadn't seen the connection between these two activities. In fact, I had been rather amused by their apparent incongruity. Whenever I met anybody in New York I knew that instantly he would begin to talk either about machine guns or herbaceous borders, and the rapidity with which I had to switch my mind from one topic to the other was almost comic.

However it doesn't seem comic any longer, because I see what it means. . . . I see why the philosophy of the gardener is necessarily a philosophy of peace and sanity.

Here is the philosophy of the gardener:

He is a creator. And as such he knows the infinite pains of creation. . . . The slowness of growth, the delicacy of the young shoot, the vital need for care and love and patience in all the green things of the earth. And, as the years go by, he applies the lessons he learns from the trees and the flowers to the human society in which he lives and has his being.

He begins to realize that civilization is also a plant of slow growth, of infinite delicacy, of exquisite complexity . . . a plant that may be forever destroyed by the bitter frosts of war. He does not think that you can tear up a nation's culture by the roots and transplant it into an alien soil. He does not think that you can hack off the youngest branches of a tree and expect it to flourish.

He knows that you cannot sow seed in alien ground (nor philosophy either), that thinning out is an expert operation (not to be performed by machine guns), that you can never cheat time nor cause a tree to bear treble its fruit by any quack fertilizer (any more than you can treble a nation's income by any patent theories of inflation).

These things he knows, and many more. For he is close to the Soil, to Nature, to the heart of things. That may sound like a dream platitude, but when a nation forgets its platitudes it is straying dangerously far from the truth.

Above all the gardener is a healthy man. His blood isn't poisoned. His liver's working properly. I don't believe that most of the livers of Europe's statesmen are working at all.

Now this is really a vitally important point. I am trying to prove to you that

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if all men were gardeners there would be no more war. In a moment I hope to be able to clinch that argument by telling you of a trip I recently took to the League of Nations at Geneva, but first let us say a word or two about health and history.

Health and history! Have you ever thought of the connection between the two? I suppose the most extreme example of all is to be found in the case of Ivan the Terrible, whose unspeakable diseases so maddened his brain that they were the direct cause of endless massacres. But this example can be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The whole history of Tudor England was moulded by the dread disease which Henry VIII contracted and passed on to his children with its inevitable legacy of debility and weakness. If the Girondins had modified their diet the Terror might have come to an end long before its time. If Napoleon had taken a little more exercise, Europe might still be a department of France. If Hindenburg had taken a little less exercise, America might never have had to come into the war. If Zaharoff had not been a moderate eater, who slept with his windows open and touched his toes fifty times every day before breakfast, the vast steel web of the munition makers might not be woven over the world.

And I am quite certain that if all the members of the disarmament conference had been forced to do a little compulsory digging every morning, they would have got something *done*.

Never did I feel this so clearly as when I attended the Disarmament Conference itself.

I arrived at the great hall in Geneva with a heart beating high with excitement and hope. These were critical days for the League, for it was the period immediately prior to Japan's sensational departure. Geneva was tense, nervous. Anything might happen.

I climbed the steps into the distinguished strangers' gallery. I peered over the edge. They were just beginning to file in. There was Arthur Henderson, the President, taking off his tortoise-shell glasses and wiping them, over and over again, as though he hoped thereby to see a clear way out of the world's problems. There was Paul Boncour, who walked in very quickly, frowning at everybody, and sat down, burying his head in his hands. There was the Aga Khan, looking extremely amiable, and Yen, the delegate for China—the Chinese Demosthenes, as they called him—and Benes, late Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, worldly, urbane, tugging at his sleeve as though he had something concealed in it.

There they all were, and you would say that the atmosphere ought to have been "electric." But somehow it wasn't. Uneasily, I wondered why. And then, gradually I began to realize.

Firstly, the heat. It was absolutely appalling. You may think that Englishmen are silly about heat, but the stuffiest lounge of the hottest New York hotel was an ice-house compared with the temperature of this place. The heat rose up from the floor below, reached the ceiling, and seemed to bound back again in great torrid eddies. Half the delegates were sweating so that there was a perpetual flutter of white handkerchiefs to dripping brows. Yet nobody thought of opening a window.

Secondly, the smoke. It is a literal fact that after an hour it was impossible to distinguish the faces of the delegates from the front row of the gallery, because of the fumes which came from all the cheroots, pipes, cigars, and Turkish, Virginian, Brazilian, and Egyptian cigarettes.

Thirdly, the delegates themselves . . . or rather their diet. "Why is *X* so late?" I asked my companion, half an hour after the proceedings had begun. "Oh, he's been delayed by an official lunch." "And *Y*? And *Z*?" "Same reason," was the laconic reply.

Now I'd attended those "official lunches" myself. I knew what they meant. They meant sherry and Sauternes and cointreau and benedictine. They meant hors d'œuvres and lobster thermidor and chicken en casserole and chocolate soufflée. I was twenty-five years younger than the average delegate, and I had eaten a light lunch, and I was as fit as a gardener always is, but already, in this atmosphere I was half asleep. What must they be?

And I fell to thinking of all the acids that must be fermenting in those distinguished stomachs, of old hearts wearily pumping over-sugared blood through hardened arteries, and I asked myself if it is through such men, in such conditions, that we shall ever reach the peace that the world craves? These men are livery, irritable, mentally befogged. They have not the clean vision of the old gardener who sits on his wheelbarrow at the end of a hard day, and chews an apple. Compared with him they are bewildered fools. They don't know what life is all about.

Secret diplomacy has more than a merely symbolical connection with closed doors and barred windows.

And if, instead of spending $30,000,000 on a battleship we would spend three cents on a bicarbonate of soda and cause it to be forcibly administered to our foreign secretaries . . . or better still, if we spent a few hundred dollars on a plot of land, and made it compulsory for the cabinet to dig in it, for an hour a day, we should be living in a happier world.

For you can't work in a garden and want war. You just can't. The folly of the whole thing is too glaring, out there under the green trees, with the grass at your feet.

Perhaps, when you first went into your garden, after a hard week's work in the city, you felt bellicose enough. Perhaps, for the first hour or so, you snarled at your gardener, and grunted because it hadn't rained, and cursed because the bitter wind had damaged some shrub. But after you've had the spade in your hand for a little while, after your blood has gone coursing through your veins, and the keen air has livened your lungs, after the leaves have brushed your face and you have heard the sigh of the wind in the branches, peace comes to you.

Peace. You feel at rest with the whole world. You want everybody on earth to be happy too, to share your joy. If a beggar comes to the garden gate, instead of shooing him away, and saying the country is being ruined by these devils, you'll give him a tip, and your blessing.

And when the day is done and you sit by the fireside, reading the paper you were too tired to read in the train, all the scares, the alarms and excursions, the international "sensations" which seemed to you so grave, a few hours before, are at last seen in their proper proportion, as a lot of silly bogies raised by men who act like naughty little boys, merely because tired and irritable and far removed from their mother, the greatest mother of all, Mother Nature.

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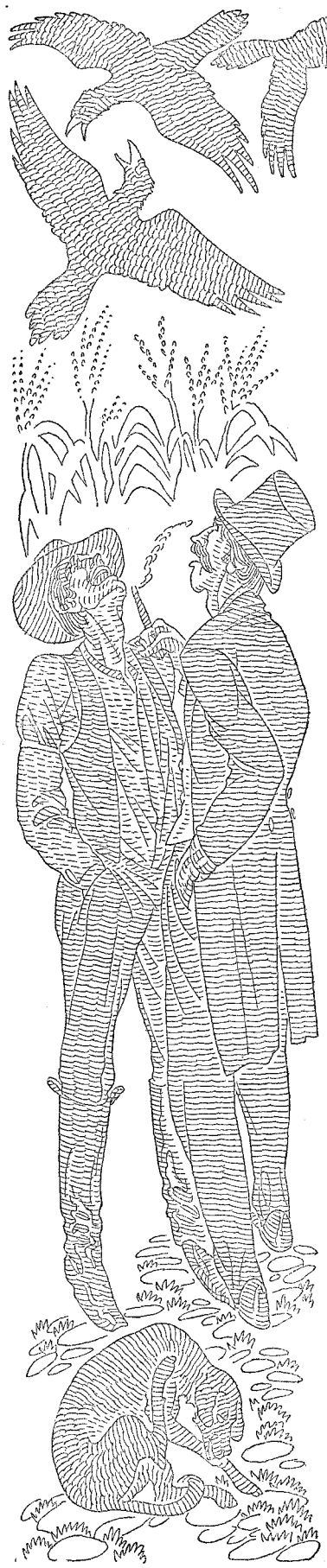


American Laughter

By Kenneth Allan Robinson

Oh the men who laughed the American laughter
Whittled their jokes from the tough bull-pines;
They were tall men, sharpened before and after;
They studied the sky for the weather-signs;
They tilted their hats and they smoked long-nines!

Their laughter was ladled in Western flagons
And poured down throats that were parched for more;
This was the laughter of democrat wagons
And homely men at the crossroads store
—It tickled the shawl that a lawyer wore!

It hurt the ears of the dainty and pretty
But they laughed the louder and laughed their fill,
A laughter made for Virginia City,
Springfield, and Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And the river that flows past Hannibal still!

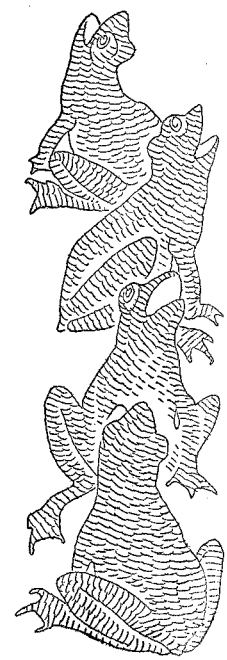
American laughter was lucky laughter,
A coonskin tune by a homespun bard;
It tasted of hams from the smokehouse rafter
And locust trees in the courthouse yard,
And Petroleum Nasby and Artemus Ward!

They laughed at the Mormons and Mike Fink's daughter,
And the corncob tale of Sut Lovingood's dog,
Till the ague fled from the fever-water
And the damps deserted the tree-stump bog,
—They laughed at the tale of the jumping frog!

They laughed at the British, they laughed at Shakers,
At Horace Greeley, and stovepipe hats;
They split their fences and ploughed their acres,
And treed their troubles like mountain-cats;
—They laughed calamity out of the flats!

Now the Boston man, according to rumor,
Said, as he turned in his high-backed bed,
"This doesn't conform to my rules for humor,"
And he settled his nightcap over his head,
—But it shook the earth like the buffalo-tread!

And the corn grew tall and the fields grew wider,
And the land grew sleek with the mirth they sowed;
They laughed the fat meat into the spider,
They laughed the blues from the Wilderness Road,
—They crossed hard times to the Comstock Lode!



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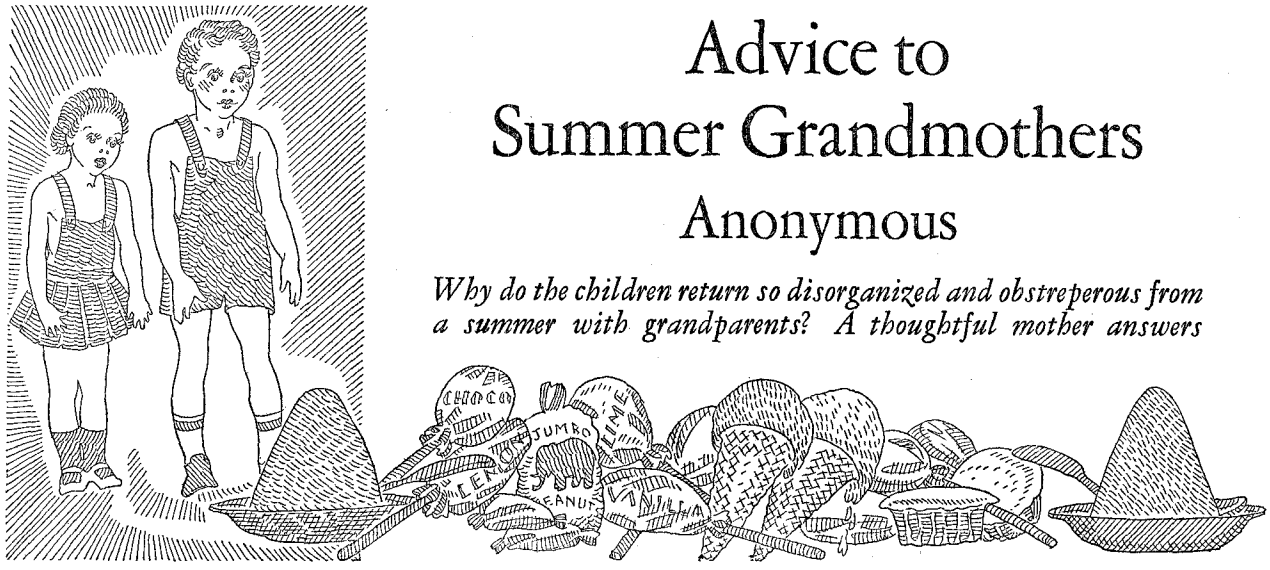
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



Advice to Summer Grandmothers

Anonymous

Why do the children return so disorganized and obstreperous from a summer with grandparents? A thoughtful mother answers

When my children were little, their greatest excitement centered around their departure in early July to spend the summer with their grandparents. Sometimes I packed them off with my father and mother. Sometimes I went along myself to see them well established, before I returned to my husband and the heat of Baltimore. I thought of it as a splendid opportunity for the children. I knew too that, for all its inconvenience, this period was an especially happy time for my parents. So, each summer every one started out in high hopes.

With September, however, came disillusionment. My children were returned to me, generally sunburned and healthy in body but so undisciplined and disorganized that they were ruining life for themselves as well as for every one around them. It was not just a question of their being a little bit spoiled. It took weeks to get them back to where they were when they had left me in July.

Since then I have talked to many fathers and mothers about sending their children to their parents for the summer. Most of them agree that the children are not benefited by the experience. They are nearly always spoiled or nervous after they have spent several months with their grandparents. They seem, besides, unable to readjust themselves to their own lives without unhappiness. Yet all these parents agree that this is not intentional on the part of the grandparents. It is simply that there is a difference in point of view between the generations as to how children should be brought up. It is further true that these older people love their children and their grandchildren and really want to be of service to them. Many of them are out of touch, however, with the particular methods of training children which belong to 1935. In most cases they would be only too glad to make use of the information which we as parents have literally absorbed from the air, from newspapers and everyday conversation—information which in their time was not yet even printed in books. Why do we not, then, talk the whole matter over and come to an understanding of how our children are to be treated when they are with their grandparents?

The answer is that we cannot. Some barrier between the generations makes such a measure impossible. The delicacies between mother and daughter are too great, especially when there may be an implied criticism of what the mother has done in the past in bringing up her own children. Perhaps then this anonymous account of some of the pitfalls into which we, as a family, fell may serve as a warning to open-minded, modern grandparents.

One of the two great faults of my parents is over-solicitude. Let my daughter Betty try to discard her sweater on what my mother considers a cool day, and there is an immediate argument. Let Richard lie an extra few minutes in a damp bathing suit and my father predicts pneumonia or instant mastoid. Let either of the children do any of a dozen things which their contemporaries are engaged in and my parents are thrown into a panic. To them, as to almost all older people, life has become more and more a thing which has primarily a physical importance.

As they lose their own skill in games and exercise, they grow apprehensive about the chances which the very young can take and generally take successfully. As their circulations become less active, they forget that sweaters and coats are matters which any well-trained child should know about for himself as soon as he is able to take any kind of care of himself. The obvious result upon a child of so much concern lest he catch cold or eat too much or too little is to make him either disobedient or abnormally and disastrously

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interested in his own welfare. I, for one, prefer disobedience of the two evils. It is easier to cure.

Besides being continually over-anxious about their grandchildren, my parents are consistently over-indulgent with them. It is certainly not a good combination but it occurs, I think, in almost every family. There has been many a rainy day, for example, when Richard or Betty have come to me with the plea that they had nothing to do and have begged to be allowed to buy some new toy for their amusement. My reply is invariably to see to it that somehow, somewhere, they find something to play with and something to be interested in which they already have. It takes time and often it takes ingenuity and patience. Children have inexhaustible energy in trying to persuade you that the latest gadget given to a friend is the only possible plaything of the moment. It is such a common experience with all parents that it scarcely bears repetition. But the way in which grandparents deal with it is disastrous. My mother may make an abortive effort or two to persuade Betty that there is plenty in the house with which to amuse herself. In the end, however, she will succumb and the child will be allowed to "go to the village" to get still another toy to add to her already full collection. The excuse my mother always makes is that it was "only a trifle" or that it "cost only a few cents." I understand quite well the reason she has given in. She has neither the time, interest, nor energy to force Betty to think up something for herself. But I do resent the inevitable sapping of my child's imagination and ability to amuse herself; I resent as well the false idea which she acquires of being able to buy her way out of being bored.

The problem of actual money has always been an acrid one in the three generations of our family. My children's grandparents are more comfortable financially than my husband and I are. My father, who is just past seventy, has retired from business with an income which means he no longer has to worry about the details of everyday living. His attitude to money, when I was a child, was simple, straightforward, and in good taste. To my amazement, however, when my children came home from spending a summer with him, I found they had the most unreal and distorted ideas of finance. I had them on an allowance—twenty-five cents for twelve-year-old Richard and ten for Betty, four years his junior. When they left me for the summer, I asked my parents if they would see that the children received their weekly stipend with regularity. I had always been most meticulous to see that they could count on what they got coming to them every Monday morning. In return, I exacted that they pay for certain specified things like candy and an extra trip to the movies, without coming to me for help. They really had grasped quite adequately the importance of living within their respective budgets and were proud of their prowess. No sooner had they been with my parents for a week, however, than they asked for some small sum to cover sodas at the drug store. This was given to them and more when they asked for it—or even without their asking, just to gratify my father's passing whim. It did not take many fifty-cent pieces, with an allowance of a quarter a week, so to throw out Richard's sense of balance that it was no longer worth while to save for anything. Time was when he appreciated to the full an additional movie, a special jar of sour balls or an ice cream cone. After the summer, however, it had lost its value for him and so had the money with which he was to buy it.

I heard my parents say when I have remonstrated with them mildly about their indulgences with my children, "Oh, just this once won't hurt them." And there, I think, is the whole crux of the failure of grandparents with children. Life is made up of "Just this onces." I would be the last person to say that one should not have pliability and make exceptions. Life would be not only dull but thoroughly impractical without an ability to vary or break the rules. But grandparents never have the rules well established in the beginning so that they *can* break them. There is no stability in the atmosphere with which they surround children. My mother is hard when she should be soft and soft when she should be hard. Richard and Betty, realizing that, take every possible advantage of her. If they came home after their summer holidays happy and serene, I should not mind. But they are as bad company for themselves as they are for me.

I wish I might tell my mother all these things. I cannot. Nor can any daughter. It is not a criticism of our parents, or of us, that this should be so. It is simply a fact which we must recognize. What I could do, of course, would be to discuss with complete honesty every phase of my children's upbringing with my mother if *she* gave me the opportunity. That is the tragedy of the whole situation. It is such an unknowing damage which grandparents do and their desire is only to do good. If they could only be persuaded to ask the parents of their grandchildren about the daily routine of discipline and training, then the whole matter could be opened up for discussion and the ice would be broken. How can I go to my mother and say, "Stop nagging Richard about climbing trees. Suppose he does fall and hurt himself. That is one of the chances he must learn to take in life. He must be allowed to develop as other boys do at his age. It is even better for him to break an arm, than to be turned into a frightened little creature who cannot take care of himself." Obviously my mother would think me callous and young and inexperienced. She would be convinced that I did not realize the dangers with which my boy's path was fraught and she would exaggerate the temporary emergency at the expense of his whole picture.

If, on the other hand, my mother would say to me, "Why do you let Richard do so many things which to me seem dangerous?" I could explain my whole theory to her and, I feel confident, make her understand. Surely, it is not impossible for grandparents to realize that there have always been differences between one generation and another in the bringing up of children. They must also know, as well as we do, that between their generation and ours there is an even greater difference than there ever was before, due to Doctor Freud and Mr. Marconi. With this realization added to their genuine desire to do the best thing for their grandchildren, we should be able to arrive at a solution of this knotty problem. It will mean that the grandparents make the initial gesture in discussing with the parents the problems of the children. It will necessitate a dogged de-

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termination while the children are staying with them. But it can be such a valuable experience for children and adults alike that it must be worth a try.

Perhaps there is another side to this question of which parents are not conscious, but about which grandparents could complain vociferously, if they would. Perhaps twenty years from now I shall look back on these dreams of how a "summer grandmother" should act and think it was all born of lack of experience and lack of knowledge. But if I do, I am convinced that I shall not be a fit person with whom to entrust children for a summer or any part of it. I hope that it will be otherwise.

I hope I shall have for my cardinal virtue the determination never to have my grandchildren spend even a few weeks with me unless I am willing to give enough time and energy to follow the training that their parents have given them. It is not enough to give them bed and board and love and interest. I must give them more. I shall try to remember that children are enormously pliable and that, in two months, I can do them much harm or much good. I shall try to remember that they probably will not kill themselves climbing the apple tree. I shall try to feel that even if they do fall, a broken arm is less terrible than a broken spirit. I shall try to be self restrained about giving them money or presents. And, above all, I shall try not to tear down the ideas and the theories of their parents even though I shall probably remember one of these parents is my own child and I shall certainly feel I taught him all he knew. And further, if I am tired and old, I shall hope to have enough sense to know that I do not really want to be in charge of children. If I am young enough, however, I shall try hard to hew to the line of consistency which makes for happy, well-adjusted children. Perhaps to be a successful grandparent is an even subtler, more difficult job than to be a successful parent. There is the compensation though of serenity and harmony between the generations, a handing down of the infinitely valuable mellowness which only comes with age, and a handing up of that freshness of point of view which belongs to youth alone. Surely it is worth a struggle on the part of all of us.

In Defense of Tourists

By Marie R. Caldwell

The intelligentsia may sneer, and the travel writers may scorn, but this tourist goes right on cruising. It's better to have taken a cruise than never to have gone at all

I HAVE just stopped reading a travel book. It was another of those books by another of those bright young adventurers who roam the world seeking adventures in order that they may write about them for the folks at home. The adventurer had arrived at Agra, paid his respects to the Taj Mahal, gravely inspected the pool into which another "bright young adventurer" had plunged, with much resulting publicity, and had returned to his hotel. But he didn't stay there. He said he couldn't. The sheep-faced tourists got under his skin.

That was where I stopped. You see, I was one of those tourists and, at the risk of seeming vain, I must admit that no one had ever called me "sheep-faced" before. I wanted to think about it.

I remembered the adventurer very well. He had come out in our cruise ship all the way from New York to Bombay and had never, to my knowledge, refused any hospitality—particularly in liquid form—offered by any of the sheep-faced tourists who so annoyed him in Agra. Perhaps that is hardly fair. Not many of the tourists refused, either.

Why—I have been wondering ever since I put down that book; to tell the honest truth I threw it across the room into the fireplace—why should the inoffensive head of a person who travels on a conducted tour be heaped with abuse and his humble person be the target for the shafts and arrows of those whom fortune allows to travel in a more leisurely and, possibly, more intellectual manner?

As a tourist, I qualify rather well. I have made West Indies cruises, toured the Mediterranean several times, and crowned the whole horrid business by two trips around the world—all in one of those "abominations of the earth, a tourist ship." The quotations are not mine. They belong to a certain eminent divine who has spent, no doubt, as many months in Palestine as I have spent days and who seems to be in thorough accord with our bright young author of the travel book.

The history of Palestine, its peoples, its warring creeds, the intimate knowledge that comes with long residence in a country—all that I yield to the eminent divine. But I saw the sun rise over Jerusalem one Sunday morning when, for an instant, the light touched city

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and valley and hills with that strange violet hue which I have never seen anywhere else in the world. A lifetime could add nothing to that memory.

It is the accepted opinion that no one can know a country or a city or a people unless one has the time and the money to travel comprehensively. In a sense it is true. One cannot get under the skin of a foreign people in a week or so, one sees only the externals during a day in a great city, but I believe that, often, first impressions, swift and sharp and keen, are as true and revealing as a more extended survey where the senses may become blunted or the edge of perception dulled. I am not saying that a person who spends three days in Peiping is going to become an authority on China. I do insist that the much maligned tourist, crowding into his four or five days glimpses of treasures which he would, perhaps, give his harassed soul to spend months among, may take away with him something that is as truly China as "Old Buddha" herself.

Coming back to the prosaic where tourists belong, a cruise ship enables one to see many places which otherwise would be quite beyond the reach of the average person. In the more remote islands of the Dutch Archipelago, for instance, it takes weeks and much discomfort to reach certain small ports and weeks to get away again. A day in Kalabahai, where the most primitive and certainly the ugliest natives I have ever seen came in to dance for us, taught me, far better than the most learned treatise could do, from what depths the human race has struggled on its painful way to our so-called civilization.

A day in Port Moresby did not teach me all about the Papuans, but I have only to close my eyes to see the brown body of a Papuan girl with her grass skirt, naked breasts, and her flaring, bushy mop of hair, or to see the hut where she lives set on stilts at the water's edge and the rickety ladders climbing up to it, beneath which Papuan mothers and Papuan pigs suckle their young in amiable companionship. Only a day in Papua, but for the rest of my life it will color everything I read or hear or see about that far-away, savage, heat-drenched island.

And Angkor. Two and a half days in Angkor! What can I possibly know of that ruined and haunted city in the heart of a Cambodian jungle? Not very much, perhaps—I remember that last breathtaking flight of stairs that leads up to the innermost shrine of Angkor Wat; I remember dim green depths where the jungle fights its age-old battle with the fallen gods of a vanished people; and I remember the girls from Siem Reap dancing that night on the stone causeway in front of the temple portico while torches flared, the drums beat, and above my shoulder a great stone Naga reared his seven cobra heads.

Being very human, I also have a vivid recollection of the water buffalo steaks and the monkey meat I struggled with at dinner, and intimate reminders of the Cambodian bugs which covered the stone floor of my bathroom inches deep every morning and practically filled the bathtub. No, I am not sorry I went to Angkor.

A certain English lady novelist, whose frankness in dissecting her most intimate reactions has gained her some notoriety, thinks otherwise. She objects to tourists, particularly in cathedrals. Such places of beauty, she maintains, should be kept free for people like herself who in silence and meditation can then appreciate them undisturbed. When I read that, I thought about my mother.

She is seventy-five, and a year or so ago I took her on a three-months' tour of the Mediterranean—a Cook's tour at that. From Naples she went up alone to Rome. She was gone two days. When she came back she walked straight over to me.

"My dear," she said, "all my life I have dreamed about Rome and read about it and thought about it, but I never hoped to see it. We were rushed, we were crowded, my head ached all the time—*but I have seen Rome*. Now I can go home and die."

She didn't, though—bless her heart. At eighty she will probably be just another tourist starting out around the world in a cruise ship and loving it!

In spite of all this I know very well that we have our failings. We are noisy, we chatter, we are ill-mannered; we are superficial, we are spiritually blind. We buy picture postcards by the million, we bring home batik made in Manchester and jewelry made in Attleboro, but think of the fun we get out of it in this not too amusing world.

I have eaten cocoanut ice cream in the jail at Zamboanga and seen the Viceroy take the salute at a polo match in Delhi. I have ridden a racing dromedary into the desert and danced a tango in a night club in Buenos Aires. I have watched the monkeys play along the terrace of the Sultan's palace at Jaipur and I have walked through the Rain Forest at the edge of Victoria Falls. I have bought amber in Zanzibar and moonstones in Ceylon.

As for the social end of it I honestly cannot see why tourists are so much more objectionable than those who stay at home. In nearly every travel party there are charming, well-bred, intelligent people. There is the other kind, too. Unfortunately it is the other kind which makes the most noise and attracts the most attention, but people are like that, aren't they? Not many of us really enjoy being herded rapidly from one place to another in crowds, always with schedules to keep and time-tables to drive us, but we had far rather go that way than never go at all.

I had rather stand for one hour on the Acropolis and see with my own eyes a dead past come to life than to read about it in all the books ever written. I had rather have the little time I spent in a deserted and lonely temple on the Nile than listen to a dozen lectures. I had rather see just once the harbor of Rio at sunset than a thousand pictures in the rotogravure papers.

Although I am a tourist, I am essentially a very snobbish person. I had much rather see these things alone and at my leisure, but it is a crowded world, my masters. So I suppose I shall go on, unredeemed and unrepentant.

I have never watched the Midnight Sun, and four or five days in Moscow might not come amiss. I promise not to write a book about it—not even an article. I have never seen the roses in a Persian garden or heard a nightingale sing through the English dusk. When I do, I know how it will very likely be. Little Annie will chew gum with the utmost abandon beside me; Mrs. So-and-So will bargain for dear life and a dozen bead necklaces behind me; old Colonel Whosis will undoubtedly relate his newest rheumatic pains in a loud and penetrating voice. The professional guides will lie to me and the shop keepers will surely cheat me, but I see the world in spite of them all, and sheep-nosed or not, I bring home with me treasures that nothing can ever tarnish.

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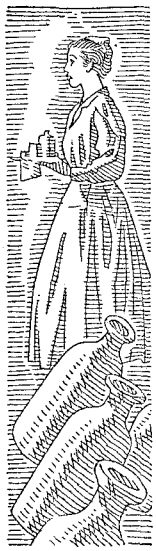
Group Medicine and the Doctors

By William Gaver



A layman looks at the doctor groups and at the many differences of opinion in the profession concerning their worth. Underlying it all are the social obligations of medicine to the community

Medicine, like industry, has outdistanced itself. It has progressed scientifically during the past few decades much faster than it has developed resources for utilization of its findings. In the case of industry, the result has been the development of a productive capacity for which adequate means of social utilization are yet to be found. In the case of medicine, the knowledge of the causes of many diseases, of new technics of diagnosis, and of new methods of prevention and cure has confronted the medical profession with the problem of making available to society as a whole the full benefits that modern medicine can bestow.

The time was—and not so long ago—when medical knowledge was represented, substantially, in the person of the family doctor. His diagnostic laboratory, surgical cabinet, and pharmaceutical store he carried in his small handbag. If his scientific knowledge was scanty, at least his patients received as adequate treatment as the medical profession of the day was prepared to give.

Today it would be impossible for any single individual to occupy such a rôle. Not only is the scope of medical knowledge too broad, but also the laboratory facilities and other types of equipment necessary for the full application of modern medicine are too numerous and costly for one individual to possess.

It is often claimed that the old-fashioned family physician compensated in "art" for what he lacked in science; that his intimate personal relationship with the patient, with the patient's family background, habits, and health history gave him an intuitive insight that furnished a truer picture of the ailment than would laboratory findings. Granting the element of truth in this, one is still inclined to suspect, that, by and large, a patient who is subjected to a thorough diagnostic routine by several specialists is in measurably less danger of having a tubercular cough diagnosed as a prolonged cold, or an appendicitis pain as simple indigestion, or a cancerous growth as a harmless tumor, than a patient whose ailment is diagnosed by a single doctor without modern laboratory equipment.

An urgent problem, therefore—and one that is receiving much attention—is that of making the complete resources of modern medicine available to all classes of people, rich and poor, rural and urban. As every one knows, this problem is partly met by governmental agencies, which have taken over public health, sanitation, and preventive medicine. Free clinics and free hospital wards supplement this work. But when it is considered that of the 123 millions of people in the United States 60 per cent are ill annually, and that these people are distributed over the length and breadth of the land, many of them far removed from hospitals or public health agencies of any kind, it seems obvious that all of the existing health services combined barely scratch the surface of the problem.

It was, doubtless, with this situation in mind that the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care recommended as its "most fundamental specific proposal" the development of great medical centers "with branches and medical stations where needed, in which the medical profession and the public participate in the provision of, and the payment for, all health and medical care, with the professional aspects of the service under the control of professional personnel."

This seems a rather grandiose vision, and one which not a few medical men view with hostility and alarm. It would, if realized, be group medicine on an unprecedented scale. Thus far group medicine—although it is not new either as an idea or as a practice—has made relatively little progress in the United States. Seemingly, it is still very much in an experimental stage, with opinion of the medical profession sharply divided as to its merits. The Bureau of Economics of the American Medical Association, which made an investigation last year of group practice, reported that there were only about 300 groups in active practice in the country and that there was no observable trend toward a substantial increase in the number. However, it may be that the bureau's definition of a group excluded many combinations that to all practical intents and purposes were operating along group lines.

Reduced to the most general terms, a group may be defined as a combination of three or more members of the medical profession, representing two or more medical specialties, and engaging in continuous cooperative practice. The principal distinguishing characteristics of this type of practice are that the treatment of each case is the responsibility of the group as a whole and the patients' fees cover the services of the entire group rather than of any individual member or members. A group may be a partnership, or a privately owned enterprise. Often a business manager is employed to take care of the administrative details, make credit investigations, fix collection policies, and attend to other matters of non-professional nature. The average group has six members, one of whom is in almost all cases a surgeon, and another a general practitioner or diagnostician. The rest of the membership, in-so-far as lines of specialization are concerned, varies so widely that there is no such thing as a typical set-up.

One writer has described the ideal

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set-up as follows: "Each group should contain at least an internist, a surgeon and gynecologist, a pathologist, a roentgenologist, a urologist and proctologist, a specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat, a dentist, and a trained nurse." Few actual groups meet all of these specifications.

Whether group practice has, or has not, reduced the cost of medical service is a mooted question. As revealed in replies to a questionnaire sent by the Bureau of Economics of the American Medical Association to secretaries of county medical associations throughout the country, the preponderance of medical opinion is that it has not.

"The replies to this questionnaire," says the report of the bureau, "give the most complete view of the attitudes of members of the medical profession toward the various questions involved in group practice and its results that has yet been obtained."

Nevertheless, the general conclusion that group medicine has not reduced the costs of medical service must be qualified. In cases of minor ailments, which constitute 80 per cent of all cases treated, no reduction of costs usually is effected; the costs, in fact, may be somewhat increased. But in cases of major ailments, requiring the services of specialists and laboratory diagnoses, costs are reduced in a number of ways. The patient saves travelling expenses which otherwise might be incurred were it necessary to visit doctors in different communities. The group, with its resources pooled and shared in common, can operate more economically than can the same number of individual practitioners with separate laboratories and equipment of their own; and this economy is likely to be reflected in the fees. Then, too, the plan saves valuable time.

Any one who has experienced a merry-go-round cycle of visits to specialists can readily appreciate the potentialities of group medicine from the layman's point of view. Instead of making a series of calls, with questions, thumpings —and a fee—at each stop, you go to one office, you pay one fee, and you receive the benefit of every medical specialty represented in the group. If an operation is necessary, there is a surgeon. If the teeth need attention, a dentist attends to that. There is an X-ray specialist to assist in diagnosis; an eye, ear, nose, and throat man to look after ailments along those lines; and perhaps there are several other specialists. From the patient's viewpoint this arrangement would seem to be infinitely preferable to that of being shifted about from city to city, or even from office to office within the same community, to obtain the same degree of care.

Yet to the question of the Bureau of Economics as to whether the practice of group medicine is increasing the response of the secretaries of county medical associations was almost five to one in the negative. The attitude of the medical profession is, doubtless, an important factor in retarding the progress of the group plan. Although it would be unfair to say that medical opinion as a whole is solidly opposed to group practice, it is certainly accurate to say that opinion is split in a dozen different directions, ranging from enthusiastic approval to implacable hostility, and that the general attitude is one of critical skepticism. A cross section of this opinion is reflected in some of the replies to the bureau's questionnaire.

The bureau asked the reasons for forming groups. Here are some of the answers:

"To make more money for the owners."

"Personal gain."

"Better chance for consultation and improvement."

"Greater opportunity to expand business, by using more aggressive methods of going after it."

"Opportunity for members to develop along special lines."

"More convenient to practise scientific medicine."

"Necessity of medical accomplishment for which no single individual is equipped physically or mentally."

Next, the bureau asked whether group medicine was satisfactory to the majority of physicians in communities where it was practised, and, if so, why. There was no more unanimity on this point than on the previous one:

"Allows community to have hospital."

"Makes possible more complete diagnosis due to better laboratory facilities and cooperation within group."

"Hinders good will and full competition among physicians."

"Makes for better equipped men and stronger medical center."

"Not always ethical in relations with outside physicians."

"Unfair because any patient can get confirmation of diagnosis, right or wrong. Outside doctor is always wrong."

"Gives patients no free choice of physicians."

"No benefit over family physician's records and knowledge of individual."

"Tends to stress surgery; the easiest profit; to base diagnosis on laboratory findings rather than on thorough physical examinations; and to make 80 per cent of the common run of patients share the expense of the 20 per cent actually needing specialized care."

So you see the state of professional opinion regarding group medicine. The only definite thing that can be said about it is that it is well up in the air.

Has group medicine proved more satisfactory to the patients than individual medical service and, if so, for what reasons? This is what the doctors think:

"Patients can have everything necessary done at one place, in the least time and usually at less cost."

"Patients will be treated by specialists much earlier."

"Patients get benefit of combined physical and mental resources of group at reduced cost."

"Group practice does not reduce cost to patient and does no better work."

"The plan is too expensive and involves too much red tape. Why run every patient through a routine when not necessary?"

"Minor ailments are subjected to too much routine."

"The chief objection of patients is the cost."

Here again we find the same state of confusion, the same thoroughgoing disagreement on every point.

Group practice had its most active growth in the United States during the periods from 1912 to 1921 and from 1922 to 1931. The rate of growth has shown a tendency to accelerate during times of prosperity and to slow down during times of adversity. Of recent years the trend has been toward smaller groups. There are only seven states, all of them either western or mid-western, which have ten or more groups. Texas, with twenty-seven, heads the list; and Wisconsin, with twenty-three,

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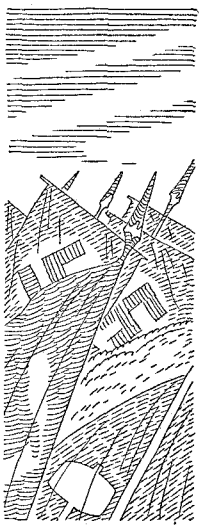
is next. The greater popularity of the group plan in the western sections of the country is due, no doubt, to the fact that there are fewer very large cities in those sections than in the East. For some reason, only 4 per cent of all the groups in the country are in cities of 500,000 or more.

Perhaps, the most significant—and certainly the broadest scale—experiment that has thus far been undertaken in actual practice with the group plan is that of the county medical society of Wayne County, Michigan, which embraces Detroit, Dearborn, and other important industrial centers. There, group medicine is practised by the society as a whole, the organization's headquarters being used as the main offices of the groups and the offices of individual members as laboratory and clinical facilities. Upon applying for treatment, a patient becomes, in a sense, the responsibility of the entire membership of the society. His family physician, as a member of the group, feels free to refer the patient to whatever specialists may seem needed, without fear of losing contact with his patient by being excluded from the case. A particularly interesting feature of this plan is the arrangement that has been worked out for taking care of patients who are unable to pay the full amount of the normal medical fees. Together with his family physician, the patient agrees upon what percentage of the fee he can reasonably expect to pay and that percentage holds good with any other doctors to whom he may be referred.

Well, what is the answer? Is Wayne County pointing the way? Will group medicine in any form fill the bill? On one point every one seems to be agreed: the necessity of working out some plan for placing the full benefits of modern medicine within the reach of every person of every class. No one disputes the fact that there is at present a maladjustment in the application of medical care to the needs of the people. No one disputes the fact that in our modern complex civilization medicine has far-reaching social obligations that cannot be ignored. Group medicine may, or may not, be the final answer. But, at least, it represents a groping toward a solution of a problem that is of vital concern to all of us. And for this reason, if no other, it deserves the open-minded and sympathetic consideration of every one.

"A Plague on Both Your Houses!"

By John Cournos



Born of the proletariat, the author condemns Communism and Fascism. With no love for Capitalism, he expresses his belief in men of character rather than economic dogma

Very early in life I learned what it was to be a member of the so-called "exploited classes." At the age of ten I was already in the streets earning the meagerest of livelihoods for myself and the too numerous progeny begotten by a feckless stepfather—a man of great inventive genius, feckless only because he lived in an age which, for all its exploitive tendencies, did not know how to utilize all its potentially useful men. Awakened at two in the morning by a brazen alarm clock, placed at my very head, I was already, after a cup of coffee and a crust of bread, in the streets before three, with a bundle of newspapers under my arm, crying my wares in the nocturnal haunts of the City of Brotherly Love.

By eight I was home, and after a hurried snack and a hasty look at my lessons was at my place in school, where, I am afraid, I was too often roughly awakened at my desk by an irate teacher who, unheard by me, had called upon me to recite some piece I was supposed to learn by heart, such as "Life is real, life is earnest . . ." or some similar classic nonsense.

At the same time my two elder sisters spent long days in working with their fingers at artificial flowers for hats, paid at piece rates. They often brought "home work" and sat up late into the night.

At the age of twelve I was taken from school. We moved to a suburb, where my sisters and I found work in a woolen mill. They labored at looms. I began as bobbin-boy, then became piecer at a spinning mule, and ultimately, two years later, the man directing the mechanism itself, with piecers under me. If I remember aright, the nominal wage of a mule runner at the time was seven dollars and fifty cents a week. Being but a mere boy doing a man's work I received but three, only fifty cents more than a piecer. We lived in a small house on the slope of a hill, rented from the company owning the mills. The features of the chief owner, an Anglo-Saxon of good name, with his bright red hair, tooth-brush moustache, and small mean eyes, are engraved upon my memory to this day.

The two years spent here were wasted years but for the fact that they left in me a loathing for machines and for that form of exploitation which came in with machines and is called capitalism.

I might have gone on wasting my life at this underpaid sterile labor—the mill manufactured blankets and cloth for the army—were it not for the providential commission on the part of my stepfather and myself of a "crime" against property, the supreme crime in our capitalist society. In the proximity of our house was a small forest, unfenced-in, open to the world; picnickers made free use of it. Who the owners were, if it had any owners, no one seemed to know. At all events, one fine morning, when work at the mill was slack, my stepfather, taking a long saw with him, invited me into the forest. He picked out a hefty tree, and together we sawed it down, then into short logs, which we fetched home, one by one, and placed between our house and the shed next to it, for firewood.

I cannot say I was conscious of hav-

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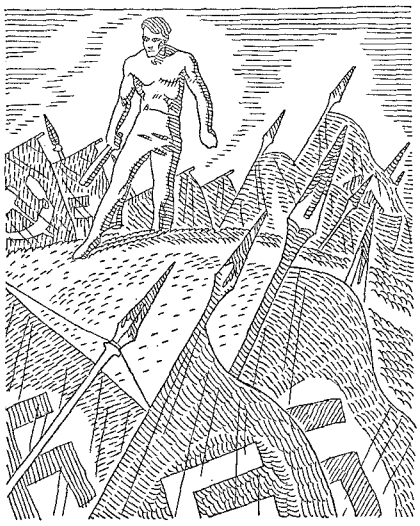

ing committed one of the most heinous crimes against the capitalistic order. We were found out. The mill-owners, as it proved, also owned the forest. Promptly the little Cournos tribe was discharged and ordered to vacate the house. Apparently they did not think it worth the trouble to fling us into jail. Perhaps they feared it might bring about an exposé of child labor.

There could be no object in dwelling on my further adventures as an exploitee of capitalist society in Philadelphia. My present purpose is merely to demonstrate that I am a proletarian and would seem indeed to be a shining example of how Communists are made. Nevertheless—and this is the burden of my essay—I find myself today, though I am at least as poor as when I came into the world, in the unhappy position of being unable to accept Communism, or its alternative—Fascism. Because I have rejected Capitalism, which in any event is doomed, must I accept one of the two other alternatives offered me?

This is precisely what I am asked to do. Both one side and the other shout as in one voice: "If you are not with us, you are against us!" And I have no way out but to give the same answer to both: "I am not with you!" This satisfies neither side. I am assured by Communist friends that one or the other side is certain ultimately to get in, and that in either case I shall have to recant or take my place against the wall. Since my one desire is "to cultivate my little garden"—in short, to be let alone—this would seem a damnably unreasonable choice. But then I may as well admit that reason does not enter into it. The age of unreason, of brute force, is upon us; this unpleasant fact must be squarely faced. . . . I do not like sitting on fences any better than most people. But suppose Mr. Wolf sits on one side of the fence, and Mr. Bear on the other—what then?

Let us look at Mr. Wolf, who calls himself a Fascist. He has nice white teeth and a lean hungry look. There is a mad gleam in his eyes, a snarl around his mouth. I don't like the look of him. He doesn't like me either. I don't happen to be a Nordic, a wolf like himself hunting with the pack. He would not accept me in his pack even if I could and were willing to turn myself into a wolf. Seriously, can any reasonable, civilized, humane man consider joining a mass movement which combines the worst aspects of nationalism, primitivism, medievalism, and Communism? Italy has fathered Fascist movements which have "bettered the instruction"; they exhibit degenerative, atavistic tendencies; hatred, lust for power, sadism, motivate their energies. And I have heard "nice people" even here speak approvingly of the Nazis. To me the idea is wholly intolerable and untenable. It does not even enter the choices. If there were any real danger of its adoption there would be nothing left even for a man of peace like myself but to fight to the last ditch or cut my throat. In this country, with its tendency to gangsterism and racketeering, this Shirt business would be apt to develop into a ghastly spectacle of fantastic absurdity. Already the most ludicrous canards are being broadcast by native Shirt organizations, which are but another form of the Ku Klux Klan. There is no need to recapitulate them here. Are they any more absurd than the childish lies which ultimately won Germany for Hitler? All mass-movements today are movements of mass-ignorance, and sheer absurdity wins where reason and truth fail. We live in an age in which no absurdity is impossible.

Bruin — Communism — sits on the other side of the fence, smiling. He knows that the untenability of his wolfish neighbor has put a trump card in his hand. If you'll only jump he is ready to hug you, and what a hug it is! A real love embrace: that possession which says there's not a nook in you which I don't own. Of my worldly goods you can have your share, little enough, but all your thoughts are mine. You must work hard, do what you like within reason; only one thing you can't have in any circumstances: liberty of opinion, of thought, freedom for your mind to play as it will.

But that happens to be the thing I value most. Without it, life would be savorless. In any case, how can I stop thinking the thoughts I happen to think? Is thought repression easier to bear than any other form of repression? Little wonder that communist doctrinaires look askance at Freudism, which rather upsets their applecart by insisting on "the beast lurking in man," on the fact that sooner or later man's repressed inner nature will betray the outer.

All in all, a pretty dilemma for the man of today, not to be pooh-poohed by our armchair communists. As an individual, I have long wrestled with it. I have seen writer after writer in this country and abroad "go over" to Communism—Romain Rolland, Bernard Shaw, Barbusse, Renn, Toller, Dreiser, Dos Passos—an impressive procession. There has been something like a stampede to Communism by serious writers, including some of my own colleagues and friends. It left one wondering. One doesn't like being alone. It's been like running to a fire, and it's human nature to run with others. It was hard not to run with them. Yes, I too might have run along with the *tovaristchi,* shouting, "Death to the bourgeoisie!"

That was some time ago. I paused to think, to consider.

Who, what, precisely, are the bourgeoisie that I should hate them with such an implacable hatred? No one, as far as I know, has supplied a satisfactory definition. At what point, precisely, does the bourgeoisie stop and the proletariat begin? Am I a bourgeois or a proletarian? I have an idea that the rigid distinction as applied by Communism is one of the great illusions of history, a bugbear devised by Marx to incite workers to religious class wars. (Indeed, I remember the early days of the Revolution in Petrograd, when men talked of a St. Bartholomew night, in which the workers would make the rounds of Petrograd apartments and slay the bourgeoisie in their beds.) I mean, Marx has given the labor problem a slant which artificially divided

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the mass of human beings into classes no more essentially divergent—except in the matter of dogma—than Catholics and Huguenots. I do not think I am mistaken in saying that so-called "middle-class instincts" have existed in human beings since time began; these the future may modify but never wholly eradicate. Read Isaiah, Aristophanes, the Gospels, and other works of the past for corroboration. Bourgeois instincts are inherent in the peasant, as the Bolsheviks have found to their cost; and the proletarian is not without them. Indeed, Soviet Russia is in the process of creating a bourgeois class, if in a modified form, on a larger scale than any known in capitalist society: a class seeking middle-class comfort, middle-class amusement, middle-class security (organized, if you will), basing their lives on a materialist doctrine, and, consequently, creatively sterile.

Men have been moved to create through the agency of intangible things: religion, mysticism, romance, philosophy, quest of perfect form, of abstract beauty: all rejected by the doctrinaires. Economic communism I can understand and accept. A proper dosage applied judiciously would go a long way toward eradicating the more flagrant evils due to capitalism. But Communism is not content with clearing the tree of the bugs which cover the foliage with a blight and consume the fruit. It frankly aims at pulling up the tree by the roots. And I cannot accept that Communism which forbids the play of the imagination, the natural expression of the lyrical spirit, stimulated by man's eternal dream.

We are asked to recant objective truth in the name of an economic creed. Shamelessly Communism demands a bias of the thinker, the scientist, the writer, the artist. "He (Halper)," says a writer in *The New Masses*, "is sincere, honest and struggling. The trouble with him is that he tries to be too objective and detached. . . . Every writer should have a bias. . . ." Because a Soviet school teacher had used the phrase, "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty," a charge was brought against her for "romantic" leanings. The fact that it was a quotation from a great poet did not avail: "It's opposed to correct Marxist thinking, and is not allowed."

"Not allowed!" *"Am strengst verboten!"* How revolting these words when applied to human thought! Let us by all means avail ourselves of the best ideas of Communism for the salvaging of our economic situation. But hands off the human mind! Let us not fall into the error of getting rid of what good things we have with the bad. We have a heritage of many centuries' fight for liberty, a concept which men, as Croce pertinently points out, "had not attained . . . by chance or suddenly, had not reached . . . in one leap or one flight." Are we to give it up in the twinkling of an eye for willing enslavement, told what to think and what not to think by dogmatic overlords possessed by a fixed idea? It is the worst of betrayals to yield hard-won liberties to the tyranny of edict. Come to think of it, is there not something of the get-rich-quick method about improving human nature by edict? There is no short cut to Utopia.

What, then, must we do to put our house in order? Reasonable men will not spurn old-fashioned principles and old-fashioned remedies, even if they borrow a good idea or two from the Communists. They will perhaps take measures to limit material fortunes, to turn over to the State all social utilities and services, such as railways, telegraphs, insurance, banking, hospitals, mines, etc. They will take measures to assure educations for the educatable, and provide employment for all who want it, and security in old age. These ideas have existed long before Soviet Russia came into being; Communism has no monopoly on them. Honest self-reliant Americans should not hesitate to use them. There can be no objection to the right sort of collectivism, communal cooperation stimulated by spirit rather than materialist dogma, hence flexible in its workings, allowing the individual scope for self-expression —the sort of collectivism that in the middle ages enabled architects to project great cathedrals, yet allowed the individual craftsman to carve out his own particular little corner in his own particular way.

We employ legal measures against murderers of human life, and we should not hesitate to use measures against murderers of economic life. On the other hand, it has always been the American principle not to interfere with the individual in his home, nor with his opinions, moral convictions, ideas, and there is no reason to abrogate this principle. No coercion need be used outside the economic sphere. Let the individual voice be heard. Let those who worship God be allowed to worship; no one has anything to fear from God-fearing men. Let those who cannot worship God in an age not celebrated for faith put their trust in men of character. Character, if not religion itself, is the residue left to us of religion, and the best part of it. Character is integrity, courage; common good and duty are implicit in it—the kind of duty which Robert E. Lee must have meant when he said: "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language." As Americans we should resist all alien nostrums whether they come over the signature of a Lenin, a Mussolini, or a Hitler. Even Lenin, indubitably the best of them, taught such a detestable doctrine as this: "Today is not the time to stroke people's heads; today hands descend to split skulls, split them open ruthlessly." We must believe men to be utterly vile to believe this.

Above all, it seems to me, we need men, of faith, of vision, of character, of first principles, but with a knowledge of modern conditions and modern needs. I cannot help but believe with a passionate faith, undaunted by a life of disillusion, that the right man coming to us at the right time, moved by the right spirit and using the right words, could perform miracles among us undreamed of by alien purveyors of Odin-worship and of Five-Year plans. He may have his work cut out for him. It may be slow and arduous. A whole generation may have to be morally re-educated. It may sound absurd to our materialists, but what we stand badly in need of is not a man with a five-year plan, or even with two of them; but a man with at least a five-hundred-year plan, or even with a five-thousand-year plan; for eternal moral values are at stake, and we are now paying for their neglect. Men we want, always men, not dogmas!

I must risk being called a reactionary. Yet under Communism—or Fascism—I may find myself a revolutionary. Such things have lost their meaning.

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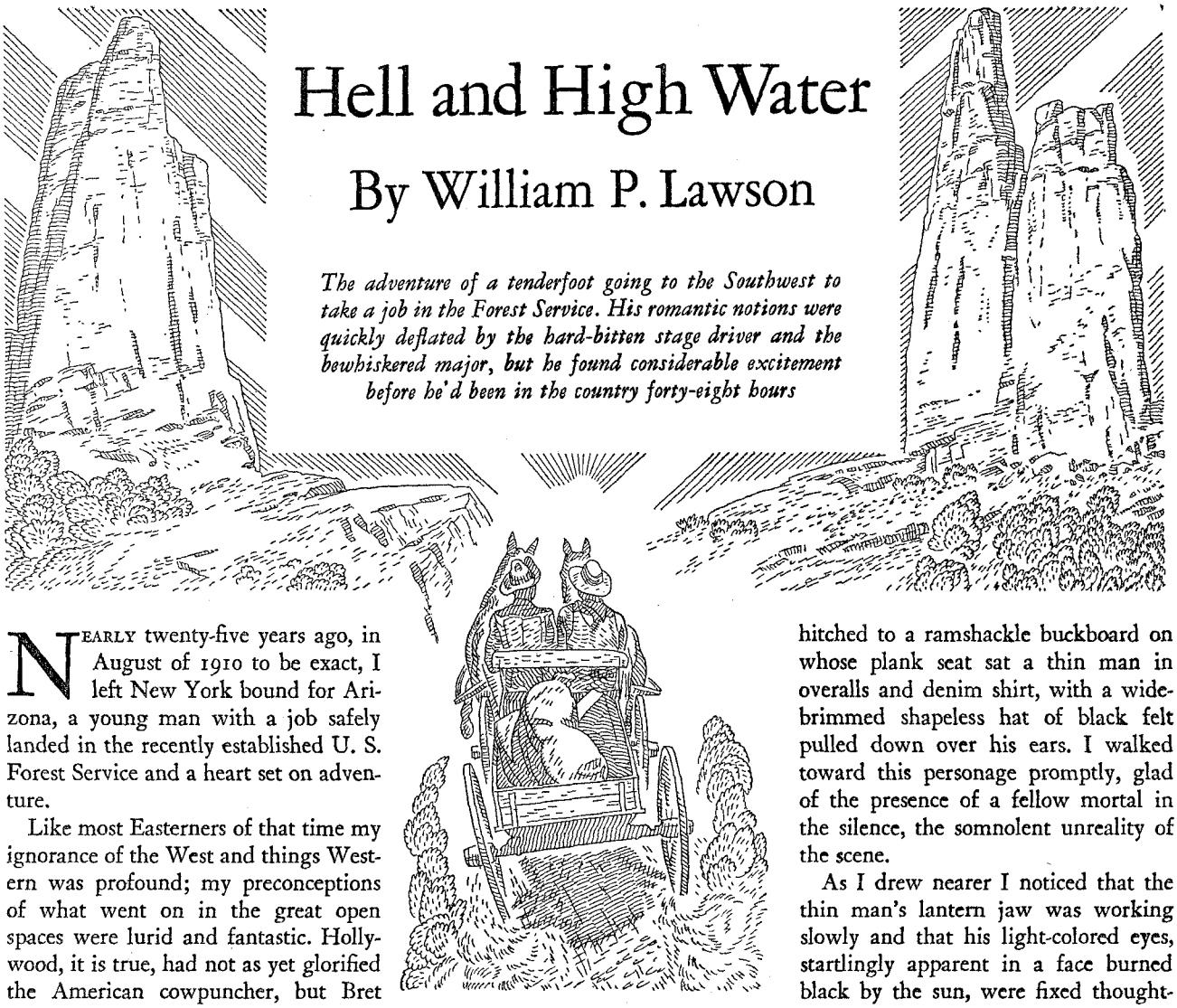

Hell and High Water

By William P. Lawson

The adventure of a tenderfoot going to the Southwest to take a job in the Forest Service. His romantic notions were quickly deflated by the hard-bitten stage driver and the bewhiskered major, but he found considerable excitement before he'd been in the country forty-eight hours

NEARLY twenty-five years ago, in August of 1910 to be exact, I left New York bound for Arizona, a young man with a job safely landed in the recently established U. S. Forest Service and a heart set on adventure.

Like most Easterners of that time my ignorance of the West and things Western was profound; my preconceptions of what went on in the great open spaces were lurid and fantastic. Hollywood, it is true, had not as yet glorified the American cowpuncher, but Bret Harte, Owen Wister, and various anonymous dime novelists had done a fairly good job of press-agenting their version of the wild and woolly. In consequence partly of this fact, partly of a congenital innocence of outlook, my mind was filled with a strange medley as I rode West: blue-eyed, two-gun range riders; fleet, one-man broncs; pallid gamblers; rip-roaring desperados; Indians; cowgirls; gold and red licker—a glamorous jumble that outshone the sunset and made the painted hills seem pale. This, of course, was before I had travelled very far along the iron road that led, I was convinced, to realms of pure romance.

At a little after ten one cloudless morning I climbed down from the train onto a warped wooden platform, blinking in the glare of sunlight that blazed from the white-hot sky. The conductor highballed, the train pulled out, and at once stillness descended like a shroud on the station, on the nondescript collection of shacks that was the town of Holbrook, on the brown plain that stretched away in all directions from that unlovely nucleus. Silence, accentuated by the receding rumble of the train, became profound.

Presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the glare I was aware of a pair of ponies, dust-covered and gaunt, hitched to a ramshackle buckboard on whose plank seat sat a thin man in overalls and denim shirt, with a wide-brimmed shapeless hat of black felt pulled down over his ears. I walked toward this personage promptly, glad of the presence of a fellow mortal in the silence, the somnolent unreality of the scene.

As I drew nearer I noticed that the thin man's lantern jaw was working slowly and that his light-colored eyes, startlingly apparent in a face burned black by the sun, were fixed thoughtfully on me. I noticed more—in the dark and leathery skin of nose and cheeks were many spots like freckles, but of a bright blue color.

"Where can I find the stage for Springerville?" I asked.

I spoke rather curtly, being worried. Art Dixon, a former classmate of mine who was now District Forester at Albuquerque and through whom I had secured my ranger appointment, had wired ahead so that I would be sure of connecting with the sole conveyance that went south from Holbrook and I dreaded a possible flaw in the arrangement.

But the man on the buckboard

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showed no resentment at my brusque tone. He pulled his big hat a fraction of an inch farther down over his eyes, squirted a stream of tobacco juice past the off wheel and asked casually:

"You heading for Springerville?"

I nodded.

"It's headquarters for the Apache National Forest, you know, where I'm going to work. I'm—er—connected with the Government."

I suppose I spoke importantly, because at the time I felt my ranger appointment *was* important. But the man on the buckboard seemed unimpressed. He spat once more, judicially, moved over on the plank seat and said: "Climb in!"

I stared, including in the glance the motionless horses, the decrepit vehicle, and the thoroughly implausible driver.

"Is this the stage?" I asked lamely.

"Shore is."

I threw a hasty glance toward my dufflebag and bedroll which had been dumped off the baggage car when the train paused.

"How about giving me a hand with those things?" I suggested.

The driver cocked an eye at them, then regarded his ill-favored steeds with a solicitous air.

"I wouldn't hardly want to leave these hosses that long," he demurred; "they mought act up."

"They don't look particularly dangerous," I retorted with attempted irony.

The driver wagged his head.

"Looks," he said mildly, "is sometimes deceiving."

I dragged my things over and hoisted them into the rear compartment of the buckboard, which gave under their weight.

"Where is everybody?" I inquired as I climbed up on the seat. I had heard that Holbrook was a shipping center for cattle and had imagined a prosperous and bustling community. It looked dead at the moment—moribund at least.

The lank driver gazed indifferently about.

"If you mean the fellers that live here," he said, "they're likely minding their own business. It's one of the chief industries of this Western country."

He clucked at the team which reluctantly came out of its trance and shuffled off towards the largest of the nearby buildings, a two-story frame structure with a sign: "General Merchandise," across the front.

"Got to git the mail sack," my companion vouchsafed, "then we'll be starting." He added as if by an afterthought: "We won't git to Hunt, the first stop, till nigh sundown so if you figger you'll feel ga'ant in between you'd best pack a lunch. Jud Rowe at the store kin fix you up something."

Before the store stood two or three ponies built on the same general lines as our team. Their heads hung low and their eyes were tight shut. Bridle reins had been flung loose on the ground—the local method, as I learned later, of hitching a "broke" horse. While the driver got his mail bag I entered the store and approached the counter.

Several men lounged about in easy postures, dressed as was the stage driver in faded overalls and cotton shirts, high-heeled boots and wide-brimmed felt hats. Everybody and everything seemed to be covered with a palpable coating of fine white dust.

I had heard voices when I stepped on the porch but these stopped as I entered. All eyes were on me, solemnly appraising.

I wondered suddenly if I had been misinformed as to the appropriateness of my attire, which I had bought before leaving New York at a well-known sporting goods house on the recommendation of a helpful clerk to whom I had confided my destination. I wore khaki riding breeches and a Norfolk coat, high-laced hunting boots and a Rough Rider hat with the brim fastened up at one side. My shirt was white and a knotted red silk handkerchief about the neck lent a touch of color to the ensemble.

From the rapt air with which the men in the store eyed me I suspected that they were intrigued by this outfit. But I tried not to feel self-conscious and asked a stout man in shirt sleeves who stood behind the counter if he could put me up a lunch.

He nodded, his slightly prominent eyes travelling up and down my person curiously.

"You the ranger feller they wired about—going to Springerville?"

I confessed that such was the case and the stout man produced a box of soda crackers and a can of sardines.

"Some likes a can of tomatters too," he suggested. "Nothing like tomatters if a feller gits drouthy."

I thanked him and added tomatters. Then I asked him, as man to man, if he thought the team outside was capable of taking us where we were bound.

His eyes stuck out a little farther, but otherwise his expression did not change.

"Hell, yes," he said shortly, "it ain't but a hundred mile or such a matter. Make it in three days."

As I turned to leave, my informant added: "You got a good careful driver too. Powder-face Tom's been making the route for three-four years now, ever since he got back from the jam he was into in Old Mexico."

It was the first time I had heard the stage driver's name mentioned and at once the nature of his odd disfigurement, the blue spots on his face, became clear.

I nodded acknowledgment of the information and going outside took my seat on the stage. We started off with a rattle of wheels and a flurry of dust, the driver waving his whip and cursing fluently and the ponies trotting along at a gait of at least five or six miles an hour. But as soon as we had left town and were headed south across the plain toward a distant range of hills looming beyond, both driver and team relaxed and we moved slowly in the shuffling running walk I surmised was the usual gait of the horses.

The road was but faintly marked, mere wheel tracks on the hard ground. It is different now, of course. A federal highway runs over the same route and modern cars make the run that took us days, in a few hours' time.

The ponies ambled onward, the buckboard jolted and creaked, the sun blazed down and recoiled from the baked earth in heat waves that made the landscape quiver and squirm grotesquely. Little dust devils spun up from the road. I found myself squinting painfully against the insufferable glare. Easy, I thought, to understand now why every one I'd seen in the West had tiny sun-wrinkles about the eyes, why faces were lobster red or tanned to a mahogany hue, lips dry and cracked from the moistureless air and alkali.

We seemed to be travelling over a vast mummied land, only ourselves and the team vital. There was no sound but the subdued creaking of the wagon

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and the soft thud-thud of the horses' hoofs. No shade or spot of color broke the monotone of tawny ground that stretched away interminably on every hand. The vast spaces and the impression of gigantesque immobility which the land held had an overpowering effect. A human creature living here must feel, I surmised, of necessity small and inconsequential. How, I wondered, could one maintain a working sense of self-importance in the elemental silence of these hills and plains?

My driver had displayed a consistently aloof mien since we started. He sat hunched over, an elbow on one knee and the reins held laxly, sunk apparently in a brown study.

Oppressed by the scene and the continued silence I asked at length:

"How long have you been out in God's country, Tom?"

He threw me a brief antipathetic glance.

"Meaning this here State we're in now?"

I nodded.

"They claim," Tom said gloomily, "the Lord made the world in six days and then swept up the trash and tossed it to one side and after a spell folks came along and called it Arizona."

He pulled out a jew's-harp and wrapping the reins around the whip socket began to play the thing interminably. I was wondering if it would be all right to get out and walk when my companion ceased and waved a loose-jointed arm off to the left.

"Yonder's the pettified forest," he announced.

"The what?" I asked mystified.

"The pettified forest. Trees turned into stone. Leastways they claim they was trees once."

I took his word for it, and we did not stop. After a bit the speaker resumed:

"You was speaking of my hosses a while back, like you didn't figure they was right peart critters. Well, they been going past this place now off and on for sev'el years and I was thinking mebbe it was sniffin' the wind off them pettified trees that mought of stiffened up their joints like."

I concluded that my remark about the ponies, back at the station, had hurt the driver's feelings. I'd heard Westerners were inclined to be touchy about their saddle stock and thought perhaps it was the same way with harness animals.

"I'm beginning to like the team better now," I lied.

Powder-face Tom nodded complacently.

"They got brains, that's all. They know we got plenty of time and they don't aim to kill theirselves just to make a showing."

"Intelligence," I agreed, "is more praiseworthy than brute strength."

Once more my companion nodded, this time as if pleased.

"You ain't such a plumb knothead yourself," he conceded. "I was mistook at first, on account of the clothes."

"Why, what's wrong with them?"

Tom looked me over slowly, as if to confirm a previous judgment.

"Nothing," he shrugged finally, "only they ain't fittin'. They stand out like."

I thought that over.

"I'm new out here," I confessed, "and I've got a lot to learn. I'd appreciate it if you'd give me a line on things I ought to know, so I won't get off on the wrong foot."

The driver promptly unbent. Having decided apparently that I wasn't uppity he became as loquacious as he had been taciturn. The hours as a result passed quickly.

Almost before I realized it the sun was sinking on our right, a huge copper ball, and the mountains ahead which all day had mocked us by their illusive retreat as we advanced began to loom larger and to reveal details of rocks and stunted trees obscured before by distance.

The mountains grew tall and swallowed us when at length we entered their shaded confines. Dusk drew down, then night came suddenly like the clapping on of a great pan lid. Canyon walls rose steep on either hand, shutting out the plain and all but a narrow strip of sky. The air, ovenlike all day, abruptly took on a thin, frigid quality.

"Cold?" asked my companion suddenly, for I had shivered.

"Chilly."

"Gets right sharp after sundown. The air in this high altitude's too thin to hold the heat."

He cracked his whip over the horses and broke into a lugubrious song every other line of which was, "Git along little dogies!" After enduring twenty or thirty verses I interrupted with a question. I'd been curious on the score of the driver's odd disfigurement and though aware that inquisitiveness was accounted a vice locally I felt that a rebuff couldn't be any worse than the music. So I asked:

"Do you mind telling me how you had your—er—accident? Mr. Rowe at the store said they call you Powder-face Tom. I've been wondering if there isn't a story attached to it."

My companion stopped singing and gloomed at me reproachfully, though I had a feeling that most of his apparent displeasure was assumed.

"Ain't you learnt yet," he demanded, "that it ain't considered fittin' hereabouts to ask nothing concerning a feller's pers'nal history?"

"Sorry."

"Oh," he relented quickly, "they ain't no real harm done, now we're acquainted. I got you sized up for a right well-meaning idjit. Answerin' your queery, I got these here powder marks in the face by a gun exploding backwards."

He paused. The road had plunged into deeper woods and we drove through darkness, with now and then a faint gleam from the stars sifting in. My companion's voice when it came sounded hollow and phantasmal, as if itself might be a product of the encircling night.

" 'Twas down in Old Mexico, some years back when the cattle business was better and fellers up here were buying anything on the hoof. So me and a bunch used to drop down and rustle us a bunch of Mexican steers every once in so often, driving them up acrost the Rio Grande at night. Sometimes, of course, we'd spat with the vaqueros guarding stock, and it was at one of them times when I was riding rear guard shooting back at the men follering, that the carbine I had blew out the breech and blinded me. I couldn't see nothing, for a fact; and about then my hoss put his foot in a gopher hole unbeknownst and after that I didn't *know* nothing."

It was Tom's habit, I had observed, to stop at the crisis of a narrative and wait, with an air of having finished, for some expression of impatience on the part of his audience.

"My gosh!" I ejaculated, according to the ritual. "What happened then?"

"Oh, when I come out of it I was

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lying on the ground with my ankles chained together and the chain fastened to an iron ball. I got onto that by feeling. In a day or two when it got so I could see something I found I was laying in a little dobey jail, with a barred window high in one wall. I was there for two-three months, hand-running. I believe I'd of gone plumb loco if it hadn't of been for the cockroaches."

"Cockroaches?"

"Shore. Big ones—long as your thumb. Y'see, the way of it was somebody let down a jug of water and tortillas once a day through that window, and the tortillas was what brung the bugs, I wouldn't wonder. I used to watch 'em fighting for crumbs and it kind of tickled me, watching them—give me a sort of feller feeling like I wasn't so much alone as I'd thought. It don't do for a feller to be alone too long. Makes him ree'lize he's jest a caswell visitor on this here Earth—not a perm'nent resident.

"Well, to git back to the roaches, they was several I noticed more rugged like than the rest and they got to sort of hoggin' the food. So I figured I mought as well learn 'em manners, long as I hadn't nothing better to do. And I made a row of marks on the floor in a semi-circle and put a crumb of tortilla six inches or so in front of each mark, then taught them critters to line up on their marks and not move till I give the signal, with the rest of the herd settin' round admiring, watching the pe'formance."

I glanced at Tom's face but it was still in deep shadow and I couldn't see it very well. His voice sounded serious enough.

"Mean to say you had those creatures trained?" I demanded.

"Shore did. It took a lot of time, I'll admit, but that was one thing I had a great plenty of, at the moment. If one of my squad made a break I'd snap him in the nose with my finger till he conquested his nerviousness, and if any of 'em ackshully rebelled agin discipline I'd squ'sh him and promote a candidate from the ranks."

"Well!" I said.

"Yessir," replied Tom, "and it was plumb interesting to watch them bugs drilling thataway, if you'll believe it. The minute they heard the jug of water scraping on the wall they'd run out and line up on their marks, with the rest bunched up respectful, watching. Then I'd lay out the scraps of tortillas, meanwhile mebbe smashing a keerless roach or two whose appetite had overcame his jedgment. Then, waiting while they stood there trem'ling with eagerness I'd snap my fingers sudden for a signal and they'd dash out and wrastle them tortilla chips around to a fare-thee-well, whilst I scattered a few pieces of loose bread amongst the rest as a reward for behavin' thereselves during the show. I often wished I'd brought the bunch along when I left, because they *has* been fellers doubted what I been telling you."

"How did you escape finally?" I asked, for Tom had fallen into a fit of prolonged abstraction.

"Oh, that was easy enough. Them fellers I'd been working with got onto where I was in time and paid a Mexican to git the jailor drunk. Then this Mexican took the jailor's keys and let me out, bringing along a hoss and six gun and a file to cut the chains. So all I had to do was ride north till I hit the Rio Grande. Next year—bein' used to captiv'ty as you mought say—I got married and settled down to this stage-driving job, and I been at it ever since . . . An' that reminds me—we'll be into Hunt directly. It's jest over the next ridge."

We spent that night at Hunt and started early on the second day's journey, which would bring us to the town of St. Johns. The day after, I was told, we should reach Springerville and the Apache Forest whither I was bound.

We were working to higher levels during this second day's trip. It was cooler than it had been on the plains below and heavier vegetation made the land seem more alive. The wild mountain country and the sharp, eager air made my blood tingle. I was inclined to sentimentalize on the score of nature's beauty as we drove along, a mood which brought a shake of the head and a grim smile to Tom's weatherbeaten face.

"Nature," he said in his slow drawl, "is a good deal like some gals I've known—purty in the face and gay when the sap's running, but lacking a heart o' mercy. You don't never want to let one of that kind of gals—or nature—git you down. Because why—they ain't no let up *to* them."

From the ample storehouse of his

experience Tom drew instances of nature's harsh method: storms, forest fires, snow and frost; and drought, the most terrible of calamities in this arid land where cattle died on the hoof by thousands and the whole region was impoverished for years. But I was young and inexperienced in tragedy. Tom's yarns did not, I'm afraid, produce just the effect intended. They seemed—I was so callous at this time—romantic.

We reached St. Johns a little before sundown. It was a sleepy looking town with tree-bordered streets and adobe houses. The court house (for this was the county seat) was a two-story adobe building with white-washed walls. As we came up we saw a crowd about the door and at one side seated on the ground were several Indians, clad scantily in buckskin and moccasins.

These Indians were vastly different from the fat, tame looking Pueblos I had seen selling pottery on the station platform in Albuquerque. These were thin and hard-muscled, with aquiline features and quick-glancing eyes. Nearby stood a bunch of gaunt ponies and a pile of guns, under guard.

"Hi," exclaimed Tom, "looks like something's up. Reckon we best stop and git the rights of it."

I pressed forward when we had climbed out, staring at the wild-looking group who seemed gratifyingly like pictures I had seen of their kind. They were undeniably dirty—greasy and unkempt—but there was, or so I imagined, an admirably scornful aloofness in posture and expression which set them apart from the whites gathered about.

"Wonder what they've got on their minds?" I asked, trying to convey by my tone something of the faint awe I felt.

The unimpressed Tom snorted disgustedly.

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"Nothing," he replied promptly, "only meanness."

After a meditative pause he added:

"Did you ever see a dog settin' like he was thinking deep—and then all of a sudden give a snap at some fly he's been watching the hull time? That's the way with them Injuns. That settin' and looking wiser'n a treeful of owls is just a habit of theirn to hide their orneryness. It don't signify."

He turned and started for the courthouse.

"Let's go see what's doing?"

From an idler by the porch we learned that the braves had been brought in by a forest ranger who had found them off the reservation killing deer. We pushed our way in and saw the judge, a pile of deerskins on the bench beside him, talking to a tall buck with the aid of an interpreter. At one side stood one of the oddest figures I'd ever laid eyes on.

This was a short man with the face and figure of a boy and the hirsuteness of a grandfather. His features were chubby, a button of a nose and round blue eyes. His eyebrows were bushy and a long grey beard, stained with tobacco juice, flowed out and around the lower half of his face, concealing it effectually. With a pillow in the right spot he would have made a wonderful Santa Claus.

"Who on earth is that?" I gasped, then stood staring, for I noted suddenly that the queer person was clad in a uniform of olive drab, with a bronze badge bearing the insignia of the Forest Service pinned to the lapel of his coat.

Tom grinned as he observed my confusion.

"Compadre of yourn—or will be, I reckon. Name of Major Chapman, one of the forestry men from Springerville. Funny looking jigger, but he's right well liked. Got any God's quannity of sand. He's a relict of the Spanish-American War. Jined as a mule skinner, though he lets on he was an officer. That's why they call him Major."

The judge raised his voice just then, so we paused to listen.

"You're caught *in flagrante delictu*, Cowbell," he shouted at the tall buck, "which in English means red-handed." He swung to the interpreter and said in an ordinary conversational tone: "Tell him that, Juan!"

The interpreter rattled off a string of Spanish words. The Indian stared impassively.

"You and your amigos are fined fifty dollars each and the hides," the judge yelled, and paused. "But tell him," he added when the interpreter had repeated this, "that sentence is suspended and they won't have to pay anything if they'll get the hell out of town and back to the reservation. We ain't," he concluded mildly, "got room in the jail for that herd of bucks. Besides which they'd likely leave it lousy, which would be a cruel though mebbe not so derned unusual punishment for the other felons."

The Indian grinned and nodded understandingly when this was translated, and Major Chapman got red and tried to argue. But the judge cut him short.

"What's eatin' on you?" he asked sharply. "You done got a trip to town and give the Injuns a scare and no harm did. Don't be plumb onreasonable. This here Court's adjourned!"

The crowd made for the door and Tom and I went along. A little later, at my request, we looked up the major and I introduced myself as a recruit for the Apache.

The old man, wiping his moist brow with a bandanna, glanced at me appraisingly from faded blue eyes.

"Green," he pronounced succinctly. "Green as the grass that withereth."

So saying he turned on his heel and walked purposefully up the street toward a saloon in the distance.

I repaired to the St. Johns House and asked for a room with bath. The clerk's eyes popped.

"There's a washbasin an' pitcher in the room," he said. "You can rub off with them if you're feeling plumb grimy."

It was in my mind that I'd seen the last of the major for the time being, but in this I was wrong. Next morning Tom appeared bright and early with a new team that looked like a couple of poor relations of the old one and said briskly, with a cheerful grin:

"He's on one, shore enough. I didn't tell you he was a periodic rum wrastler, did I?"

"Who are you talking about?" I asked.

The lank driver stared.

"Why, the major, of course. Been up in Juan's place all night. Loaded for bear now, they tell me."

I reflected that the major was a ranger and that the principle of *esprit de corps* should obtain at this juncture.

"I'll see if I can't get him on his feet," I decided. "If you don't mind stopping there a minute on our way."

Tom shrugged.

"Suit yourself, though if it was me I'd let the old feller have his time out in peace. He may not take it kindly, us hornin' in."

As it happened, the major when discovered was incapable of protestation. We found him seated by a table in Juan's bar with his head on his arms, dead to the world. When I shook him he muttered inarticulately, but did not move.

"The señor," said Juan ingratiatingly, "he lose mooch sleep. He need rest."

"He needs to get sobered up and back on the job," I retorted. "Where's his horse?"

It had been left in a nearby corral, Juan said; he would dispatch his young son José to saddle it and bring it here. No money was needed, since the major's credit was good. His "times," the bartender implied, were regarded by the populace as natural phenomena, as inevitably recurrent as the seasonal rains.

I turned to the slumbering man, wondering if a bucket of water might not revive him. Tom, who had stood by with a half grin on his face, suggested beer as being a more plentiful commodity. But Juan had already slopped out a half pail of the more precious fluid and this I poured over the major's head, rubbing it vigorously into hair and beard.

"Whasma'er?" he gasped, choking and sputtering.

His eyes opened and he blinked and rose groggily, clutching at the table for support. Juan hastened up with a

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huge drink of whiskey, which the sufferer downed promptly.

The drink seemed to help him. His eyes cleared slightly and he stood straighter.

"Got to get back to Spring'ville," he announced portentously. "Where's my horsh?"

By this time it was outside, José, a slim, dark-haired *muchacho,* holding it proudly by the bridle. Disdaining aid, the major moved unsteadily toward the door.

"He can't ride in that condition," I said to Tom uneasily, "he'll break his fool neck."

"Leave him alone," returned the other testily, "ain't you learned yet a feller out here likes to stand on his own feet—long as he can, anyway?"

The old man moved toward his horse, a nervous black that eyed him warily. Taking the reins from José he grasped the pommel with his left hand and with his right held the stirrup and succeeded after one or two miscues in getting his foot in it. Then with a herculean effort he pulled himself up and swung his right leg over.

He was in the saddle at last—but briefly, for in passing his right foot had raked the horse's back and the animal promptly reared and buck-jumped. The major shot over his head, hung for a split-second in mid-air asprawl like a frog, and landed heavily on the hard ground.

I ran forward and raised his head. His eyes were closed, but he was breathing.

"Is he badly hurt, do you suppose?" I asked Tom.

"Hurt—him?" scoffed the stage driver. "Hell, no! . . . Got the wind knocked out of him, that's all. H'ist him up on the stage and tie the hoss behind. The old rascal'll be all right once he gits his sleep out."

Together we deposited the unconscious man in the buckboard, pillowing his head on the mail sack. But when we tried to tie the black to the tailboard he objected.

"Mebbe you'd best ride him a spell," Tom suggested, "till he gets feelin' less peart."

So I mounted, somewhat dubiously, but the horse behaved well enough and we started off in a cloud of dust, Tom enlivening the way with a burst of song and cracking his long whip cheerfully over his sad-looking team.

To me the stage driver's attitude seemed somewhat lacking in the milk of human kindness. No doubt the major was to blame for his plight and deserved all that was coming to him; but that didn't make him any the less a sick man and as such a proper subject for condolence. I had yet to learn that sympathy in affliction, especially when self-induced, is a sentiment foreign to the frontier code.

But the sight of the major, senseless and breathing stertorously, and the sound of Tom's voice raised in song, became more and more incongruously irritating as we progressed.

"I think I'll ride on ahead," I suggested at last, "just for variety's sake."

"All right with me," Tom assented, "though I don't reckon you'll get much vari'ty—they's only the one road."

Nevertheless I felt a lot better when I had kicked the black into a lope and left the stage and its dolorous freight behind.

For an hour or more I rode in advance of the slow-moving buckboard, keeping the horse mostly in a trot. Soon I had passed out of sight of the wagon and was journeying alone, in a wilderness of brush and trees. I felt a pleasant sense of exploration as I rode along the dimly marked route through woods of dark green pines, or emerged suddenly on an open hillside where a far vista of plain and mountains revealed itself, or threaded some winding canyon downhill to its mouth.

A longer canyon than usual debouched on a wide mesa on which cattle were grazing. Off to the right two cowboys with ropes awhirl were riding down a calf, and I was on the point of loping over to watch them when I became aware of a stream ahead and to the left. It was a small stream winding across the plain, shining in the sun like a silver snake.

At once conscious of the fact that I was thirsty, I turned the black toward this stream to get a drink before joining the men across the road, and discovered as I drew near that the channel was narrow—ten or twelve feet only—and flowed through a wide bed of white sand, which no doubt was filled with water during rains.

The banks on either side of this river bed were low, hardly a foot above the smooth surface of sand, and devoid of vegetation other than scant grasses. I was surprised when my horse showed an unmistakable reluctance to take off at the edge, and I kicked him impatiently forward.

He whirled to one side and the other, then reared. Finally, these maneuvers availing nothing, with a protesting snort he sprang straight out on the sandy bed. To my dismay he sank to the fetlocks in the supposedly firm surface and the next moment was floundering desperately, going deeper every second.

The sand shook and oozed water, the black threshed about vainly, unable to go forward or back. The sand prisoned his legs, reached to his belly. Instinctively I jerked my feet from the stirrups and climbed on the saddle, balancing precariously. Then, with a quick glance behind I leaped for the bank, still only a few feet distant.

I hit the bank with arms and body, my feet dragging in the sand. Quickly I pulled myself to safety and turned to stare at the unfortunate animal who was now so deeply bogged that he could not move. His back muscles jerked, his head and neck were thrust out, his distended eyeballs rolled. Then he seemed to relax and stop struggling. He began to squeal with terror—a horrid, nerve-rending sound.

It was obviously a matter of seconds only before the sand would close above his head, and I could do nothing, though I felt a frantic desire to aid him. I was cursing wildly and half-crying with impotent rage. Then suddenly I stopped and listened, for I heard the swift beat of hoofs approaching.

In a flash I remembered the cowboys I had seen across the road and, glancing around, was aware of a horseman with a whirling rope coming up like a tornado. When he reached the bank he jerked his mount to its haunches and launched the rope. The noose circled out and settled over the head of the black. The rope grew taut as the cowboy, dallying it about his saddle horn, backed his pony quickly.

The head and neck of the buried horse were drawn slowly back till it seemed as if either the rope or the beast's neckbones must give. But he had stopped squealing and was fighting now. The pull on the rope gave him a new purchase, before lacking. His back muscles swelled, his neck strained against the rope, his forequarters rose

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out of the clinging sand. His forelegs appeared, pawing the air madly. Then, twisting his body, he turned and lunged toward the bank.

He sank in again but this time facing the bank and perceptibly nearer. The cowboy on the bank had taken up the slack expertly. His pony backed quickly, legs stiff, back rounded with effort. The horse in the sand was struggling, working nearer inch by inch. Soon his forefeet tore at the bank; he got them on top. His hindquarters emerged. Slowly but surely he drew himself from the slough till with a final effort he scrambled up the bank and stood with head hanging and lungs working, every visible muscle in his frame quivering as if with an ague.

The cowboy, slowly recoiling his rope, looked me over coolly. He was a chunky, heavy-featured man of about thirty with a two-day beard on cheeks and chin.

"How come you to get in that there quicksand?" He drawled. "Only for me hearin' yore hoss squalin' he'd of been a goner shore."

The episode had somewhat unnerved me. A quick rush of resentment at the other's critical attitude was, in a way, a relief.

"How in the devil would I know it was quicksand?" I snapped. "It looked like any other sand to me."

The cowboy's impassive face did not change in the least. He seemed to be wholly without nerves.

"There'd have been hoofprints in it if 'twas solid—cattle going to water." He paused, his eyes on me. "Stranger, I reckon?"

I nodded, my sudden wrath evaporated. It had of course been my fault —at least the fault of ignorance. And but for the quick action of the horseman the major's black must have been lost.

"Sorry," I said. "I ought to thank you for coming over so promptly. I know the horse would, if he could!"

He glanced at the black, which was now, thanks to a smooth coating of wet sand, more nearly the color of a buckskin.

"Best let him breathe a mite—then rub him off."

He turned his head as a clatter of hoofs sounded. The second puncher was riding over to see what was up.

"Yonder's my partner—had to wait to hogtie a calf we'd just roped. We was range branding."

He explained what had happened to the newcomer, a younger man with freckles and red hair who seemed disappointed at missing the fun. Then he turned once more to me.

"We've got a camp over on the ridge. Stop over if you'd like—make yoreself coffee. Wouldn't hurt the hoss none to rest. Yours, is he?"

He was gazing at me intently as he put the query. His face seemed to relax when I explained that the black belonged to the major, who ought to be along any minute, and that I was due to board the stage when it caught up.

"Thought he looked like the major's —got the same build, but it's hard to tell when nothing but his eyes is the natural color."

As he spoke I saw the stage coming out of the woods above and we all went to meet it, the two cow waddies horseback, myself on foot and leading the blown black by the bridle reins.

When we neared the stage it stopped and I saw a short upright figure, the apparently revivified major, seated beside the driver. His face was screwed up in the effort to make out what had happened.

"Is that my hoss you got there?" he demanded suddenly. "Great jumpin' Jehosifat—what you been doing to him?"

His red-rimmed eyes were snapping wrathfully, his bushy eyebrows were drawn down. Every hair in his beard seemed to quiver with rage.

The cowboy who had ridden to the rescue put in mildly: "They got bogged down, major. There wasn't no danger signs posted on them quicksands and this young feller rid smack into them. But you needn't to take on less yore a mind to—the hoss ain't hurt none."

The old man scrambled down from the buckboard and ran to his horse.

"Gosh-a-mighty! Mean to say you ain't got gumption enough to tell quicksand when you see it?"

I started to reply but realized quickly that the question was rhetorical and maintained a discreet silence while the major removed the black's saddle and began to rub him off with the blanket.

Then I saw Tom beckoning to me and climbed up on the seat beside him.

"Let the old feller rave," he counselled, "it'll do him good. He was feelin' plumb sorry for himself till this come up—now he's got somethin' to worrit over besides his headache."

And the major was raving—though mostly to himself now. The two punchers, having greeted Tom, were watching the ancient ranger with faintly amused expressions. I took the opportunity to inspect them more narrowly than before, and was conscious of the same sort of vague disappointment I had felt on reaching Holbrook.

They were, I imagined, typical cow hands—sun-browned, big-hatted, wearing high-heeled boots and chaps. But as I stared at them moodily I felt they lacked the romantic quality with which I had credited their kind before coming West.

Like much else in the Western scene viewed at close quarters they seemed, so to speak, shopworn and dingy, lacking the sparkle and sheen of the ideal. Their leather chaps were discolored, their boots white with dust. They wore no guns, their manner was amiably commonplace; they seemed prosaic and workmanlike. Being young, I wondered anxiously if the bright hues of things imagined fade thus always and inevitably when seen with the eye not of faith but of actuality.

Concerned suddenly for the safety of certain cherished illusions I turned to the major, who clumped up at that moment, leading his black. I had admired the old man's capture of the Indians, which I thought a quite heroic exploit in the circumstances and hoped vaguely, I suppose, that I might gain the support from him which I had failed to find in fact.

"In the Forest Service," I said quickly, "one has lots of—er—adventures, I imagine. Isn't that so, major?"

Powder-face Tom snorted invidiously. The major fixed me with a bilious eye.

"Adventures—huh! . . . You can call 'em that if you want. But the right name out here for what generally happens is hell and high water." He added after a moment's dark rumination: "It's what you got to do your work in spite of, to make good."

I thought that over, not too cheerfully. But then I thought: it's only a matter of definition after all; the chief difference between hard luck and adventure lies in one's personal attitude toward them.

The conclusion cheered me notably. I still think it and it still cheers me—if the point is of interest—twenty-five years later.

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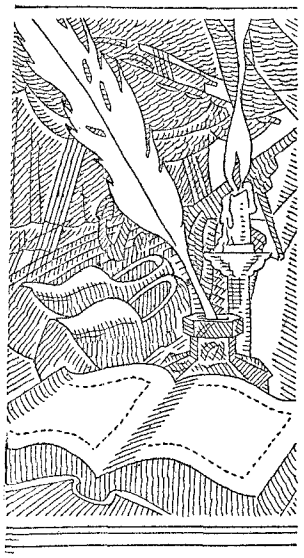
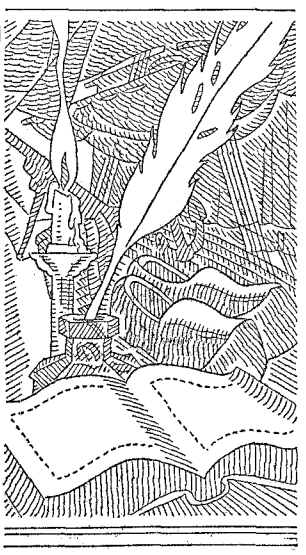


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Lord David Cecil and Victorian Novelists . . . The North Pole, London, California . . . Concerning Two Writing Members of Parliament . . . Sources of *The Children's Hour*

Lord David Cecil is one of the ablest literary critics in Great Britain. Here follows his biography, taken from the 1935 edition of *Who's Who.*

Cecil, Lord (Edward Christian) David; Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford; *b.* 9 Apr. 1902; *yr.s.* of 4th Marquess of Salisbury, *q.v.*, m. 1932, Rachel, *o.d.* of Desmond MacCarthy, *q.v. Publication:* Life of Cowper, 1929; *Address:* 21 Arlington Street, S. W. 1.

As he is only thirty-three, and already the author of two first-rate books, and combines in some excellent fashion brilliance with solid common sense, he should become the leading literary critic of 1950.

His book on William Cowper, called in America *The Stricken Deer,* is wholly admirable; and admirable indeed was the selection of such a subject by a man in his twenties. It seems he is not looking for strange material or has any wish to attract attention by oddities; for although Cowper was at times insane, Lord David Cecil's treatment of him is invariably not only sane, but sympathetic.

And now appears one of the best books on English novelists of the nineteenth century that I have ever read; and I confidently recommend it to Scribnerians, knowing they will get as much enjoyment and enlightenment from it as I have. This is a volume of about 340 pages, called *Early Victorian Novelists. Essays in Revaluation.*

The chapters are as follows: As They Look to the Reader, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights,* Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot. There is an Index.

The following questions were in my mind as I took up the book and opened at the first page. Why is Dickens, who has always been popular, rated so much higher by competent critics today than at any previous time during the last hundred years? Why do so many critics and novelists regard him as the greatest of British novelists? Why has Thackeray fallen so (comparatively) low? How shall we account for the appeal still made to readers in 1935 by the stilted, impossible literary style of Charlotte Brontë? Why is it that most competent critics today regard *Wuthering Heights* as one of the greatest works in English fiction? Why is that book not in the least old-fashioned, whereas all of Charlotte's books are just that? Is Mrs. Gaskell worth including among these seven writers? Why should Anthony Trollope be so highly regarded and so widely read today, when so much praise is lavished on D. H. Lawrence, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway? Was Trollope really a great writer? What is the matter with George Eliot? She paid far more attention to psycho-analysis and general diagnosis than any of her immediate predecessors or contemporaries; she ought to be therefore more widely read today than they; but the contrary is true. She is sadly neglected, and her books are covered with dust.

Well, these are the questions ably, honestly, impartially and often brilliantly discussed in this book. Lord David Cecil believes that one reason for the general disparagement today of Victorian writers is because they belonged to the age just past; he believes that there has invariably been an unfavorable reaction of this kind and that after a number of years "a period passes from shadow into the sunless impartial daylight of history, its books to be surveyed in perspective with the rest of literature, to be judged as personally or as little personally as those of the Greeks and Hebrews. . . . Now the first thin rays of the dawn have begun to strike the nineteenth century. Tennyson is admired again; it is Conrad not Carlyle whom the lively Rhadamanthuses of our weekly reviews are condemning to everlasting oblivion."

One might not entirely agree with the judgment expressed in the following sentence, either negatively or positively; but it is an interesting comment. While these Victorians were for the most part writers of genius, he thinks their works are not among "the very greatest novels, they do not attain that minute, final circle of the paradise of fiction, the circle of *War and Peace,* and *Fathers and Children,* and *Emma.*"

There is not time for much more description of this book; but one or two things must be said. Dickens's conception of the Good Man and the Bad Man is not only appealing to readers of today, it probably will stand forever; for it is the conception set forth in the Gospels; independent of climate, race, and conventions.

The difference between the essay on Dickens and the essay on Thackeray is this: before one has finished the former, one feels that Dickens is after all in the "final circle," for enough has been grant-

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ed to place him there; whereas in the essay on Thackeray, although more deliberate praise is given to him, enough has been conceded to his enemies to deprive him of the top rank.

The essay on Emily Brontë is the best one I have ever read on that theme. How fortunate it is that she had no experience of life and no formal education! Everything was written out of her unclouded imagination; which is, I think, why her characters are so much more real than those written by our photographic realists of today. Tomorrow the oven.

It took courage to write the essay on Mrs. Gaskell; but a good case is made out, if a little labored.

Trollope? "if to be read is to live, Trollope is still very much alive—more alive than Thackeray. . . . Indeed he is almost the only Victorian novelist whom our sensitive intelligentsia appear to be able to read without experiencing an intolerable sense of jar."

He goes on to say that although Trollope himself was more Victorian than any of his contemporaries, he was conspicuously free from some of their characteristic Victorian faults.

Trollope is so highly praised in certain places today that I recommend this essay for its sanity. I believe full credit is given to Trollope's excellences; but

No wonder some people find him easier to read than his contemporaries. No wonder even that they think him better. All the same, he is not; and it is no service to his reputation to pretend that he is. His superiority to his contemporaries is mainly negative; he did not make their mistakes. His positive superiority resolves itself into one quality—he observed the surface of life more accurately than they did. But a great novelist is not just an accurate observer. Indeed, his greatness does not depend on his accuracy. It depends on his power to use his observation to make a new world in his creative observation.

Well, I suppose Edith Sitwell believes that Pope is a greater poet than Wordsworth.

In attempting to account for the decline of George Eliot—who certainly was a great writer—an acutely witty remark makes me reflect on the modern army of preachers who have no inner conviction, no light and no heat. Nothing to offer. George Eliot's works are depressing as Dostoevski's tragedies are not; yet I never really knew why until I read this paragraph.

Nor does she, like some Puritan writers, like Bunyan for instance, sweep away our antipathy to her moral system by the enthusiastic conviction with which she expounds it. It was impossible that she should; she did not feel enthusiastic about it herself. Victorian ethical rationalism is the least inspiring of creeds. For it makes the worst of both worlds; in preserving the moral half of Puritanism, it keeps all that makes it depressing; in rejecting its religious half, it abandons all that gives it zest.

Let me suggest some of the best editions of these novelists; for Dickens, there has never been anything so good as the *Gadshill Edition;* for Thackeray, the edition with prefatory matter by his daughter, Lady Ritchie; for the Brontës, if one can possibly afford it, the new Shakespeare Head complete edition; for Mrs. Gaskell, read *Cranford* in any cheap, popular edition; Trollope's works are rapidly appearing in very cheap, handy little volumes in the series called The World's Classics; the only complete or "near" complete edition of Trollope I ever saw was in the Tauchnitz (88 volumes); the Blackwood (Edinburgh) Edition of George Eliot is the best, but her works are in Everyman's Library and numerous other cheap reprints.

Those who still believe that Peary actually saw the North Pole should read a splendid book on the whole subject of North Polar Exploration, called *The Conquest of the North Pole,* by J. Gordon Hayes, abundantly illustrated. The title is a bit queer because no human being, according to the writer, has ever stood at the North Pole or ever seen it except from the air. Incidentally, those who still have an admiration, sneaking or otherwise, for Doctor Cook, will find some comfort in these pages. This is a very exciting narrative; and how grateful I am to all men who are willing to go into remote places and tell me about it! Otherwise, I should not know anything about such matters.

From the book on the snows of the North I turn with equal zest to a work called *The Spirit of London,* by the late Paul Cohen-Portheim, whose early death was such a loss to civilization. This book on London has 116 pages and 145 photographs! Instead of being a descriptive guide-book to London, it is an interpretation of the life of London. In the language of the author's introductory note, *"A guidebook enumerates, this book appreciates."*

The late Charles S. Brooks, whose recent death was a loss to contemporary American literature, left behind him a little book in manuscript, which has been prepared by the family for publication, and now appears under the title *A Western Wind.* It is illustrated with pictures drawn in pen and ink by Mary Seymour Brooks, and is a most attractive volume. Mr. Brooks was one of the modern American masters of the "personal" essay, humorous and kindly meditations on various aspects of nature and of human nature. The last months of his life were spent on the California Coast—hence the title of this book. In fact, his last three works reveal his temporary abiding-places. *English Spring* appeared in 1932, *An Italian Winter* in 1933, and *A Western Wind* in 1935. All who have visited California will especially enjoy this last book, and those who know it only in imagination will feel a strong impulse to travel thither. The drawings throughout the pages add very much to the charm of the writing.

A book of almost classic criticism is *William Crary Brownell, An Anthology of his Writings,* with Biographical Notes by Gertrude Hall Brownell. There are fourteen illustrations. It is refreshing in the mortal coil of 1935 to read thoughtful and scholarly literary essays, written with such calm detachment. They smell of the lamp as literary essays ought to. French art, English and American prose masters, Standards, and The Genius of Style are some of the subjects treated. Mr. Brownell was a profound literary scholar. In judging his contemporaries he judged them from the standard established through the centuries.

The Biographical Notes fill 150 pages and are of course admirably arranged and the comments even more admirably written; for Gertrude Hall is one of our most accomplished poets and critics. I shall never forget the first time I read her translations of Verlaine—

And the tall fountains sobbed in ecstasy. . . .

and of Rostand. Her book on the operas of Wagner is the best I have ever read.

It is, I think, not generally known that the late H. W. Fowler, the English scholar who wrote the most delightful Dictionary in existence, was also the author of a book called *Between Boy and Man, being Lectures to Sixth-Form Boys.* It was published anonymously in 1910, signed Quilibet. It has that combination of austere self-restraint and de-

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sire for service to others, that were prime characteristics of the author. It is full of salty passages:

> I shall mention, finally, a smaller danger of the same kind to which you are all liable. These are, you know, such go-ahead days that not only those I have just been talking of, but most young men, think themselves wiser than their fathers, because they are more, as they call it, up to date; and it is sometimes rather sad to the impartial spectator to hear them snubbing or patronising their elders on the strength of it. I shall only remind you of what a certain master of a college once ventured to say to a freshman who was laying down the law to him: "No one is infallible, Mr. Jones—not even the youngest of us."

With reference to a life of self-enjoyment, which is preached so earnestly in 1935, Mr. Fowler said in 1910,

> . . . extreme self-lovers there are and will be; the question for you is whether you mean to be counted among them.

The Pumpkin Coach by Louis Paul is one of the most original American novels in construction and style that I have seen. It is the U. S. A. as seen by a young man from Samoa who travels from San Francisco to New York. The first introductory chapter is a picture of what happens in the last; all between is a flash-back. It is modern humanity, poets, artists, journalists, bums, tramps, farmers, city and country bohemians (all types of humanity except thirty million forgotten men) coming to life in these pages. The whole book glows with vitality and the author is a complete optimist, although showing without any palliation many of the tragedies of existence. He, however, is tremendously glad to be alive. We see America through the eyes of his hero—an absolutely healthy young human animal with the confidence of a child.

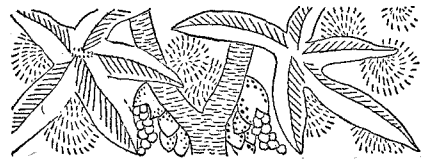
I must say that the New York later chapters do not impress me or charm me nearly so much as the trans-continental pilgrimage. The best things happen when the hero is with that glorious roughneck Haley and that irresistible Negro; their conversations are marvellous.

The mental attitude toward life taken both by the author and by his hero can be best summed up in the famous words of D'Artagnan's servant, which Stevenson quoted with such appreciation in his magnificent essay on Dumas.

> *Monsieur, j'étais une de ces bonnes pâtes d'hommes que Dieu a fait pour s'animer pendant un certain temps et pour trouver bonnes toutes choses qui accompagnent leur séjour sur la terre.*

I am very glad that a reprint of a book written by Alexander Smith in 1863 has just been made, with an introductory letter by Christopher Morley. This is *Dreamthorp, A Book of Essays Written in the Country*. The author was a Scotsman, a lace-pattern-designer in Glasgow, whose poems and (later) prose attracted much attention. He died when only thirty-seven.

I am always amazed at the amount of work done by members of Parliament. The fact that the sessions are opened at about four in the afternoon



allows them time during the day to practise their profession or to write books; they have of course to economize on sleep. But even so, where do they get the time to prepare these mighty works in history and biography which must take months of research and months of writing? Furthermore, such works are as a rule not written by obscure members of Parliament who are not sought after, and who are not on committees or making dinner-speeches; no, the busier the man, the more prominent his position, the bigger and better the books that continually flow from his hands. I have in mind two men—John Buchan and Winston Churchill—where did Mr. Buchan find the leisure to prepare and write his *Oliver Cromwell*, and where has Winston Churchill found the time to produce twelve serious works, some of them in four volumes? The Anthony Trollope method will not answer for material that has to be searched and verified. All I can say is that both John Buchan and Winston Churchill always write with tremendous gusto, yet their books demand and receive as much intellectual respect and serious consideration as if they were lonely scholars instead of men in the very whirlwind of public affairs. Churchill's *Marlborough. His Life and Times* has reached the year 1705 at the end of the fourth volume.

A new translation of Homer's *Iliad* and this time in blank verse, has been made by Sir William Marris, Principal of Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He believes that blank verse is the best medium in English for translations of Homer; and I certainly agree with him when he says "Homer's simplicity and nobleness ought to be a tonic for some troubles of the present time."

I call the attention of Scribnerians to a new and very useful series of biographies of musicians called *The Master Musicians*. These are attractive little books with indexes and bibliographies, about 200 pages each. The series thus far has eight volumes: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, with four speedily to follow: Handel, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Wagner.

George Herbert Palmer is a little memorial volume, containing two formal addresses by Professor Charles M. Bakewell and Professor W. E. Hocking, which were delivered at a meeting at Harvard held in honor of the famous philosopher, who died in 1933 at the age of ninety-one. Apart from the purely biographical interest, there are intimate reminiscences of the members of the Harvard Philosophical Department in the days of its splendor—when the staff was composed of Palmer, James, Royce, Münsterberg, Santayana. Perhaps there never was either in Europe or America so distinguished a group of teachers of philosophy gathered together at any one time. Hence this little book makes remarkably interesting reading, whether one cares for philosophy or not. I am very glad I was on the Harvard English faculty when these five men were in their glory—"I saw them and I knew them all."

In the March issue of SCRIBNER'S in connection with *A Letter of Emerson*, I stated that Professor Perry of Harvard supplied an analysis. I wish to make it clear that it was Ralph Barton Perry, Professor of Philosophy, at Harvard. The editor of the letter particularly requested me to do this.

Here is an interesting letter to me from Edmund Pearson, the famous criminologist, on the sources of the play *The Children's Hour*.

> "Every literary worker," wrote Brander Matthews, in his *Ethics of Plagiarism*, "has a right to draw from the accumulated store of the past, so long as he does not attempt to conceal what he has done nor to take credit for what is not his own invention."
>
> False charges of plagiarism are often brought

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against successful plays and books. When a dramatist made a tremendous success with a play about the love of a young Jewish gentleman for an Irish maiden of the Roman Catholic faith, and when somebody else soon happened to be inspired by the same idea, the courts held that this is the theme of Romeo and Juliet, and is the common property of mankind.

Take another situation. A writer discovers a real but forgotten case-at-law, of a past century, and describes it in an essay. This falls into the hands of another writer, who turns the story into a play. Of course, no plagiarism has been committed. But, for his own protection, as well as a measure of courtesy, the dramatist will make open acknowledgment of his source.

Now, the actual case of Woods and Pirie *versus* Cumming-Gordon was tried in England and Scotland in 1810. All records of this suit for slander were ordered suppressed, and no one in our day would have so much as heard of it, except for Mr. William Roughead's discovery of the two existing copies of the record. It was not a widely known case, "in the public domain," in the usual sense. He set forth the strange story, calling it "Closed Doors," and it was published in New York in 1931, by Duffield & Green, in a book called *Bad Companions.*

Less than two years later, Miss Lillian Hellman began to write her play *The Children's Hour,* the story of a school in which a tragic scandal resulted from the vicious perjuries of a young girl. In Mr. Roughead's book the playwright found the main plot, all the chief characters, and most of the incidents of her play. Questioned by a reporter, Miss Hellman said she had forgotten the name of the book and its author (she called the book an "anthology," and the author a "compiler") and said that the main character "came out" of her "own head."

As I have said, no charge of plagiarism could even be entertained in a court. But this curious incident may—it is faintly possible—lead to a little more precaution, and a higher level of literary manners, where these are needed—in the theatre. For the distinguished author of *The Children's Hour* would have found it a valuable means of self-protection, if nothing else, had she printed on her programs and in the book of the play, the simple acknowledgment:

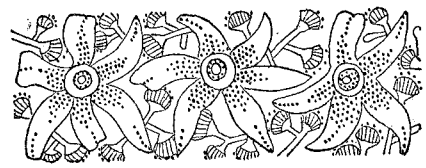
"Based on an actual Scottish case-at-law, described by William Roughead in his *Bad Companions.*"

The relation between *The Children's Hour* and William Roughead's "Closed Doors," was pointed out by the critic John Mason Brown in *The New York Post* for Nov. 26, 1934. Mr. Pearson, in *The New York Post* for Jan. 24, 1935, emphasized the fact that the essay was printed in America "less than two years before Miss Hellman began her play."

William Roughead is the foremost living Scots writer on crime. He has published a number of books, and in 1930 appeared his *Bad Companions,* which contained the essay called "Closed Doors," or the "Great Drumsheugh Case." The next year the volume *Bad Companions* was published by Duffield & Green in New York.

My own attention was first called to the similarity between the essay and the play by a letter in *The Saturday Review of Literature* by Earle Walbridge, the Librarian of the Harvard Club in New York. He gives credit to Mr. Pearson and Mr. Brown, and states "The play follows the case in minute detail. . . . But no credit is given Mr. Roughead either on the theatre program or in the printed version."

No one has made any charge of plagiarism; these are matters concerned with the literary question of the sources of a certain play; and I think Scribnerians will be grateful to Mr. Pearson, Mr. Walbridge, and Mr. Brown.



Ah! did you once see Dickens plain? THE DICKENS PLAIN CLUB is now enriched by the addition of two Yale graduates, the Reverend Doctor D. W. Learned of Claremont, Calif., and Judge John K. Beach of New Haven, Conn. Judge Beach says that the voice and manner of Dickens were thrilling. He actually seemed to be each character whose words he read; he also remembers that at the time of the New Haven visit the hall was oversold, so that more tickets had been issued than there were places—much disturbance resulted.

Doctor Learned writes:

One of the old grads, who lived for three years near you on High Street, wonders whether you know that Dickens once cancelled a reading in New Haven after all the tickets had been sold. I well remember, for I —then a Sophomore—after the trial of getting a ticket had to go through it all again when the reading was actually given.

Instead of letting buyers select their own seats, tickets were served out in order, and some who came earliest were given undesirable seats. There was so much dissatisfaction that the tickets were returned and the reading cancelled. So we had only one reading instead of the two we were promised. The selections read were the *Carol* and the Trial Scene.

When I spent a day in Victoria, B. C., I was so impressed with its extraordinary charm that any reference to the place gives me a thrill. And now comes a letter from Alan Crawley, who is fortunate enough to *live* there.

After spending most of my forty odd years in the arduous practice of law in the middle Western Provinces of Canada I am now on account of my sudden blindness looking for a home in this lovely city. I am sure there will be some envy in your heart when I tell you that today the sun is bright in a blue clear sky and I can sit hatless and warm, like one of Synge's tinkers, with my feet in a ditch and my back against a hedge of green laurel and golden broom, while little birds make "A little noiseless noise among the leaves"; and I can gather daffodils, snowdrops, crocus, and wall-flower near my doorstep.

After many years of much reading, suddenly cut off, you can, perhaps, understand how much enjoyment I get from the radio and as I once read your articles and literary gossip, I now listen with equal pleasure and thankfulness to your weekly talks. May I thank you for much pleasure, direction to reading, and things of interest, you have unknowingly given me.

As I write I wonder if you have read any of the poetry of Audrey Alexandra Brown, whose little book of verse, *A Dryad in Nanaimo,* is published by Macmillan. We Canadians are very proud of this writer. She was born in considerable poverty on Vancouver Island and has had practically no schooling and has never been off the island except for three days in Vancouver. She is terribly crippled in hands and feet and her writing, very lovely and full of feeling, seems a direct gift of the gods. If you can read any of her writings I am certain you would like them. If you cannot get her book I will be glad to send it to you, a slight return for many hours of reading you have given me.

This letter from Mrs. James H. Wells, of San Diego, Calif., will interest all Scribnerians.

But what prompted the writing of this letter was the reading of some letters from this great grandfather, James H. Wells, written from England, upon his return there, with his father, the Reverend Wm. Wells of Brattleboro.

In one letter he wrote as follows: "We first visited Weston, where Cowper resided a number of years; it is about five miles from Newport. After walking through the grounds and garden of Mr. Courtney which belonged to Sir John Throckmorton when Cowper was here, and in which Cowper was in the habit of frequently walking we went to the house he lived in, part of it is occupied by a small farmer whose family seemed to know or care little about Cowper. The parlour in which Cowper usually sat is occupied by a Roman Catholic Priest, he shewed us the apartment. There were two little brackets one on each side of the fireplace which were placed there by Cowper, one for Mrs. Unwin's snuff box & the other for her spectacles & c. I asked a farmers wife if she remembered Cowper—O yes Sir said she I used to see him every day, he did not look at all like so celebrated a man, he was a little man who used to walk a good deal & very often in his night cap. I observed to her that I thought Mr. Cowper was a man that must be much beloved by his neighbours —that he was, very much indeed by all of us." The above letter was dated Bedford (England) July 5, 1818.

The following are extracts from a letter written by a daughter of the above James H. Wells when on a visit to Scotland in 1820: "We went to the Courts of Law [Edinburgh] and I sat for half an hour where I could see Sir Walter Scott. He is a writer in the Courts and sat at a table below twelve judges with wigs and scarlet robes on." She

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wrote of going into the Court's Library "a very large and handsome room. . . . I never before saw so many intelligent faces, indeed there was the talent of Scotland, the most eminent men of the time. The wigs are a great disfigurement, indeed the lawyers of Scotland often do not wear them, sometimes when they are tired and hot and in the eager strife of words, they lay their wigs on the table. Mr. Jeffery never wears one. . . . We dined with them (Mr. & Mrs. Jeffery), at their house, Craig Crook, three miles from Edinburgh on Sunday. . . . At dinner, speaking of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffery said Walter has had ten hours comfortable sleep in the last cause, two hours each day and then he described his manner of falling asleep. I think when we saw him he was verging toward a nap, he gave two or three desperate yawns, pushed back his spectacles and covered his eyes with his hand, then roused himself and wrote away. Once he turned half round and shewed us his full face, his eyes are very fine but his profile is heavy and clumsy, a very benevolent happy countenance. He has written parts of his novels in court—Mr. Napier told me that he frequently had watched his countenance and seen it light up with an extraordinary smile and expression during some wearisome debate, when evidently his thoughts must have been abstracted from court."

An interesting letter from Doctor W. R. Houston, of Austin, Texas:

I dissent from your view that through reading Pearl Buck's book no inference can be drawn as to her philosophy of life. No inference perhaps as to her verbally organized philosophy, but her substantial axiomatic philosophy, the philosophy that is so intrinsic that it needs no formulated credo, shines through every page. Fate, nemesis,—a faith in these gods she derived from predestination as held by her Presbyterian forbears, but yet more from Laotze, the prophet of the current everyday philosophy of a Chinese.

In modern literature can be noted a slow swing from emphasis on the will-to-power to emphasis on necessity. Modern man doesn't get this outlook from Sophocles. This emphasis is inherent in biology, which is coming now to include psycho-biology. From the biological taking-off point Aldous Huxley arrives at it, struggling painfully to escape; Thomas Hardy, a master, holds it as part of his blood and bones. It means a *feeling* for the strength of the chain of causality. Since the factors in the equation of life are inborn constitution and environment, it is, after all, a hopeful philosophy, because environment changes, can be changed.

Although I am deeply grateful for this valuable comment, the philosophy seems to me precisely the opposite of hopeful.

Sometime ago I said the only thing about every human being of which we could be certain was that he was imperfect; which drew the following interesting letter from S. D. Sprong, of New York:

As one of your "Brooklyn Children" Sunday afternoons I was particularly interested in your reference in an early lecture to a talk you had with Edison. I also had a talk with him some years ago. I was then identified with a large public utility that experienced an extensive, and for a time, mystifying breakdown of equipment. He asked if we had ever found the real cause of it. I replied that we had and that it was due to a failure of personnel rather than apparatus. He said very emphatically—

"I thought so. I've had many schemes so much better than any man I could get to run them that I've had to drop them."

Concerning the voices of women, here is a letter from Robert Stauss, of Cincinnati:

Your comments in last month's SCRIBNER'S regarding the "shrill voices" of many of our "mid-western" women recalls to mind the result of a questionnaire distributed among a leading university for men. The tabulation showed that a pleasing voice is more essential to a woman than to be beautiful. How falsely do we place the emphasis on beauty which is generally only skin deep. What millions of dollars are spent each year on cosmetics to improve the facial appearances. In contrast with this expenditure compare the small sum that is spent for speaking lessons.

In trying to find an English inclusive word for brothers and sisters, I obtain valuable information from Miss Luna B. Converse, of Woodstock, Vt.:

Re the suggestion of David Stone Kelsey (SCRIBNER'S April, page 255): While you are putting over his valuable suggestion to the easement of English, please add these few from Swedish:

Faster—father's sister, used in addressing aunts
Moster—mother's sister, pronounced mooster
Farbror—father's brother, uncle
Morbror—mother's brother
Syskon—brothers and sisters
Sonson
Sondotter
Dotterson
Dotterdotter

Splendid portmanteau words, what?

And here we have it: a word for Brother *and* Sister

BROSTERS

About ten years ago this word occurred to me. I gave it to *The Grand Rapids Press*. It was published but never used. If you get it in "As I Like It" it might find its way to the dictionary.

S. I. HOWARD,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Professor R. A. Jelliffee, of Oberlin, Ohio, writes:

Pippa, so it would seem, still passes and still unwittingly influences the lives of those who hear her song. One of those human derelicts who, during the winter cold, seek refuge in public libraries, sought to justify his presence in the Cleveland Public Library recently by pondering the collected works of Robert Browning in one volume. He brought the book to the charge desk and, pointing out the place, asked the young lady there to read him the passage. She did. It was the lyric, "All service ranks the same with God." He listened attentively. "Great Stuff," was all he said.

I should like to know if he had ever heard it before; and particularly I should like to know whether possibly it has made any difference to him since.

Showing how athletics affect literature, Miss Mary Williamson of Central High School, Sioux City, Iowa, writes me that on an exam paper, a boy wrote

"Kipling is one of the best-known lettermen today."

From David Stone Kelsey, of Middletown, Conn.:

Our youngest son (of three sons) out of university three years, has made so good in his (York City) position I just wrote him:

"You now being not only *dependable*, but *indispensable*, can try some light demand without offense, as to time. Put these two words together and you have

independable

A word Bill Phelps ought to promulgate, I vow."

For an instance: this is the only one English word that exactly depicts what the Germans this moment *think* of themselves!

Again, a good stop-watch has (for measurement of fractions of seconds) an *independable* mechanism: so has an alarm clock—blankity-blank em *all!*

THE FANO CLUB

Enter three young men on the same day.

Fano, Italy.

Dear Professor Billy

Three more of your disciples (all Rhodes Scholars) have made the enchanting pilgrimage to Fano. Kindest regards.

John Templeton, Yale, '34
George C. McGhee, Okla., '33
John B. Oakes, Princeton, '34

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Early Victorian Novelists, by Lord David Cecil. Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.

The Conquest of the North Pole, by J. G. Hayes. Macmillan. $3.50.

The Spirit of London, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Lippincott. $2.75.

A Western Wind, by Charles S. Brooks. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

William Crary Brownell, An Anthology, by Gertrude Hall Brownell. Scribners. $3.50.

The Pumpkin Coach, by Louis Paul. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

Dreamthorp, by Alexander Smith. (Reprint) Doubleday Doran. $1.50.

Marlborough, by Winston Churchill, Vols. 3 and 4. Scribners. $3 a vol.

Translation of Homer's Iliad, by W. Marris. Oxford. $2.25.

The Master Musicians. 8 vols. Dutton. $2 a vol.

George Herbert Palmer, by Bakewell and Hocking. Harvard. $1.25.

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Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER Authors. . . . The Wallendas and "Ivory Pavane." . . . Youth and the Church. . . . Criticising "War and Some Critics." . . . Age and Joy.

"FOOL VOYAGE" in spite of storms and winds and seas is continuing round the world. A cable from **Alan Villiers** from Capetown, South Africa, some weeks ago said briefly: "All well. Thirty-one day passage. Visited island of Tristan da Cunha. Sailing for East Indies May 13th." He is writing the adventures of the *Joseph Conrad* under sail and they will appear in SCRIBNER'S from time to time. The first instalment, published in this number, was mailed from Rio. We're waiting now for the South African mail. His book *Grain Race,* the story of the four-masted barque *Parma,* carrying grain from Australia to the English Channel by way of Cape Horn, was described as giving "the life and lore of men under sail—all to be gone forever in less than a dozen years." "Fool Voyage" is more of that. To the real sailor apparently, eating salt horse and biscuit and dipping a bucket of cold sea water when there is time to bathe are minor matters compared to the sound of the wind in the sails.

Robert Briffault, whose book *The Mothers* has had wide social significance, has now written *Europa,* to be published in the fall. It is a brilliant novel of post-War European society; of intrigue, romance, and unrest, which reflects some of the beliefs that Mr. Briffault expresses in "Is Man Improving?" He is an Englishman, a journalist, an anthropologist, now living in France.

A newspaper clipping came in the other day bearing the information that the issues of SCRIBNER'S between May and October, 1929, in which **Ernest Hemingway's** *Farewell to Arms* appeared are now worth about seven dollars to collectors. The rumor has not been traced to its source, but this issue carries the third instalment of his "Green Hills of Africa."

Langston Hughes, who writes "Big Meeting," has been living in Mexico City for the past six months. At present he is working on the translations of a series of Mexican and Cuban short stories, modern ones, for an anthology picturing in fiction the troubles and trials of those two lands in these times. He has been given the work of all the best Mexican and Cuban short-story writers. The Guggenheim Foundation has just granted him a Fellowship for Creative Writing and he intends to use it to write a novel. The seventh edition of his poems *The Weary Blues* has just appeared, his novel *Not Without Laughter* has recently been published in Paris, and the English edition of *The Ways of White Folks* has caused much comment in India and South Africa where the color problem is intense. One of the Mexican Government's new text-books for the primary schools contains two of his poems preceding a child's story pointing out the evils of color prejudice.

Canon **Bernard Iddings Bell** is at the moment just about to return from spending two months in England, where he has been preaching at Westminster Abbey and elsewhere. He has lately published a book called *Preface to Religion,* which consisted of his Coleman lectures for 1935 at Lafayette College. "Farewell to the Yankee" was originally an address to the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, who were neither bored by it, he says, nor offended.

The year that **Alice Beal Parsons** graduated from college her family went to live on a thousand-acre farm in Windsor County, Vermont. She had been born and brought up in the Middle West and "That half-deserted, utterly lovely Vermont countryside seemed, and still seems to me, one of the most heavenly places in the world to live. But it was outside the modern world, a lost paradise, a place from which human activity had drained away. And surely it was my duty, and often it was my desire, to live in the world. It was out of this experience and this mood that 'Meantime the Summer Wind' was written." In two years her father died and at the age of twenty-two she managed the farm—a thousand sheep, a herd of forty cows, a sugar bush, a little lake from which they cut their ice; timber, Yankee farm laborers, Italian laborers, French Canadian lumberjacks. "Also," she says, "there were as interesting people in the country roundabout as I have ever known. Yet far away, outside this remote and lovely land, the modern world was going on about us, and we in a very vital way outside it." Marriage took her to Illinois, illness to Colorado. During the War she secured the services of Clarence Darrow to defend a group of people from her home in Rockford, Illinois, who had been arrested for anti-war and labor activities. For a while she was business manager of *The World Tomorrow* and she wrote reviews for nearly all the outstanding journals of the day. She has written *Woman's Dilemma,* three other novels, and articles and stories for all the well-known magazines.

As Beverley Nichols explains in "Stopping Wars and Starting Gardens," people either know him immediately as an ardent pacifist and author of *Cry Havoc,* that first book to show up the munitions racket, or they think of him as the author of the hilarious *Down the Garden Path,* the gardener's delight. In this article he explains how these interests fit into each other.

The anonymous author of "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" is, as the article indicates, the mother of two children, to whom, she says, with some more frivolous activities, she devoted herself exclusively until 1929, when the family exchequer was seriously depleted. "Not, I believe, a unique experience," she adds. She is one of those people who decided that free lance writing was a good way to earn money without taking a regular job, and not only thought it was a good idea, but actually put it into effect. She has been writing for many of the national magazines on houses and children, using her own as a talking point yet keeping up

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with the newest psychological slants through books and through actual study in Child Guidance clinics.

John Cournos was born in Russia and came to this country at the age of ten. He had about two years of schooling. From the age of ten to twelve he sold papers in the streets of Philadelphia, then worked in a woollen mill, progressing from bobbin-boy to spinning-mule runner. Then he was an office boy in a Philadelphia newspaper office, and progressed to associate editor, when he left for London in 1912, where he supported himself as a free lance. In 1917 he went with Hugh Walpole to Russia as a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission appointed by the British Foreign Office, arriving in Petrograd on the eve of the Bolshevik coup, and remaining there nearly six months, finally getting out by way of Murmansk (200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle) where he lived in a train for four weeks while waiting for a boat to pick him up. He is the author of nine novels—his first one, *The Mask*, was published in England, America, Germany, and Scandinavia; of a biography, a play, and a book of poems. With E. S. O'Brien he edited the first four issues of *The Best British Short Stories*, he has translated more than fifteen Russian books and contributed to many American magazines. He is now writing his autobiography to be published in the fall. "It will tell," he says, "of my dogged struggle to keep from going to the dogs, or how I managed (or think I managed) to keep my head above the slimy welter we call Civilization."

Marie Caldwell is a New Englander born and bred. She went to school in Boston and graduated from Simmons College there. Later on she went back as instructor in public documents which, she says, sounds terrific but really wasn't. After she married, she writes, "I plunged into writing short stories and kept it up more or less until we began our wandering career five years ago, when my typewriter, unable to sprout four legs, wings, and a tail, gave out trying to keep up with us. This winter we have been living in New York, where I have been pursuing a play-writing course at Columbia with much amusement, and, I hope, profit. This summer it will be England again and next winter, New York, perhaps, and the play-writing course, or maybe China or Cambodia or the 'Faraway Isles.' I never know!"

William Gaver grew up in Maryland and followed, as he puts it, the prescribed educational route to Princeton as a matter of course. He was in naval aviation during the war and has been chained pretty closely to a typewriter by one kind of work and another ever since. He has been a newspaper reporter, publicity man, advertising copywriter and account executive and a general free lance. His newspaper experience took in *The Baltimore Sun*, a Pittsburgh local press service, and a small weekly in Maryland, which he edited for several years. He is now doing free-lance writing in New York.

W. P. Lawson was born in New York City, but at an early age was sent to a boarding school in Richmond, Virginia, owing to a Southern complex on the part of his father, an unreconstructed Confederate veteran. There he "acquired an accent and the ability to recite all the counties of Virginia and reasons why the South was right, even though defeated, in the Civil War, together with the fact that the war was not fought over slavery as people in the North—Yankees to us—insisted. Licked by several of the school boys because I was a dam' Yank, and on returning North licked by several of the school boys because I talked like a Southerner." When he left college he took a job on *The New York Sun* as a reporter, studying law at night till he was ordered West for his health. He entered the Forest Service as a forest guard and after taking ranger examinations some time later was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger. He wrote *The Log of a Timber Cruiser* and was in consequence transferred to Washington and put in charge of Service publicity. He has since worked variously at editorial jobs on magazines and in publishing houses and has written three novels and many stories and articles.

Raymond Holden's first book of poems was *Granite and Alabaster*, published in 1920. His second, *Landscape with Figures*, was published in 1930. In the meantime he has published a biography of Lincoln and several detective novels and has a new novel coming out in the fall.

At Dartmouth, **Kenneth A. Robinson** teaches American literature. He was born and brought up in Maine, has spent a lot of time abroad and a number of summers in the Virginia Blue Ridge where some of his other poems have been laid. He has published a lot of verse and wants to write a great deal more, especially on American themes and subjects.

HERMAN, Joseph, Karl and Helen Wallenda, star high-wire troupe of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, have expressed special appreciation and enthusiasm for the drawings by Edward Shenton which illustrated Charles Cooke's story of the circus, "Ivory Pavane," in the May issue of the Magazine. The conception of the Norns with scissors, ready for an ominous snip of the thread seemed to them an extraordinary parallel to the peculiar danger to which high-wire troupes are subjected.

Once more an article discussing the status of religion and its place in the world today brings in its wake a number of letters, pro and con:

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH

Sir: Having just read in your May issue the article by Josephine K. Newton "Youth Challenges the Church" I cannot resist the temptation to express my appreciation of the addition of this writer to your staff.

We younger generation have altogether too long been the victims of the editorial interpretation of our thoughts and emotions by those whose only qualifications for the task seem to be an active imagination and a flare for the spectacular.

Miss Newton's picture of the attitude on religion is clear cut, analytical, and ably presented. It has crystalized in my mind the reasons why I myself find the Church so unsatisfying. It is one of those articles that you lay aside with the thought that it's just what you've been trying to say all along, and the realization that you could not have said it half as well.

If the problems of modern youth are to be the subject of editorial comment in your pages in the future, then let it be by some one who like Miss Newton combines the ability to write with a knowledge of the subject.

In these troublesome days there are no doubt many other problems that would bear exposure to the light of day. I shall await with interest Miss Newton's next article.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID S. MEIKLEJOHN.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 16*)

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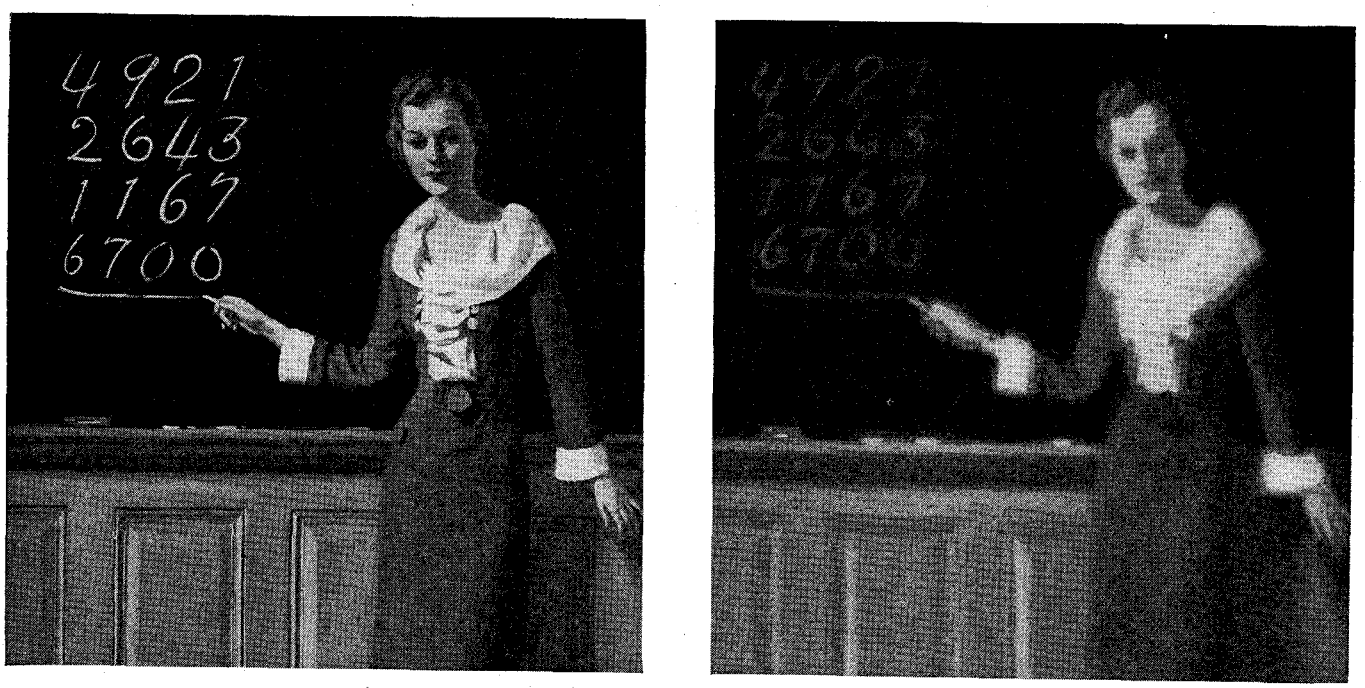
Test Eyesight Regularly



The Blackboard Problem—as it looks to Jim and as it looks to Bill

BILL failed in arithmetic. He couldn't add blurry figures that wouldn't stand still. Poor vision is a tough handicap to a child in school. At least one in every ten has some form of defective eyesight.

A Special Warning

Contrary to a widespread idea that the Fourth of July has been made "safe and sane," the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that the toll of accidents from fireworks was greater last year than in many previous years.

Many of these uncorrected defects are progressive and cause increasing eye-strain and impairment of vision. Eye-strain may lead to severe recurring headaches, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, dizziness and other disorders.

In older people there are other conditions of the eyes which are far more serious than imperfect vision. If untreated, they may eventually lead to blindness. Glaucoma and cataract can be present and in the first stages give little indication of their threat to your sight. Recognized early, glaucoma may be successfully treated; a cataract may be removed by an operation.

Good reading habits of young and old prevent many eye troubles. Have your eyes examined regularly, even though they seem to be normal. Never wear glasses which have not been prescribed. Don't read with the light shining into your eyes, or without your doctor's consent when recovering from serious illness, or when lying down—unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your eyes below the line of vision. Hold your work or book about 14 inches from your eyes.

Don't use public towels or rub your eyes. Conjunctivitis and other communicable diseases may follow. Do not use any medication for diseases of the eyes unless it has been prescribed for the purpose.

Make sure that no member of your family is endangering his sight. You are cordially invited to send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Care of the Eyes." Address Booklet Department 735-S.

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If I Should Ever Travel

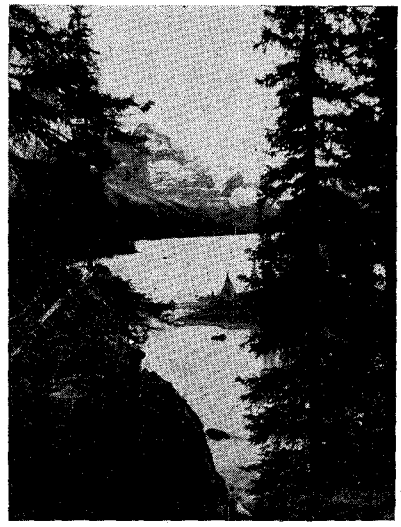
By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● There are no seasons in the city. . . . Rodeos, races and National Parks in the West and how to get there. . . . Boat Trips to the Coast. . . . Hay Fever cures and other aspects of Canada. . . . Mexico and South America.

In New York—and I imagine it holds for other cities as well—you never know about the seasons. Everybody is always saying that, of course, but I don't mean it in the usual sense alone—the sense that unless you happen to live near the Park you never know whether the leaves are spring green on the trees, or autumn yellow, or whether they're on the trees at all. That's bad enough for the soul, but after five years or so one either gets numb or goes to the Park to find out what the earth is up to. I'm talking about something quite different.

Does any one think any more, for instance, that Christmas comes on the 25th of December? Not with every store in town draped in holly the minute the Thanksgiving turkeys are out of the window. And when the holly comes down and winter sets in in earnest, what do the window dressers do but set up a beach scene for you and throw you on toward summer. No longer are we allowed to enjoy the fleeting moment to the full. No longer may we breathe in the spring night, holding the moment close, gloating, "Ah, now it is May," but the stores, the papers, and even the magazines shout at us, "but in less than a minute it will be the Fourth of July and what are you planning to do about it?" I have even become used to hearing hurdy-gurdies, those sure harbingers of spring, on cold December nights when no bird even dreamed of singing. But the other day I was walking along Fourteenth Street—warm it was—a hot day even—and I in a cool dark print, and suddenly I knew the world was upside down. I stopped, I frowned, I sniffed. I felt all at once the cool crispness of October; so unerring is our sense of smell in the complete recapturing of a mood, that my fingers all but tingled with the cold. There at the curb was the indifferent cause of my maladjustment. A tired little man behind a cart, selling *hot chestnuts* on an afternoon in May. Shades of the misty Paris streets in late November, what would you say to that? Then I knew it was time to go away. Such psychological wrenches cannot be borne indefinitely and leave us sane.

But even more important. If we are to be thus befuddled in our knowledge of how the earth turns in our own immediate surroundings, how much less are we able to know or visualize the real and vital changes that are taking place in other parts of the country, and what they mean to the lives of the people there and, accordingly, to us. What do we know about Iowa cornfields in July, for instance? Maybe some version of the old adage about the corn being "knee-high by the Fourth of July" but not much else. Do we know that by that time the corn is too tall for any more cultivating, and that all a farmer can do is to sit back and pray for rain, and the proper number of hot days—and that on how his prayers are answered depends to great extent (and whatever is left of the AAA willing) the price of our morning bacon next year? And even if we know so much, what do we know of the northwestern ranching country and the price of beef, of the Southwest, or the National Parks, of California and the San Diego Fair?



Courtesy Canadian Nat'l Railways

JASPER PARK, CANADA

The West

Not content with nature's wonders, the West is scheming to outrival the rest of the country in amusements too this summer. California, besides the Fair, offers among other things in July symphony concerts four nights every week by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl, the Tenth Annual Horse Show at Santa Barbara and the Second Intercollegiate Crew Races at Long Beach. The Longacres racing season in Seattle opens July 14 and goes on for fifty-nine days. Tacoma, Washington, will entertain the scouting squadron of the United States Fleet during Fleet Week, July 13 to 19, and Seattle will do the same July 29 to August 4, if you like that sort of thing. Rodeos are as colorful, varied and numerous as ever. The Championship Rodeo at Butte, Montana, is July 13–15. "Frontier Days" at Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 24–27, so they tell me, "will feature the volcanic bucking horse, *Five-Minutes-To-Midnight.*" Ellensburg, Washington, will have a rodeo August 31 to September 2; Pendleton, Oregon, will have one some time in September; and Red Lodge, Montana, expects an enormous crowd on July 4–6 because of the opening of tourist traffic over the new Red Lodge highway to Yellowstone Park. Cody, Wyoming, and Livingston, Montana, will put on their annual rodeos.

Some one, who has known both, once pointed out to me the striking kinship of feeling between the tall, rangy cowboys with their interminable interchange of drawling, good-natured banter, their never-ceasing razzing of each other, and the lean, limber professional baseball players whose quick, sharp, staccato chatter barks always across the green diamond in the sun, and stops for nothing less than the swift, smart crack of ball on bat, continuing the minute that the cheers subside. So you baseball

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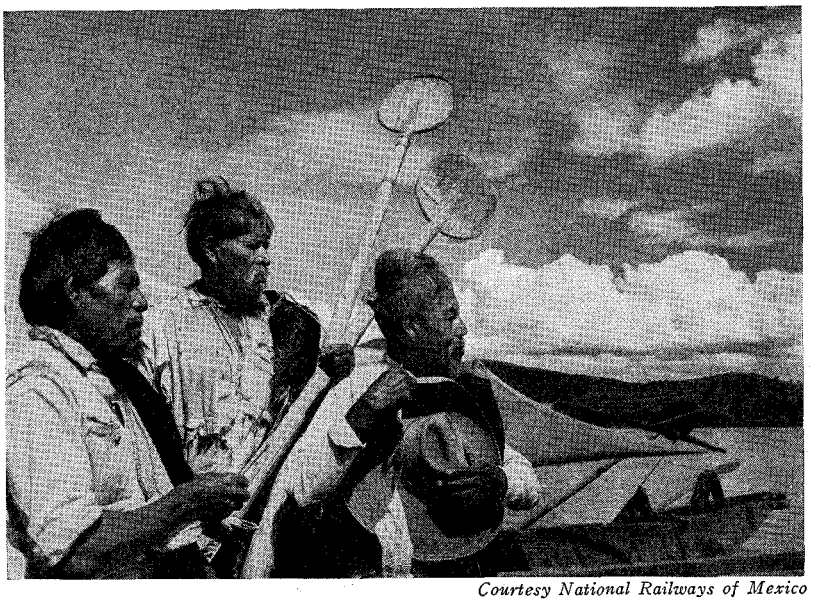

Courtesy National Railways of Mexico

THREE FISHERMEN AT LAKE PATZCUARO, MEXICO

addicts, if the Pirates or the Tigers or the Senators aren't doing so well, and if it's the cocky spirit and feel of the sport as well as the scores that you care about, try ranching for a summer or get out and make the rounds of the rodeos for awhile and see if my friend is right. Ride 'em, Cowboy!

The West is even dressing up the National Parks. At Grand Canyon, for instance, there has been such demand for modern, comfortable accommodations at a wide price range, that the first unit of a new Bright Angel Lodge, on the South Rim of Grand Canyon, near the head of the Bright Angel Trail was opened June 15. It is an enormous project with a Main Lodge and guest cabins, but you'll be able to use it whether you're budget-conscious or not. Rates start at $2.

And then about getting West. In the first place, nearly all trains on all lines are now air-conditioned. Railroad rates have never been so advantageous; tourist cars, which we east of Chicago know too little about, have been newly conditioned on many lines to provide cool, and more-than-comfortable travelling for especially thrifty voyagers; you can buy "scrip books" in denominations of $15, $30, or $90 which are good for rail tickets on any of the railroads or for payment for meals, or for space in sleeping and parlor cars. If you hate carrying lots of cash, it's a good system to try. Moreover, if you care to, you can ship your car by an expedited transportation service for passenger automobiles. I have before me a list of eleven Escorted All-expense Tours leaving Chicago for Yellowstone, Utah-Arizona National Parks, Old Mexico, California, and practically all parts or combinations of same, including one trip to Alaska, which are offered at incredible bargains. From eight days to fourteen days, from $116 to $212.54. Yosemite tours from Fresno or Merced go from two days at $25 to four days at $58. The Yellowstone season is from June 20 to September 9, and there's a tour for every vacation, no matter how short, and at a price to your liking.

Going by Boat

If you have a yen for boat trips and yet want to see the West into the bargain, that's easy too. There are, of course, the liners that take you to California via the Panama Canal at prices to your taste—$185 minimum on one line, and $250 on another where every room is outside and has its own bath. Something different, refreshing and restful, is a Great Lakes Cruise, with or without car. You can go from Buffalo, down Lake Erie, up Lake Huron and across Superior to Duluth or vice versa for $42 one way or $82 round trip (car $30 extra) and have nine days—a whole ocean voyage full—of all the joys of shipboard, plus scenery enough to delight you for many days more. There are shorter voyages and combinations of rail-water trips, from $17 up. Detroit-Buffalo and return, for instance, is just $17; Detroit-Mackinac Island and return is $28. Once at Duluth, if you take the six-day, one-way passage from Buffalo to Duluth you can proceed on your western tour by car or train as scheduled. It makes a nice break especially if you're driving. In addition to that boating experience, there's a regular weekly service to Alaska from Vancouver, and a special ten and a half-day Alaskan cruise will sail from Vancouver July 31.

(Continued on page 14)

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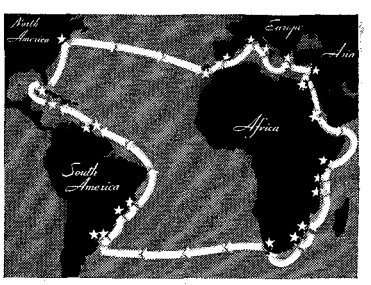

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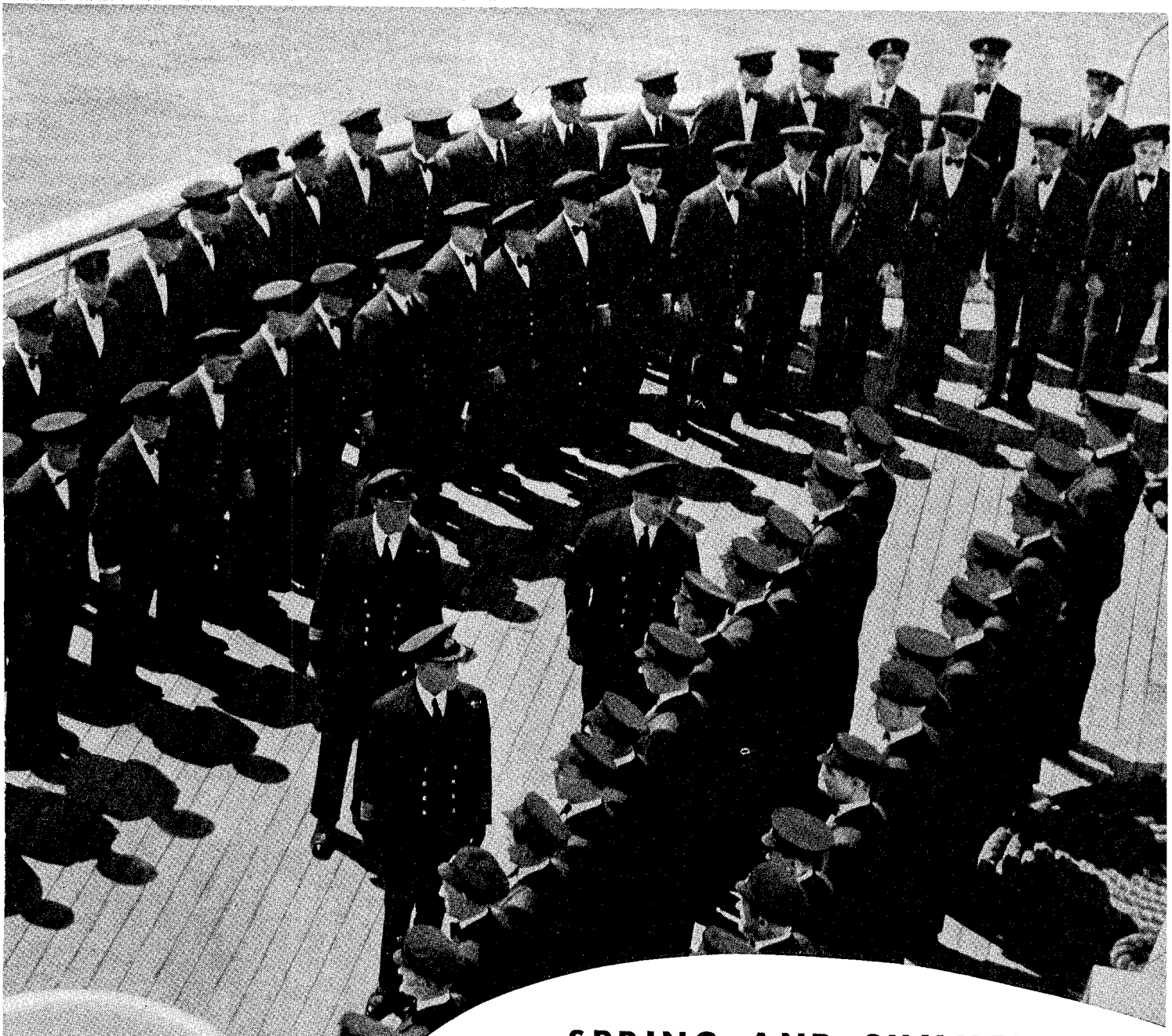

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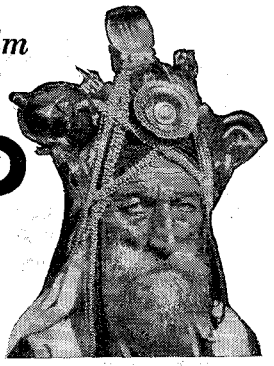

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Thrill to MEXICO'S *Byways*

If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 11*)

Hay Fever Sufferers

It has come to our attention that in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, there is a hotel which offers free accommodations to any hay fever victim who fails to obtain absolute relief after two days at the establishment. The offer was inaugurated some years ago, and they say that no one has ever asked that it be fulfilled.

That, of course, is only one thing about Canada. If you are after really wild country, real wilderness, real *fishing*, Canada is your destination. There are innumerable lodges and camps which provide guides and lodging. At one camp in Northern Ontario the rate is $24 a week for one person in a single tent or $30 a week for one person in cabin room. A non-resident family fishing license for the entire season costs $8; for single person $5.50. The black bass season is from July 1 to October 15; salmon and lake trout, from November 16 to October 14—almost all year; speckled trout, May 1 to September 4.

Apparently the Canadian Rockies are full of spectacular scenery, excellent mountain and riding trails and pulse-quickening names. In the Banff-Lake Louise district, for instance, there is Black Douglas Mountain, on the Red Deer River Trail; Yoho Valley (beautiful glacial country); Bow Lake; Crowfoot Glacier; Little Yoho Creek, and the mountains rising from Wolverine Plateau. Now if there isn't sweep and splendor and the wilderness in the very names!

The Jaspar Park region, near there, is, of course, famous in the Canadian Rockies. Nobody needs tell you about the country and the recreation it affords, and anyway, unless you saw it for yourself you could never believe it's all that they say. From there it is only a jump to Vancouver or Seattle or Victoria and that trip to Alaska. Regular sailings leave Vancouver—a nine-day trip costs $85 or an eleven-day cruise $100.

Mexico

Tourist tides wax and wane with the fluctuations in currency, and so Mexico, Central and South America are becoming more and more available for any of us who know a good opportunity when we see one.

One very good reason for seeing Mexico in the summer is that the heat is never oppressive there because of the

★

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high altitudes and you can expect to sleep under blankets even in July and August. A study tour of Mexico starts from St. Louis July 1 and returns July 19. The rates? From San Antonio and back, $300; St. Louis, $343; Los Angeles, $355; Chicago, $358; New York, $390; Boston, $405. If that is too short notice, there are new fortnightly water-rail trips to Mexico with a minimum round trip fare from New York or from practically any mainline railroad starting point in the United States and return, of $300 which includes, on shipboard, accommodations in an outside room with private bath. This is a twenty-one-day trip. If the budget won't stand that, try a sixteen-day all-expense cruise to Mexico City for $175, or a twenty-three-day cruise at $205. Or, if you prefer to get to Mexico City in your own way, there are innumerable all-expense tours, once you get there, to take you to all the out-of-the-way places, yet which insure not only hotel accommodations and a guide, but a minimum of trouble and expense. The tale is that these trips save you from ten to fifty per cent over the cost of unplanned, hit-or-miss travel.

South America

And that brings us to South America. Perhaps it is the most unknown continent of all to me. So much so, that I'd welcome letters on the subject that'll tell me of more than ancient civilizations thickly overgrown with forest, or mountains higher than the Alps, or jungles, coffee, Indians. This much I know, that always near at hand, somehow, are the most modern hotels in the most modern, sophisticated, and always—from pictures I've seen—white-gleaming cities. What I want to know is how the country *feels,* the little things people who live there do that make it different from our way of doing things—for every country is different from another in its little mannerisms, just as people are different, and we love them for these differences—anyway, what I want to know in so many words, is the secret of South America's charm. For it has it. Regular cruises to its west coast on boats with all outside rooms, each with its private bath, attest the fact that people are going there in large numbers. The Pan-American Medical Association is holding its Cruise-Congress to Rio de Janeiro this month, and a 12,000-mile cruise is visiting Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. A forty-one-day tour of this latter sort, all expenses, costs $515 first class and $360 tourist, and sails from New York July 6. Another like it sails July 20.

That just about covers the Western Hemisphere. If I didn't have other plans I'd be taking a six o'clock train out of Chicago some summer evening and be finding myself in the heart of the corn country by midnight. Where are you bound?

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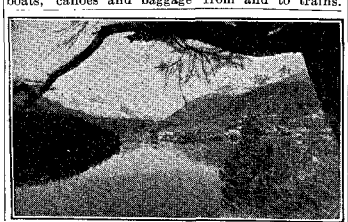

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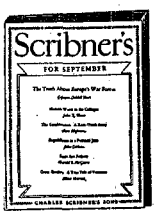
6,636

It does not take a lot of fancy writing to state facts. So we say to you that

- 3,577 readers tell us they are thinking about a cruise somewhere in 1935.
- 2,058 others say they are going abroad.
- 1,001 more say "some kind of a cruise," week-end, West Indies, California, South America.
- You can't take a "sail" without money.
- You can't buy dresses, shoes, coats, handbags, trunks and bags without money. In other words, to take any kind of boat anywhere, you have to have money.
- 6,636 × the cost of tickets for one or more members of a family mean purchasing power — something well beyond seven figures in the case of these Scribner homes.



Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 64*)

"THE CHURCH"

Sir: For readers informed about the world field, particularly in matters religious, your article by Josephine K. Newton carries its own reply. But since this article repeats tersely and interestingly most of the heated protests now issuing from flaming youth, I suggest that you be fair to all of your readers by arranging for another article, to be prepared by a qualified authority, in rejoinder to the contentions made by Miss Newton.

Of course it is not unusual for a writer to reveal, as Miss Newton does, her total lack of good reasoning, when she makes a hundred-per-cent case as to the general breakdown of our social order, including demolition of old ideas and standards, yet complains that the church is not instantly ready with a prescribed and sure cure for all these maladies.

But the lady no doubt speaks for a large element among our youth of today, who themselves furnish a social problem of diagnosis and prescription. The case is not made more easy by the obvious ignorance of the speaker as to what is really being done or taught today by "the church."

Some of the charges are only silly. But among the errors of the author are two of particular moment: How can the question be intelligently approached by one who masses all the churches into one body and talks about "the church"? And would it not be more heroic to stay in, or come in, and help "the church" to give religion its new and proper interpretation and application?

While the Detroit radio priest fills the air eight nights in the week with attacks on all and sundry, and receives the official sanction of his bishop, not even the conservative Roman Catholic Church can well be indicted as the chief offender among those criticized by Miss Newton. As for Protestants, though she mentions the issue between fundamentalists and modernists, she apparently misses its meaning in connection with her own indictment of "the church." Isn't it just because modernists are doing the very things Miss Newton wants done, that they are so bitterly attacked by the fundamentalists?

Even the old issue of "too many sects" sounds today rather old-timey and out-moded, in view of what things are actually being done in many parts of this broad land.

W. P. Lovett,
Executive Secretary, Detroit Citizens League.
Detroit, Mich.

"War and Some Critics" in the April issue by Major John W. Thomason, Jr., stirs up the following:

CORPS OF OFFICERS

Sir: The article by Major Thomason has interested me a great deal, being one of the few modern instances I know of where a member of the profession of arms has raised his voice to discuss anything outside of contract bridge, alcohol, prize-fighting, and the impending peril of Communism in the United States. To my notion, which was gained from service in the ranks during the World War, the trade of professional soldier is a lot more respectable than most people imagine, and I indite these lines less in criticism of it than of Major Thomason's style of defending it. Simply, he says things that are stupid or untrue.

His untruth begins with his round statement that "the American Corps of Officers has never set up a 'Man on Horseback' or threatened with bayonets the liberties of a free people." To that the only rejoinder I can think of is, well, by God, they have too. General George B. McClellan tried to function as a man on horseback, and he had the support of his officers in the attempt. Look up his proclamation laying down a military and civil policy for the Administration, if you're curious. As to the "threatened with bayonets," etc., Major Thomason, as a Southerner, should know enough about the military occupation of the South during Reconstruction to know that they did precisely that doggoned thing. The records of Sheridan and De Trobriand in Louisiana, Ames in Mississippi, are material that he ought to brush up on if he intends doing this kind of pleading often. If that was too long ago to count, there was a little set-to around Anacostia Flats only a few years since that seemed to threaten what appeared to be liberties with what looked a lot like bayonets.

Anyhow, he proceeds to take a fall out of some amateur critic of warfare who expressed a high regard for the Boers who outslickered the British regulars in South Africa. They had a lot of fun and publicity out of it, but the British, as the major points out, won. It seems to me that this argument might be enriched by taking a squint also at the campaign in which the British cleared East Africa of Germans during the World War. The German forces were under a professional soldier named, if I recollect right, Von Lettöw-Vorbeck. The commander of the British was an ex-Boer raider and ex-lawyer named Jan Christiaan Smuts. The British won, and the Germans lost. One recurs, as Major Thomason puts it, to the proposition that if you fight it is best to win.

Poison gas makes Major Thomason hopping mad. We old pike-trailers may be rough, he says in effect, but we've got that good old feeling for the decencies, and we do like to see a war conducted with some respect for good form. Well, a couple of my friends got gassed in the war, one badly. He is now a practising physician, and his only noticeable infirmities are a chronic bronchitis and a passion for golf. The other got a light one, and he is a railroad brakeman. The indecency of crippling men up by such underhanded means becomes glaringly apparent when I compare these cases with a man, once my best friend, who got a hatful of shrapnel blown through him and was left with one arm gone at the neck, one lung collapsed, and his entire body paralyzed for life. Also another friend who was driving a tank that got hit by an H. E. shell and lost his eyesight and most of his face; also another who had his hip-joint pulverized by a tumbling bullet; also another who lost his mind from shell-shock—The list could be made longer. It ought to be a great consolation to these men to know that the sections of flesh and bone which were ripped out of them were ripped with a consistent feeling for the decencies.

In conclusion, the major mentions modestly that professional soldiers did nothing about the World War except fight it, and that on every occasion when war has hit us, they have sauntered unassumingly out and won it for us. One gathers, as he would say, that the maimed men I list hereinabove got shot while sort of standing around and getting under the feet of the Corps of Officers, who were too busy corralling victory to chase the outsiders home where they belonged. There were upwards of two million of them, so it must have been pretty difficult to get things done without falling over them. I retain a memory from that period of some professional officers getting rather tearful for fear that even two million might not be enough, but it appears that their apprehensions were unfounded. They got out and won it alone. It wasn't won by the M. P.'s after all.

H. L. Davis.
De Morelos, Mexico.

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